

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1813.

ART. I.—*Reports and Papers on the Impolicy of employing Indian-built Ships in the Trade of the East India Company, and of admitting them to British Registry. London. 1809. The First Report of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 13th June, 1812.*

OF the Resolutions passed by the House of Commons as the ground work of an act for continuing, for a further term, to the East India Company their exclusive privileges, the seventh runs thus:

‘ That it is expedient that ships built within the British territories in the East Indies, and employed in the commerce between India and the United Kingdom, should, during the present war, and for eighteen months after the conclusion thereof, be permitted to import any goods, wares, or merchandize, the produce or manufacture of any countries within the limits of the East India Company's charter, or to export any goods, wares, or merchandize, from this kingdom to the British settlements in the East Indies, or to any of the places within the said limits, (with the exception of China,) in the same manner as ships British-built, and duly registered as such, and that after the expiration of the period above mentioned, the said India-built ships should be liable to such other provisions as parliament may from time to time enact, for the further increase and encouragement of shipping and navigation.’

By this Resolution, the private trade, so far from gaining any enlargement of a privilege already granted by the act of 35 Geo. 3. (which allowed the importation of goods from India and China in ships not British-built, nor registered as such, during the continuance of the war then raging, and for eighteen months after its conclusion, which privilege was further extended by the act of 42 Geo. 3. to such ships during the continuance of the exclusive trade granted to the East India Company,) may, in fact, be said to have suffered an abridgment, both as to time and place. As China, however, was generally excepted from all the provisions of the intended bill which regarded the opening of the trade, little or no objection was made on that score to the Resolution in question. Let us now see in what manner it has been introduced into the new

charter. The 30th section of the act, after recapitulating the heads of the clauses of the two acts abovementioned, thus proceeds:— ‘Be it enacted, That the same shall continue and be in force until the first day of *August, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen*, unless any provision shall be made respecting the same in the next session of parliament.’

When it is considered that the first copy of the new charter was sent out in the *Acorn*, which left England about the middle of September, and would not reach India till the month of January, 1814; that consequently six months only will be allowed to the merchant to collect and send home India produce in India-built ships, without the risk of incurring legal penalties, it will appear, that the new charter, instead of opening a wider field for the capital and industry of the private trader, has very considerably narrowed the ground on which he stood under the provisions of the old one. The British residents too, who had hoped for an extension of the means of remitting their fortunes to England, must experience a disappointment equally vexatious in finding those means more restricted than before; and the native subjects will be left in a more hopeless condition as to any increased demand for the produce of their manufacture and agriculture than under the system which has just expired. These grievances will unquestionably be felt as the first fruits of that liberal and enlightened policy which was, if not to destroy, at least to qualify, an oppressive monopoly. Had the legislature in its wisdom limited the *size* of India-built ships to which the indulgence was to be extended, and left the *time* as before, the clause would then have been consistent with the ostensible views of the government, as expressed in the seventh Resolution; and all the benefits to Great Britain and India would have resulted from it, which, we will charitably suppose, were intended; free, at the same time, from any admixture even of those imaginary evils which, we doubt not, have had their share in rendering nugatory one of the most important of the Resolutions of the House of Commons on this question. Happily that Resolution must be reconsidered at an early period of the present session.

The directors indeed are far from being unanimous in their opinions as to the policy and expediency of employing India-built shipping; and it is remarkable enough, as appears from the collection of papers before us, that, while a special committee of eight or nine of them was drawing up a report, which evinces more of hostility against the proprietors of India-built ships, than of argument against the employment of them, the directors at large were advertising, through their governments in India, a contract for building ships in that country: and it also appears that, while the said committee were searching for facts to prove the impolicy of the measure,

measure, their governors and best informed servants in India were endeavouring to impress them with a sense not only of its utility but absolute necessity. These are mysteries to which we shall not waste our time in seeking for a clue. It cannot however fail to be observed, that the act, as it now stands, involves the court of directors in strange inconsistencies. While they affect to dread the very name of colonization, they or their pretended advocates force upon the Company a measure which makes it absolutely impossible for their servants and other residents in India to remove their property and families from thence; for as to private merchants fitting out ships in England to sail empty to India, in the hope of finding cargoes purchased for them, in the shape of produce, as a remittance, we are greatly mistaken if those who may be induced to try that experiment will find their account in sending them a second time. But those of all others who will feel this measure to press upon them most severely are the millions of our native subjects, who might have experienced some relief from the heavy annual tribute levied upon them of sixteen or seventeen millions, had a vent been opened for their surplus produce, various articles of which would be no less useful to our home manufactures than others of them would be for the British navy.

But the influence of some unfriendly planet would seem to have prevailed against the more favourable intentions of government; and this is the more extraordinary, as the ministers of the crown, we believe, have had but one opinion on the political bearing of the question. The Committee of Ship-building is composed of a wealthy body of men, who possess great influence in the India direction, as far as shipping is concerned. These gentlemen, so far back as 1797, submitted to the late Lord Melville their apprehensions respecting the employment of India-built shipping. His lordship's opinion was directly at variance with the allegations of their memorial. He told them in distinct terms that their apprehensions were not only groundless, but that the prohibition which they aimed to establish was an act of great injustice, and would, in its tendency, have an effect on the interests of the ship-builders in the Thames directly the reverse of what they seemed to suppose.* His lordship however confined the injustice of the proposition to the effect of depriving a large description of the subjects of Great Britain of a right which those of the West Indies or Canada, or of any other foreign dependency of the empire, were entitled to enjoy: but we shall venture to extend the unjust and injurious operation of the prohibition to the natives of India, who have an undoubted right to send to England the produce of their

* Letter to the Committee of Ship-builders, 1st July, 1797.

own territories in ships of their own building. It was in vain that his lordship endeavoured to convince them that their own immediate interests would be injured by driving away the India-built shipping from British ports; that it was a great error to suppose the prohibition would make a proportionate degree of room for the shipping of the East India Company; that, on the contrary, it would have no other effect than that which it has always had, of driving those ships with their cargoes into foreign ports, and thereby establishing in foreign countries an Asiatic commerce, founded on British capital, and of depriving the ship-builders of the benefit which, in various shapes, results to the country, and to themselves in particular, from the refitting of those ships in the river Thames. Lord Wellesley went still further than Lord Melville; he considered the employment of ships built in India no longer merely a question of expediency, or of liberal commercial policy, but of absolute necessity; unless indeed we were determined to make a present of the most valuable part of the Indian trade to foreign nations.

We confess that, in whatever way we view the subject, the clause appears to us exceedingly impolitic. Had the building of ships in India, and the admitting of them to a registry in England, been restricted to such as should be of 800 or 1000 tons burden and upwards, no material injury could be sustained by those who have been loudest in their complaints, many important advantages might have resulted to the native Indians, and to the trade and commerce of this country; and, above all, such a regulation would have been the certain means of lessening the consumption of English oak timber, of which we have before us the alarming prospect of a serious scarcity at no very distant period of time. 'Those interested in the regular shipping of the East India Company,' observed Lord Melville, 'would do well to consider the benefits they already enjoy, in place of endeavouring to cramp and check the just pretensions of others. They ought to recollect the rapid progress they have made from the time of the commutation act; and, above all, they ought to recollect that it always has been considered as a very problematical question, how far, consistently with the national interests, so much of the ship timber of the country ought to be appropriated to its commercial concerns, in the manner practised by the builders of India shipping;' and he adds, 'we have a national resource in India, which ought to lead to the reverse of any invidious or unjust discouragement being given to the ship-building of India.*'

As our concern, at present, with the obnoxious clause in the India bill extends no farther than as it affects the state of naval tim-

* Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, 2d April, 1800.

ber in Great Britain, the only paper in the collection before us, to which we shall direct our attention, is the Memorial of the Ship-builders of the Port of London, addressed to the committee of the Privy Council for the affairs of trade and plantations, in behalf of themselves and all others engaged in ship-building. On the subject of an alleged scarcity of oak timber in Great Britain, these memorialists

'venture to express great doubts; for they are induced to think, from recent accounts, and the knowledge now possessed by the public, in consequence of the inquiries which very generally took place on the discussion of this subject, a few years since, that there is not any real scarcity of oak timber in Great Britain; and that, on reference to the present state of the ships of war now building in the private yards throughout the kingdom, which exceed three times the number of king's ships that were ever building at one time before in them, the danger of scarcity will appear merely ideal—that it is well known that his Majesty's yards are better provided and have more timber in them, at present, than for many years past.'

This short extract of the London ship-builders' appeal to the committee of the Privy Council, contains an erroneous opinion, an unfounded assertion, and a conclusion not warranted by the premises. That there is a scarcity, and an alarming scarcity, of native oak timber, has been proved by incontrovertible evidence taken before three several sets of commissioners appointed to investigate the subject—it is admitted by the commissioners of woods and forests, whose duty it is to inquire into the state of timber; it is known to the navy board—to the purveyors of the navy—to the builders in his Majesty's dockyards, and—to the builders on the banks of the Thames! With unfeigned sorrow we admit the truth of the succeeding sentence, which states that 'the ships of war now building in the private yards, exceed three times the number of king's ships that were ever building at one time before in them;' but we have not the sagacity to find out how, therefore, the danger of a scarcity should be 'merely ideal,' though we can easily discover that it is a sure and certain way to create a scarcity if there was none already. With regard to the timber in his Majesty's yards we shall merely say that we know the statement not to have been correct, at that time, though it may be so at present. But admitting it to be true, what does it prove?—simply—that the Navy Board, in consequence of the unexampled encouragement given to the merchants' yards, and the scarcity of workmen in the king's yards, has been able, in the course of the last six years, to scrape together from the royal forests and other quarters, a few more loads of oak timber, than they had usually done—perhaps a single year's consumption!

Though such statements, unsupported by evidence, and in direct contradiction to well authenticated facts, may, through the enormous influence of a few individuals, have been the means of shaking a very proper resolution of the House of Commons, and of rendering it completely abortive, yet we despair not that the truth will finally prevail; and, considering the question as too important to be slurred over in the manner it has been, and willing, as far as we can, to prevent the nation from being lulled into a false and fatal security, by a reliance on such representations, we shall endeavour to bring before the public a short view of the matter as we conscientiously believe it to stand, hoping that, when the extent of the evil shall be made known, a speedy and efficacious remedy will be applied.

A committee of the House of Commons in the year 1771 was directed to inquire into the state of oak timber throughout the kingdom. The evidence examined went directly to prove an alarming diminution of timber fit for naval purposes, without any prospect, immediate or remote, of a permanent source of supply; but, either from some disagreement in opinion, or some defect in the evidence, or, which is most likely, from a wish to avoid public alarm, the House agreed, on a motion of the committee, to discharge that part of its order which required them to give an opinion. An inference, however, may be drawn what that opinion was, from an act passed in the following session, which restrained the East India Company from building more ships until their whole tonnage should be reduced to 45,000 tons.

No other step, however, appears to have been taken either for lessening the current consumption, or increasing the future supply of oak timber; and the question was suffered to rest till the commissioners, appointed to inquire into the state and condition of the woods, forests, and land revenues of the crown, laid their eleventh report before parliament in 1792. From this report it appears that the commissioners did not confine their inquiries to the state of naval timber growing in the royal forests, and on lands belonging to the crown: they extended their researches into the general state of oak timber throughout the kingdom; and the result of this laborious investigation proved but too clearly how well-founded the apprehensions were of an approaching scarcity of oak timber in general, but more particularly of large naval timber, both in the royal forests, and on private estates. The testimony received from every county invariably established the fact, that oak timber in general, and large and crooked timber in particular, was rapidly decreasing. This information was not derived from a few interested individuals, but from a mass of concurring evidence collected from every description of men, either immediately in possession of in-
formation

formation themselves, or most likely to procure it; for instance, the chairmen of the quarter sessions in the several counties of England and Wales, the great landholders, land surveyors, agents, stewards, purveyors of timber, the commissioners of the navy, the principal ship-builders in the king's and private yards, &c.

One striking fact, taken from the records of the royal forests, shews the great diminution of oak timber in those woods of the crown at a much earlier period than that of the first apprehended scarcity. In 1608 a survey was taken of six of those forests. In 1783 another survey was made of the same forests by order of the House of Commons. In the former period were found fit for naval purposes 234,229 trees, and 263,145 decayed trees; at the latter 50,455 trees fit for the navy, and 35,554 decayed, being a decrease of nearly four-fifths in these six forests; and there is every reason to believe that a corresponding diminution had then taken place in all. From the close of the American war to the commencement of the revolutionary war of France, in consequence of the rapid increase of trade, and the improvements in all kinds of machinery, manufactures, and inland navigations, the consumption of oak timber, for commercial and internal purposes, had increased in as great a proportion; and from 1792 to the present time, the demand for naval purposes has been unexampled in any former period of our history, and perhaps not less so for commercial and internal uses. In 1792 the amount of the private shipping was about 1,300,000 tons; in 1812 it had amounted to 2,500,000 tons, being in twenty years an increase of 1,200,000 tons. The commissioners state that, 'at the accession of his Majesty to the throne, the tonnage of the royal navy was 321,104 tons, and at the end of the year 1788 it had risen to no less than 413,667 tons;' and we may now add that, in 1808, it had amounted to the enormous extent of 800,000 tons, having nearly doubled itself in twenty years.

By the same report it appears that in 1792 the tonnage of the shipping belonging to the East India Company was 79,913 tons; at present it is calculated to amount to 115,000 tons, being an increase of 35,087 tons.

It would be difficult to form any thing like an accurate estimate of the comparative state of oak timber used formerly, when 'our houses were all built of sticks and mud,' and at the present time, for internal purposes; but that the consumption in this respect is very materially increased there can be little doubt; for although, as the commissioners observe, the quantity used in house carpentry is not so great as it had been in the preceding century, on account of the general and extensive use of fir timber; yet, on the other hand, when we take into consideration the vast consumption of oak timber in all kinds of mill work and machinery—in the barrack and

ordnance departments—in mines, collieries, and agriculture—in docks and their massive gates—in piers, locks and sluices—in boats, barges, lighters, and bridges—in park-paling, posts and rails—in staves for casks, tubs, and vats, (for which vast quantities of the finest oak trees in the kingdom are split up)—in all sorts of wheelwright work, and even in barn-floors, (every one of which consumes about five loads of timber;)—and numberless other purposes to which oak alone is applied, and for which the increasing wealth, population, manufactures, and agriculture, have created an increased demand,—we may safely concur in the opinion of the commissioners, that this extensive application of oak timber has more than counterbalanced the saving occasioned by the disuse of oak for house carpentry and other domestic purposes.

Having thus established the fact of an enormously increased and increasing consumption, the next point to be ascertained was the state of growing timber in the country. The result of their inquiries, on this point, was disheartening enough. It appeared that, from the time when the general survey contained in Domesday book was taken, down to 1792, there had been a gradual diminution of woodland—the necessary consequence indeed of an increased population and extension of agriculture. For however ornamental full-grown forest trees may be on large domains; however useful the timber they afford in procuring many of the comforts and conveniences of life; however necessary for the defence and preservation of the country; yet, as neither groves nor avenues, nor the timber which they produce, are indispensable articles of necessity, they are sure to give way to more pressing demands. Where corn could be raised, there we may be quite certain that trees would not be planted, and almost equally so that, when it was wanted, those which were already planted would be grubbed up. If, indeed, food should not naturally have the preference, still it might be expected that men would plant the soil with that which would yield them the greatest returns; and it so happens that the price of oak, high as it now is, is not equal to the value of any other product that may be raised out of the soil on which it grows; for the soil which oaks affect most is precisely that which is best suited for corn; nor will it grow freely on any that is not convertible to that use. The consequence is, that in every county throughout England, woodlands have been grubbed up and converted into pasture and corn lands, whilst not an acre of either of the latter has been planted with trees, except for ornamental purposes: and this diminution of woodland is by no means of inconsiderable extent.

Arthur Young was of opinion that, in the counties best adapted for the growth of oak, (Kent, Sussex, &c.) not one acre has been planted for fifty acres of woodlands that have been grubbed up.

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At the present high price of grain, indeed, no other than ornamental plantations can be expected to be made, excepting on lands which are not open to the competition between timber and food. Such lands, it must be owned, are sufficiently abundant, but the great expense and slow returns of planting are inconvenient to the majority of land-proprietors; and hence we may safely conclude, that throughout England, the quantity of land planted with any kind of timber trees has been considerably less than the quantity of ground cleared by the felling of timber, and the grubbing up of coppice and underwood. If, indeed, we except the royal forests, and perhaps the estates of some half a dozen great landholders, such as the Dukes of Devonshire, Norfolk, Portland, Newcastle, &c. it may be doubted whether any thing like a regular plantation of oak timber has taken place for the last sixty years. Private interest will, in most cases, supersede all considerations of public benefit. The expense of planting is immediate and certain—the profit distant and precarious. It falls to the lot of few to be so careless of present wealth as to bury it for a century, in order that the third generation may profit by it. A man who sets about planting oaks, should forbear to make any calculation on the returns to be expected from them. He must consider, as the Bishop of Landaff says, all future time as present. In the first place, it would be a waste of labour and expense to plant oaks on ground that is not worth at least twenty shillings an acre rent. Now the annual sum of one pound, improved for an hundred years, at compound interest, will be worth £2610. An acre of oak trees, at the end of that period, may be worth about £500 at the present price of oak timber; and allowing the value of thinnings, improved at the same rate, to amount to £500 more, there still remains a loss of £1610 on a single acre of land. But independent of profit, it is a natural feeling in him who plants, to desire to see the plantations rising up in his own time.

But of all forest trees the oak is slowest in its growth. Hence even in those ornamental plantations, the rounded clump or extended belt, and indeed in all others, whether intended as objects of pleasure or profit, trees of speedier growth, as the larch, the beech, the sycamore, the horse-chesnut, the elm, the ash, the birch, &c. exclude the oak from its due share; for all these not only sooner come to profit, but are more ornamental than oak, and will thrive in soils where the oak would barely exist, and where the young plants of tardy growth would speedily be overshadowed by them and perish. So much is this the case, and so slow of growth is the young oak plant, that the nurserymen find it not worth their while to rear this species of tree for sale.

Another circumstance may have had its effect in excluding oaks from new plantations. It is a very general idea that transplanted
oaks

oaks do not thrive so well as those that are raised from the acorn, on account of the tap-root being cut or injured. This prejudice is, we think, disproved by the experiments mentioned in the Appendix to the First Report now before us. A field of several acres in Dean Forest was sown with acorns about twenty-nine years ago. At the age of fourteen years, forty or fifty trees were transplanted from this patch into the open forest. In the course of the last four or five years, others, to the number of several thousands, have been taken from the same plot and transplanted into the neighbouring open parts. In 1809, three of the trees that were first transplanted, three that were transplanted in 1807, and six which remained in their original place, (not hampered in their growth by being too close together,) were carefully measured in the presence of the surveyor-general, at the height of six feet from the ground. They were again measured in the following year, 'when it appeared that those which had been transplanted first had increased the most; those transplanted in 1807 the next; and of those which remained in their original place, two had not increased at all, and the other four not so much as any of those transplanted.* Mr. T. A. Knight, whose knowledge of vegetable economy no one will venture to dispute, asserts that the tap-root is of consequence only during the first year's growth of the tree, and that shortening the tap and lateral roots of young trees tends much to increase their future growth, by increasing the number of their roots.

There are other causes which prevent the planting of large tracts of ground, and thus perpetuating those magnificent woods which England once possessed, but which have long been disappearing from almost every part of the island. Many great estates have been divided and parcelled out among a number of new proprietors, whose sole object is improvement of the land for the sake of profit, and whose new plantations, if any, extend not beyond the clump or the belt, the filling up of a corner, or covering the top of a hill with firs or larches, or such other trees as are found to grow on the poorest soils, and to yield the speediest returns.

But of the woodlands still suffered to remain in the country, a very small proportion furnishes any timber fit for the construction of large ships of war. Some of the ancient and opulent families may take a pride in the preservation of those venerable and stately oaks, those sacred groves planted by their ancestors, and not suffer the axe to approach them. We may also observe in many of the well-clothed domains, trees of two and three centuries old, too far advanced in decay to be of any use as naval timber. But others

* First Report of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods, &c. App. p. 144.

again, and by far the greater number, consider their woodlands as their bankers, on whom they give drafts at sight: and when hard pressed, not merely thin the trees, but cut close as they go along. Others again, from the effects of contested elections, gaming, and those other fashionable follies which encourage extravagance in all its shapes, are compelled to let the family estates slip from them altogether. It frequently happens that large domains of this kind pass from the hands of an improvident heir into those of Jews and land-jobbers. The first operation is to cut down all the timber to raise money in part of payment; the next to partition the estate, and sell it in lots.

But setting aside all these causes of the diminution of timber, there is one general principle which will eventually operate in producing that effect. Men will fell their timber, or let it stand, as is most consistent with their feelings, their necessities, or their self-interest; and the two latter, in these expensive times, will be found generally to preponderate, and to operate more strongly to the cutting down of oak timber before it is of any use for naval purposes, than to let it grow till it shall become fit for such purposes. In the first place, an oak plant worth twenty shillings will not pay common interest for letting it stand. The enormous price of oak bark used by the tanners, and which in a very few years has risen from £5 a ton to £20, is a strong temptation to cut down young saplings for the value of the bark alone, just as in some parts of South America cattle are slain for the sake of their hides. If a substitute could be found for oak bark, it would be the means of preserving many an oak tree; even a bounty on the importation of it might have that tendency. The bark of the larch has been tried, and, in Scotland, said to succeed; but this is considered as doubtful. The heavy tax on the importation of foreign timber, and especially of deal timber, has encouraged the plantation of fir and larch, but it operates as a bounty on the consumption of British oak. When these firs and larches shall become fit for use, and the tax on foreign deal in consequence be removed, the price of oak will necessarily fall; and more trees of a certain growth will then be left to stand for large timber, the scarcity of which will always keep up its price; but while bark remains at the present extravagant price, there is no security for the sapling oak.

Of the vast plantations which have recently been made in Scotland, very few, we believe, have any portion of oak trees in them; and little or no oak timber is to be met with in that country, beyond the ornamental trees which are planted round the houses, and which are there called 'Policies.'

In Ireland it is pretty nearly the same. Exclusive of some old oaks that are to be met with in gentlemen's parks as ornamental timber,

timber; there is not probably on the whole island as much oak timber of proper dimensions as would be sufficient for building a single ship of the line; and most of the few young plantations were cut down in the rebellion to make handles for pikes.

Of the voluminous report of the commissioners for revising the civil affairs of the navy, and of the evidence collected by them, we know no more than that when a motion for printing it was made, in the House of Lords, it was thought prudent to withhold the publication, for fear of creating alarm; the very reason why the most extensive publicity should have been given to it. We know that this is not the opinion of those who are always for putting off the evil day, and afraid to 'look the danger of a scarcity boldly in the face.' 'If,' said the late Lord Melville, 'there are any parts of the Fourteenth Report of that commission, (of Naval Revision,) which it is expedient to conceal, still much useful information might be given to parliament and the public, consistently with such reserve. I am not aware that any good can result from such a determined concealment. If there is just cause of alarm from the increased decay and scarcity of an article so essentially necessary to the existence of the empire, the knowledge of such an impending danger would be the strongest incitement to the public at large cordially to concur in every measure which government may think necessary to ward off so serious a calamity.*

We heartily concur in these sentiments. We are firmly persuaded that, if it should appear, on public investigation, that an alarming scarcity of a material so 'necessary to the vitality of the empire' did really exist, the great landholders would vie with each other which should be the first to set apart the greatest portion of land for the planting of oaks, for the use of future generations. Such was the effect produced by the *Sylva* of Evelyn, at a time when the woodlands of England had nearly disappeared:—the fruits of whose exertions we have been gathering in our own times.

It will be said, perhaps, that the Eleventh Report of the Commissioners of Land Revenues, printed by order of the House of Commons in 1792, was made sufficiently public, and yet no such beneficial effects resulted from it. Let it however be recollected, that their inquiries were instituted at a time of profound peace; that no one could have anticipated a twenty years' war; that the scarcity then apprehended was not immediate but prospective; that the Commissioners under-rated the future annual consumption of timber for the navy nearly by one half; and that they calculated upon an annual average tonnage from prize ships, which, for the last ten years, has not been realized. They moreover concluded their report

* Letter to Mr. Perceval. June 1810.

by an opinion that, if the wise and provident enactments of the statutes of Charles II. and William III. for enclosures and plantations in the Forest of Dean and New Forest had been duly enforced, those two forests would then have been nearly equal to furnish the annual demands of the royal dock-yards; recommending that a sufficient quantity of land belonging to the crown should be set apart for that purpose, which, by their computation, would amount to 100,000 acres.

The report indeed was calculated to tranquillize rather than alarm the public mind; and if the measures recommended had then been carried into effect, the present prospect would be less discouraging; but Mr. Fordyce met with insurmountable difficulties in the execution of the plan on which the commissioners had founded their hopes of future supply, for appropriating land to that extent as nurseries for naval timber. His bill relative to the New Forest, which passed the House of Commons, was lost in the other house. The law officers of the crown were of opinion that the acts of Charles II. and William III. required new authority from the legislature. There was besides some clashing in the authorities of the surveyor-general of the land revenue, and the surveyor-general of the woods and forests, and neither of them was invested with sufficient powers. These two departments are now united, and their functions transferred to a board of commissioners for the management of both. We have now before us their first triennial report, which has been printed by order of the House of Commons. We present our readers with that part of it which relates to the important subject of raising a supply of naval timber in the royal forests.

‘ It appears from authentic information and statements, which have been before us, that the tonnage of the navy in 1806, amounted to 776,057 tons, which, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ load to a ton, would have required, to build the whole, 1,164,085 loads; and taking the average duration of British-built ships to be fourteen years, the annual average quantity of timber requisite for such a navy, would be 83,149 loads, *exclusive of repairs*.

‘ The average annual quantity actually used both in building and maintaining or repairing the navy for eighteen years, from the 1st of January 1789 to the 1st of January 1806, has been calculated at 85,022 loads; but the average quantity in the prizes taken during those eighteen years, exclusive of recaptures, had been 21,341 loads, which deducted from the whole number of 85,202 loads, leaves 63,861 loads.

‘ The great increase of the navy, both by building and capture, between the beginning of the above period of eighteen years and the year 1806, will account for the smallness of the difference between an annual consumption of 83,149 loads, (calculated according to the quantity of navy shipping in the last year of that period,) *exclusive of repairs*,

pairs, and only 85,202 loads, (on the average of the whole period,) including repairs.

‘ We have not ascertained how much ought to have been added to the 83,149 loads for annual repairs; but as it has been stated generally that from 100,000 to 120,000 loads by the year would be necessary to maintain the navy on its present footing, it follows, if we take the medium of 110,000 loads for the whole, that about 27,000 of that number would be annually employed in repairs.

‘ If for building and repairs together the whole annual demand is put at 110,000 loads, then, after deducting 21,341 loads as the average of prizes, the annual quantity necessary to be provided for both purposes will be 88,659 loads.

‘ It does not seem an unreasonable supposition, that of these 88,659 loads, 28,659 may in future be supplied, (even assuming what is extremely probable, that little or no oaks shall be suffered to remain on private estates till they attain the size of large timber), by the introduction of a greater quantity of other sorts of wood in the construction of ships of war, and the use of other means and resources to economize British oak, on account of the increasing scarcity of that sort of timber.

‘ This leaves 60,000 loads of such oak as the quantity which would be sufficient annually to support, at its present unexampled magnitude, the whole British navy, including ships of war of all sorts, but which may be taken as equivalent, together, to twenty seventy-fours, each of which, one with another, contains about 2000 tons, or would require, at the rate of a load and a half to the ton, 3000 loads, making just 60,000 loads for twenty such ships.

‘ It is a current opinion, that not more than forty oaks can be produced and grow to maturity on an acre of land.—Taking the average quantity of timber in each tree at a load and a half, 1000 acres will, at the end of 100 years, the period of time generally allowed for the full growth of an oak, produce 60,000 loads, or enough, with the concurrent resources of captures, &c. above mentioned, to maintain the navy on its present scale for a year.

‘ And, according to this deduction, 100,000 acres would be requisite, and adequate, if so planted and managed; that the timber on each 1000 could be felled in successive years, and that 1000 immediately replanted, for maintaining a navy like the present for ever.*

It is an obvious mistake, however, to calculate the annual demand on the *whole* tonnage of the navy, when little more than *half* of that tonnage is employed, the remainder consisting of ships in ordinary, hulks, &c. If therefore 85,202 loads of timber have *actually* been used annually, it only proves to us the lamentable fact that the duration of the navy, instead of *fourteen*, is no more than *seven* years; and we greatly fear that the latter will be

* First Report of the Commissioners for Woods, Forests, &c. p. 19.

found much nearer the mark if we continue to build, as of late years, in merchants' yards—but more of this presently.*

The commissioners then proceed to shew, 1. How the 100,000 acres are to be obtained. 2. In what course or rotation to be planted. 3. How the supply is to be furnished till the timber to be planted shall arrive at the requisite maturity. On the first point it appears from a report of Lord Glenbervie, when surveyor-general of the woods, &c. that 60,000 acres might be reckoned upon from the several royal forests; and it was suggested that the remaining 40,000 might probably be obtained from forest lands in the duchy of Lancaster—from Needwood forest, 3000 acres of which were appropriated to the crown—from allotments to the crown on the division of wastes and commons—by purchase or otherwise of lands locally situated within the different royal forests occupied by individuals either by legal title or by encroachments—by purchase of woodlands from private owners—and by purchasing out, or refusing the renewal of, crown leases of land containing oak coppices or land fit for the growth of oak. To which might be added a reservation in every enclosure bill of a certain proportion to be set apart for the express purpose of planting oaks, besides an obligatory clause to plant oaks in the fences at limited distances. It is well known that hedge timber, by its constant exposure to the sun and weather, is far superior to forest timber; and no good reason that we know of can be assigned against those two easy and certain measures of raising a future supply. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests observed that we had twenty millions of acres of waste land in the kingdom, a two-hundredth part of which, or 100,000 acres set apart for planting, would at once furnish the whole quantity wanted for the use of the navy.

On the second point the surveyor-general was induced to think from various considerations, in which we entirely concur, that the 100,000 acres should be enclosed and planted at the rate of about 4000 acres annually, which would complete the whole in twenty-five years. And thirdly, the present and intermediate supply will be obtained from timber now ready for felling, and in its different stages, in the royal forests—on private estates—from thinnings of the new plantations for inferior purposes—by importations of foreign oak—and by the use of other kinds of timber. The report concludes by a statement of what has actually been done or

* In a former article on this subject we estimated the tonnage of the navy in employ at 400,000; the average duration of a ship of war at twelve years and a half; and allowing one-fourth part for repairs, we calculated the annual consumption of oak timber for the navy at 60,000 loads. We have seen no grounds for altering our opinion on this point—provided, however, we shall henceforward exclude from the navy merchant-built ships of the line.

undertaken in prosecution of the plans for raising navy timber; and the exertions that have been used by Lord Glenbervie, and his colleagues, appear to us to be exceedingly praiseworthy—they seem to have already appropriated about 35,000 acres for this purpose.

The principal resources in our opinion for the next fifty or sixty years must be looked for in the importation of foreign timber, and the substitution of other woods for oak. If the use of British oak was confined to the navy, we should say with the London ship-builders that there was no apprehension of a scarcity, but we have shewn, on a former occasion, that the consumption of oak timber in the navy is but one-tenth part of the quantity consumed in the country; and of this small proportion a certain part, perhaps one-sixth or one-eighth, has been imported from foreign countries. The largest importation, however, in any one year has not, we believe, exceeded 20,000 loads; but the quantity of fir timber imported has been from 240 to 250,000 loads a-year. Of this fir we are now building a considerable number of the largest class of frigates, which, though less durable than oak, will be the means of saving so much of this more valuable timber, and probably of sparing from the axe our native trees of fifty or sixty years standing till they arrive at a sufficient growth for building ships of the line. These are the only trees, while bark remains at the present price, that will ever reach that standing on private property; and when those shall be exhausted, and until the new plantations of the crown lands shall be fit for use, we have only to look forward to the two great sources of supply which we still have within ourselves—the larch, elm, beech, &c. plantations of Great Britain, and the teak of India.

No timber that we are acquainted with is equal in quality to that of the larch with the same rapidity of growth. It fails only, where all other woods fail, not even oak and teak excepted, when exposed to the alternate action of heat and moisture, of wind and water; but for all the lower parts of a ship and those that are constantly immersed in water, larch may be considered as very little inferior to oak. So fully impressed was the Empress Catherine with the valuable properties of this timber that the exportation of it from Russia was, and we believe still is, prohibited. The rapidity of its growth is such that it has been found, by repeated trials, to double in diameter that of the oak in a given time, and consequently, the bulks being as the squares of their diameters, to produce, in the same time, four times the quantity of timber. Its usual annual increase, till it arrives at a certain age, is from one and a half to two inches in circumference; so that a tree of thirty years standing will measure from four to five feet in girth. There are well authenticated instances of trees of sixty years of age measuring

surrounding twelve feet in girth and producing three hundred feet of timber: others of fifty years have been found to measure ten feet in girth and seventy feet in height of stem. Mr. Marshall measured a larch in the grounds of Blair of Athol, which, at five feet from the ground, girthed upwards of eight feet and was estimated to contain four tons of timber; its age fifty-four years. At Dunkeld he measured another of little more than fifty years old, which, at the same height, girthed eight feet and a half; it was nearly an hundred feet high, and its solid contents were from four to five tons of timber. The Dukes of Athol and Montrose, Lord Fife, and several other great landholders in Scotland, have made very extensive plantations of this tree and the Scotch fir, which are rapidly rising into magnificent forests, and will, in the course of a few years, compensate in some measure the loss of our native oak timber. The inducement, indeed, to plant larch operates nearly in the same proportion as the discouragement to plant oak; not only because it will grow on poor gravelly soils, not fit for any other kind of produce, but also because the returns of profit are rapid and prodigious. The Bishop of Landaff, in a paper addressed to the President of the Board of Agriculture, has given a calculation of the probable expense and profit, at the end of sixty years, of a plantation of larches made by himself, consisting of 322,500 trees on 379 acres of land. The expense of planting at thirty shillings a thousand—the compound interest at 5 per cent. for sixty years—the loss of rent at half a crown an acre, make the whole loss sustained at the end of sixty years amount to £13,798. At twenty years from the planting he reckons on thinning out 161,000; at forty years 80,000, and at sixty years the remaining 80,000. 'The price,' says he, 'of 161,000 trees of twenty years growth improved for forty years, together with that of 80,000 trees improved for twenty years, being added to that of 80,000 trees of sixty years growth, will, I conjecture, upon the most moderate computation, amount to £150,000, if the commerce of the country and the price of foreign fir wood continue for sixty years without diminution.' Most heartily do we pray that the venerable prelate's calculations may be realized, and that his numerous family may reap the full benefit of his laudable exertions in this important and patriotic undertaking.

Our immediate reliance, however, for relief must rest chiefly on the teak of India. Already two ships of the line have been launched from the dock-yard of Bombay, and two others we understand have been ordered to be built. Each of these, as we before mentioned, is to bring home its duplicate in its hold to be set up in his Majesty's yards at home. Several frigates and smaller vessels are also ordered to be built; and we trust that no fallacious representations will intervene so as to overturn this system of building

ships for the navy in our Indian territories, or to prevent the import of teak timber from them for the use of the dockyards; but that the plan will be continued until we have, at least, half the naval force of the empire composed of this almost imperishable material. If the first cost of the ships built in India, through the medium of the East India Company, be somewhat more than the cost of the same classes of ships respectively at home, their prolonged duration makes them incomparably cheaper in the end. It is not true, as the home builders would have us believe, that mercantile ships can be built and fitted in India for one-third less cost than in England, and that therefore they are not built for the growing and progressive wants of navigation, but for sale in England. They are built, as we said before, as the means and the only means of transmitting home the capitals of individuals realized in India, and transmitting them moreover in that kind of produce which could not otherwise be disposed of by the natives.

It is now too late to deplore that policy which has taught the Asiatics to rival us in the art of ship-building, and in many species of manufacture. There are parts, we have understood, in the construction of the *Minden* from which our best builders might derive instruction. That narrow-minded and selfish policy is no longer of avail which, in the true spirit of trading, would monopolize to ourselves all the commerce and all the manufactures of the world. The sounder and more liberal opinion now is, that commerce and manufactures increase and multiply, in every individual country, the more they are in general cultivation, and the more widely they are spread throughout the world.

But, say the advocates for limiting ship-building to the banks of the Thames, the navigation act, that monument of human wisdom on which our salvation depends, and the deep and provident policy of which has been applauded by Bacon, (who, by the way, died nearly thirty years before the act was in existence,) and Clarendon, and 'even' by Doctor Smith, is violated by the 'feeble and puny statesmen of to-day.' It is not unusual to attempt to prop up a tottering argument by the revival of prejudices which have taken hold of the public mind, and by quoting the opinions of the great men of former days. The navigation act has frequently been, and must necessarily be, suspended during war; it is violated every hour in the trade of every part of the world; and if Lord Clarendon, or 'even' Adam Smith, could be asked whether, in their opinion, it would be more advisable to employ foreign-built ships, or to cramp our trade for want of ships, or to dismantle the navy, that trading ships may be 'navigated according to law,' we have very little doubt of the answer they would make to such questions. But Adam Smith's praise of this act, the
offspring

offspring of national animosity and jealousy levelled against the Dutch, is faint indeed. He states it be, as it unquestionably is, unfavourable to foreign commerce, and to the growth of that opulence which arises out of it; and concludes that, 'as defence is much more important than opulence, the act of navigation is, *perhaps*, the wisest of all the *commercial* regulations of England.'

But further, say the advocates of the Thames ship-builders, we may lose India, and the enemy get possession of those resources which we have taught the natives to bring into full and effective activity. So we may, and we may lose Ireland too; and perhaps there are not wanting those who think it the best policy to discourage all improvement, on the same ground, even in Ireland. We think however that, if we are to lose India, the surest way of recovering it is to make our loss both felt and regretted by the natives; and the surest way of gaining the affection of the natives is to avail ourselves of the resources of the country by encouraging a spirit of industry among the people. But the fact is, that the Asiatics require not our teaching them to build ships. The French in Rangoon long ago taught them that art in perfection; and the only difference is, that the British merchants resident in India now build ships in Calcutta and Bombay with the teak of India, instead of purchasing them at Rangoon where they are built of the teak of Ava and Pegu; and we think that unprejudiced men will agree in the policy of making use of the teak forests on our own territories, while they remain in our possession, rather than leaving them untouched and available for the services of the enemy 'in the event of our losing India.'

So, however, think not the ship-builders on the banks of the Thames. Not more pregnant with evils was the box of Pandora than, according to their statements, will the measure be of building ships in India and admitting them to a registry in England. All the arts and sciences, all the manufactures, mines, agriculture, fisheries, shipping, colonies and revenue are marshalled in array, with the various trades and occupations dependant on them, from the ship-builder down to the green-grocer and the dealer in oakum, and made subservient to the ship-owners of London, who, with this host of dependants, are all to be ruined by half a dozen 'black ships,' as they are pleased to call them, bringing cargoes of raw produce for the use of the manufacturers of this country.

Another argument, which they consider not the least powerful in the effect they wish to produce, is grounded on the alleged distress that would ensue to the numerous shipwrights and their families by being deprived of employment. We are told that 'no less than 570 ships' of our present navy have been constructed in the private yards, which, in peace, have always been hitherto the
asylum

asylum for the artificer and shipwright;’ that if a portion only of this branch is lost to the mother country, (that is to the half dozen establishments on the Thames,) ‘the shipwright must be driven to the necessity of abandoning his native country, and a large emigration will necessarily take place.’ We well recollect that the same kind of lamentation was loudly sounded from the ports of Liverpool and Bristol of the misery and wretchedness which that valuable class of men, the shipwrights, would be doomed to suffer, in consequence of that impolitic and pernicious measure, the abolition of the slave-trade. To ward off, in some degree, the terrible calamity about to befall these celebrated sea-port towns, the Navy Board was directed to contract for the building of two or three frigates at each; and notice was given that all such shipwrights and artificers as wished to enter into His Majesty’s dockyards would be received therein; no frigates, however, were contracted for, no emigration of shipwrights followed, no application for employment was made, and Liverpool and Bristol have continued to flourish as they did before.

Thus also with regard to the shipwrights of the river Thames. In spite of all the ‘black ships’ that have been built in India—notwithstanding the great demand for shipwrights in the king’s yards, amounting, we believe, to many hundreds—notwithstanding the encouraging prospects offered in the king’s service, of a provision in old age, when unfit for further labour, which they have not to look up to in the merchants’ yards—we do not understand that many have applied for employment. The present enjoyment of a few additional shillings a-week, earned by excessive exertion, a mode of employment where less restraint and control are exercised than in the king’s yards, and a reliance on parish relief when worn out, render them insensible or at least indifferent to the superior advantages held out in His Majesty’s dockyards. The truth is that artificers, of all others, are least disposed to emigrate, or, if they can avoid it, to change their place of abode. There are always, and in all places, so many other trades and manufactures of a similar nature to their own, that an ingenious artificer finds no difficulty in transferring the labour of a shipwright, for instance, into that of a millwright, a wheelwright or a house-carpenter. But at any rate it would be far more beneficial for the public to pension off the whole of the shipwrights employed in the king’s yards, on the return of peace, than to send them to the ‘asylum’ of the merchants’ yards, on the condition of employing those yards to build ships of the line on the breaking out of the next war.

This assistance, which the private yards afford to the king’s yards in time of war, is in fact the main argument on which the ship-builders of the Thames ground their claims for consideration.

‘No less than 570 ships of our present navy have been constructed in the private yards,’ says one of their advocates: ‘the number now building,’ say the collected body, ‘in private yards, is three times that which were building at any one time before.’ This immoderate share of employment serves to explain at least the difficulty of entering shipwrights for the king’s yards, and sufficiently points out a speedy method of removing that difficulty; and we trust that ere long it will be completely removed. Nay, we are willing to cherish a hope that we shall never again see a single ship of the line set up on the stocks of a private yard, and few frigates. At any rate let them be contented with building frigates, sloops, and smaller vessels. Our wishes, in this respect, arise from no other motive than a firm conviction of the ruinous effects resulting from the practice of building large ships by contract—a practice which nothing but absolute necessity can justify—which occasions a wasteful expenditure of public money, a vast consumption of timber, and which has produced in return an inefficient and rotten navy. We shall have no difficulty in making good these assertions.

Without adverting to the well known fact that there is scarcely a single ship built of late years in merchants’ yards which has not required to be rebuilt in six or seven years, and many of them to be paid off after four or five years service, we believe it is a common computation among builders, that the superiority of the ships built in the king’s yards is to those built in private yards at least as 4 to 3; and the reason is obvious. A private builder cannot be supposed to keep on hand, as a dead capital for three or four years, a stock of timber fit for a 74 gun ship which he may never have an opportunity of building, as he must know that the public will only have recourse to him in time of necessity. He therefore contracts to build while the tree is growing in the forest; and the timber is commonly reared into the ship before the powers of vegetation are extinct. The workmanship is avowedly inferior, being wholly performed by task and job, and not examined with that degree of care which the officers in the king’s yards, for their own credit, are in the habit of exerting. By way of drying the dripping wet timbers, stoves with charcoal are placed in various parts of the ship. The pent up heat, acting upon the moisture, soon brings forth plentiful crops of mushrooms; hence the origin of the new and fashionable disorder named the *dry-rot*, unknown in former days in ships of war, but which has produced, in our times, as many doctors and remedies, as the fanciful diseases of the human body.

It is evident that the seams of every part of the ship, put together in this unseasoned state, must open by the shrinking of the wood; that every piece of timber, by contracting its dimensions, must

close upon its fastening, whether of iron, copper or wood; and that these refusing to give way, must cause the planks and timbers to split, when the water gets in, the metals rust or corrode, and the wood rots. We could illustrate these fatal effects by numberless examples, but we shall content ourselves with two. The *Rodney** was launched in 1809; she had scarcely put to sea when, owing to the unseasoned state of her timber, all her fastenings became loose, and it was necessary to bring her home from the Mediterranean in 1812 to be paid off. The next example is a very deplorable one; it is that of the *Dublin*.† This ship was launched in February, 1812, put in commission in the following August, sent upon a cruise towards Madeira and the western islands in December, from which she returned to Plymouth in February, 1813, in so dreadful a state, that she was ordered to be paid off; she has since been repaired at an expense not much less, we believe, than £20,000. These are no new cases. We can find their parallel nearly half a century back. In the journal of Lord Sandwich's visitation of the dockyards in 1771 the following passage occurs: 'Went on board the *Ardent*, found her in a total decay, her timber and plank rotted almost universally. This ship was built at Hull in the year 1764, and never was at sea, her prime cost was about £23,000 and her repairs are now estimated at £17,000; the cause of the great decay of this ship is attributed to her being hastily built with green timber.' His lordship adds, 'No more large ships to be built at Hull.' He ought to have said—No more large ships to be built in private yards. 'We have now,' he observes in another place, 'a fleet of 123 effective line-of-battle ships, which in my opinion may be augmented, and without any addition of expense, if means can be found to procure a sufficient supply of timber, so as to enable us to have *three years' stock* in hand, which would give it time to season, and when used would prevent the immense expense of giving a thorough repair almost as soon as the ships are built.'

It never will nor can be otherwise as long as we continue to build in merchants' yards. No private builder, as we have just said, can afford to keep a stock of timber on hand fit for the building of ships of the line. His object naturally and necessarily is profit, and with a view to that object he will go the cheapest way to work in procuring materials, and take advantage of the public necessity in making his contract; and hence the sum actually paid for one of these miserably built ships has been found to exceed that of one of the same class built in the king's yards, in the proportion at least of 8 to 7. We doubt whether the precise cost of building any ship has been accurately ascertained in the king's dockyards,

* Built in Barnard and Co.'s yard.

† Built in Brent's yard.

but

but it is estimated, we understand, for a 74 gun ship, at about £28 : 10s. a ton; the contract price in private yards is £33 : 10s. a ton; it follows, on these data, that the *price* of a common sized 74 gun ship built in a private yard is *more* than one built in the king's yards by £8,500, and the *value* of it *less* by £15,000; and if the principles of this calculation be correct, there has been thrown away in the last eight years, by the building of forty-two ships of 74 guns in private yards, the enormous sum of £630,000, and a perfect waste of 50 or 60,000 loads of timber; and all this has been occasioned by a mistaken notion of economy in not keeping up the fleet to its proper and effective standard;—when once let down below that standard, it is no easy matter to recover it.

But neither the lavish expenditure of money nor the enormous waste of timber is the most serious part of the consideration. The fleet so built, which the policy, we might say the safety, of this country requires to be equal in strength and efficiency to the united fleets of the whole European world, can at no one moment be considered either as strong or efficient. So very different is the real state of the case, that, should a seven years' peace take place, not a single ship of the two and forty recently launched from the merchants' yards would be worth repairing at the end of that period; and that our nominal fleet of two hundred sail of the line and upwards, if so built, would not produce above seventy or eighty ships which it would not be most advantageous to the nation to break up or dispose of by public sale.

Nor are we yet arrived at the extent of the evil of building green-timber ships in the merchants' yards. The constant state of damp, and the 'oozing drip,' as Mr. Pering emphatically calls it, which prevail in these unseasoned and crazy ships, occasions sickness and want of every comfort among the seamen. The Dublin returned to port in so sickly a condition as to be wholly inefficient for sea service. One hundred and fifty of her crew were sent to the hospital with dysentery, occasioned by the humid state of the ship, in consequence of the leaky condition of her upper works and decks. When therefore the private builders are commiserating the hard condition of the shipwrights of London, surely some share of their pity may not improperly be extended to the brave seamen who fight our battles: the least we can do is to make their situation as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

What an extraordinary contrast with the Dublin does the late Royal William afford! This ship was broken up about three months ago in the ninety-fourth year of her age. All the upper works and those parts of her that were exposed to the alternations of the weather were, as might be expected, found to be decayed; but the floor-timbers, the first futtocks, and all those parts which

externally were immersed in water, and internally kept pretty nearly in the same degree of moisture and uniformity of temperature, were as sound and perfect as when first put into the ship; the fibres of the wood had in those parts suffered no decomposition nor any diminution of strength. The treenails too were generally sound and perfect; not more than every twentieth in a state of decay: but they were not the sort of treenails described by Mr. Pering, thicker at the ends than in the middle in order that they may drive the easier. We are now persuaded that this species of fastening when well turned, well seasoned and carefully driven without splitting, into wood of the same seasoning, is as effectual and durable as metallic fastenings, perhaps more so.

The breaking up of the Royal William was an object of considerable curiosity.* Various reasons had been assigned for her extraordinary durability. It was supposed that her timber had undergone some artificial seasoning, that the plank and thick-stuff had been burnt instead of kilned, the ends and surfaces of the various parts charred, and that the process of *snail-creeping*, or gouging out, in crooked channels, the surfaces of the timbers and planks, was made use of to give a free circulation of air. We understand, however, that no symptoms appeared of charring, burning, or snail-creeping, and that there was no reason to think her timbers had undergone any other than the natural process of time and the weather. Nothing more than this, we are fully persuaded, is required; but we are farther persuaded, that it never can be effected until the practice of building line-of-battle ships in the private yards is wholly discontinued. Then would the large timber be exclusively in the hands of the Navy Board, and such quantities of it might be collected as would allow them to give three or four years natural seasoning to all naval timber before it was set up in the ship. Then would our ships of war perform three times the length of service which is now got out of them, and consequently the consumption of naval timber would then be only one-third part of what it is at present. We should then hear no more of green-timber-built ships

* This ship has always attracted a considerable degree of notice. On visiting Portsmouth in 1771, Lord Sandwich learned the following particulars respecting her: That she was built in 1719 by Mr. Nash; that a great part of her frame is now (1771) sound and good; that Mr. Nash took particular care in building her with seasoned materials; that he was a most ingenious and able shipwright; that a great enmity or jealousy subsisted between him and Sir Jacob Ackworth; that Sir Jacob in all things endeavoured to lessen the merit of Mr. Nash, and whilst he lived would never let the Royal William be employed, and once procured an order for her to be made a hospital. 'Thus,' adds his lordship, 'that ship which has proved to be of as good qualities as any ship that ever was built, was lost to the public for many years, and had like to have been condemned without ever being tried, owing to a jealousy and ill-will between two officers; this is too frequent, and ought to be discouraged by every means possible, for the public service always suffers thereby.'

² dying of old age, while those which have had time to season are in the prime of their life.'




All other expedients for a rapid seasoning of timber, and the numerous preventives of dry-rot, which have so plentifully been brought forward of late, as new inventions, were in fact tried and found wanting half a century ago. During the administration of the naval department under Lord Sandwich, than whom one of more ability or energy has not presided either before or since, almost all the modern inventions of boiling, stoving, stewing and charring, of pickling with salt, impregnating with oil, burying in sand, in lime, &c. were submitted to the test of experiment, but no material benefit resulted from any of them, excepting perhaps from that of building with winter-felled timber, and timber that had undergone a seasoning of three or four years. The *Montagu*, as an experiment, was built at Chatham *wholly* of winter-felled timber; she was launched in 1779, and is at this moment a good sound ship, bearing an admiral's flag on a foreign station. The shipwrights all agree that timber so felled is much harder and more difficult to work than that which is felled in the spring, which may have been one reason for the discontinuance of the practice;—a practice which we are glad to find, however, is likely to be renewed in the royal forests.

The introduction of such a system, together with the various expedients that have recently been resorted to in His Majesty's dockyards to supply the want of large and crooked timber, cannot fail of effecting a very material saving in this article, 'so important to the salvation of the empire.' The principal of those expedients consist of an invention by which three short pieces of straight timber are put together in such a manner as to be substituted for those large and crooked masses called the floor-timbers; of another, which, by boiling, renders the largest pieces of timber so flexible that, in the course of eight or nine minutes, the required degree of curvature is given to the largest timbers, without disturbing the arrangement of the fibres, or weakening the wood; and by the common practice which now obtains of substituting iron knees and other modes of fastening the beams to the side timbers, and by binding together other important parts of the ships with metallic fastenings. All such crooked and compass timber was at one time thought indispensable for the construction of a ship, and many a ship has been retarded for months on the stocks for want of them.

We observed on a former occasion, that little of science or skill is exhibited in the construction of a ship; that less progress has been made in this than in most other arts; but that Mr. Sepings, the ingenious builder of Chatham-yard, might be said to have established a new era in naval architecture. A few words will describe

scribe what the old system of construction is, and it will then be interesting to inquire what alteration has been introduced.

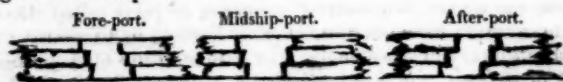
The skeleton of a ship may be compared with that of a horse or ox, or other quadruped; the backbone of the animal resembles the keel, from which rise on each side a number of large curved pieces of timber, in the shape of the ribs, a name which, in fact, they sometimes bear, though they are properly called a frame. These frames are composed of a number of parts called the floor timbers, the first, second, third, &c. futtocks and the upper timbers. A 74 gun ship consists of 60 or 70 of those lofty and weighty frames, and when closed at one extremity by the breast hooks and other massive timbers connected with the cut-water, and by the stern frame at the other, the machine is then said to be *in frame*, and may properly enough be called the skeleton of the ship. This skeleton is clothed on the outside by oak plank, four or five inches thick, and on the inside with the same kind of plank, three or three and a half inches thick. On both sides the plank is forcibly bent to the curvature of the frames to which they are firmly bolted, or fastened with treenails; and all the planks, both inside and outside, are laid parallel to each other, and at right angles to the frames. This planking may be considered as the only longitudinal support of these frame timbers; they do not mutually sustain each other, nor is there any other continuity of connection that can be said to answer that end; laterally they are kept in their positions by the beams which, crossing the ship at right angles, bind them together and prevent them from falling either inwards or outwards.

Now it is a principle in carpentry that pieces of timber fixed together at right angles, as the planking is with the frames of a ship, possess less strength and firmness than when united in any other direction. A gate, for instance, thus constructed,  would, with a slight impulse, play on its fastenings, like a parallel ruler, and take the lozenge form, thus ; but remove the middle bar, and place it diagonally , and no force short of breaking the machine will cause it to change its form.

It will not be difficult then to account for what happens to a ship after launching. By placing sights along the deck, it will invariably be discovered, that, on getting into the water, the two extremities have dropped, and the middle part become considerably arched, or *hogged*, as it is sometimes termed. The upper part of the ship is consequently elongated, and her width proportionally contracted.

This

This change of form, to which the external and internal planks contribute by a tendency to regain their original shape, must have caused every piece of the machine either to have played more or less upon its fastening, or to have strained it. This is so obvious sometimes in an ill-built ship, and the arching or breaking is so great, as to give to the fore, the midship, and the after-ports something of these shapes.



To obviate so glaring a defect, which in fact must have occasioned a destructive blow to the whole machine, the very moment she plunged into the element in which she was destined to move, Mr. Seppings proposed to apply a well known principle in carpentry called *trussing*; a good specimen of which may be seen in the wooden frame-work over which the arches of the Strand Bridge are now turning. It consists, in fact, of a series of triangles so disposed that their sides shall give a mutual support and counteraction to each other. Instead of the parallel ceiling then, which he omitted altogether, he arranged a series of triangular trusses from one extremity of the ship to the other, bolting them firmly to the frames; and in order to give continuity to the whole machine, and prevent any interruption, which is always to be avoided if possible in carpentry where strength is required, he filled the spaces between the frames with old seasoned timber of no other use or value. The lower part of the ship, being thus strengthened, by becoming one compact mass of timber, acquired a degree of solidity and consistency, which the best constructed ship on the old system never could possess. The result fully answered his expectations. It appeared, from sights that were accurately fixed on the deck of the ship thus fitted for the first time, that on sending her into the water she had not hogged or arched a quarter of an inch. It is now three years since the Tremendous was rebuilt upon this principle. Since that time she has constantly been at sea, exposed to the severe gales in the Northern Ocean, to the heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay, and to the violent squalls of Cape Sicie in the Mediterranean, all of them trying situations of the strength of ships. In none of them, however, has she shewn the least symptoms of weakness; but, on the contrary, she has the strength and firmness of a rock. She sails remarkably well, is dry and comfortable. The spaces between the frames, which in ordinary ships are covered by the ceiling, and become so many lodgements for all kinds of filth and rubbish, the receptacles of rats, mice, cockroaches, and other vermin, engendering foul and putrid air, and causing

causing sickness among the crews, have no existence in Mr. Seppings's plan; to all which important advantages must be added a saving of the very best oak timber to the amount of fifty or sixty loads in a 74 gun ship.

Equally favourable, we understand, are the reports of the *Ramilles*, which is fitted on the same principle. The strength of this ship was submitted to a very severe test; her bowsprit, a lever of prodigious power, her foremast weighing about sixteen tons, and her mizenmast, were put into her while floating light, and her mainmast left out; notwithstanding which she did not arch one-eighth part of an inch. A ship built on the common principle, placed under such trying circumstances, would, in all probability, have *broken her back*, according to the technical phrase, and been rendered totally unfit for sea service. The *Albion* and several others are bringing forward in Chatham-yard on Mr. Seppings's principle, and we have no doubt that, as the Lords of the Admiralty have shewn their sense of the merits of his plan by promoting him to be one of the surveyors of the navy, it will in no great length of time find its way into practice in all His Majesty's yards. Indeed we have heard that orders to this effect have already been issued; and we have little doubt that the principle will soon be greatly extended and variously applied, as the application of the triangular truss is capable of indefinite variation. The ice is broken, the bar of prejudice removed, and the complete success of the first essay must lead the way to new trials and probably to new and important improvements.

We mean not to detract from Mr. Seppings's merit, when we observe, that the same idea occurred to the French builders nearly a century ago. M. Bouguer, in his '*Traité de Navire*,' after observing the tendency which the decks and the ceiling, by their curvature, communicate to the arching of the ship, and to a change of figure from the rectangle to the lozenge which is further aided by the planking being placed at right angles to the frames, takes notice of an invention of M. Gobert, *Sous-Inspecteur de Construction*, which consisted in placing the ceiling obliquely with, or diagonally to, those rectangles formed by the outside plank and the timbers. The effect of this arrangement of the planking prevented any change of figure from taking place when the ship was launched, and consequently prevented her from arching. This method, however, it may be observed, saves no timber, is by no means so efficient as that of Mr. Seppings, and does not get rid of that nuisance the ceiling.*

The

* The curious in ship-building will not be displeased to read what M. Bouguer says on this subject. 'Notre attention à proposer ces expédiens, ne doit pas nous faire oublier

The union of scientific and practical mechanics has long been considered as a desideratum in naval architecture; where one of these only can be had, the good practical ship-builder is preferable to the mere man of science. Theory alone will never produce a machine to answer all the contingencies and accidents to which a ship must be exposed. No one, who knows any thing of Earl Stanhope, will call in question his knowledge of mathematics and mechanics, nor the faculty he possesses of quick perception and acute reasoning. For some time past his lordship, among other pursuits, as he has himself informed us in his place in the House of Lords, had turned his attention to the very defective state of ship-building, and had constructed a model on theoretic principles which, by his own account, was to supersede all those in present use, by its stability, light draft of water, and weatherly qualities. Many of those, however, who have seen it, do not hesitate to say, that the 'Stanhope weatherer' must go bodily to leeward, and that her stability will somewhat resemble that of a clock pendulum—but Lord Stanhope loves a paradox, and by his own account 'delights in puzzling an admiral.'

A thing with four masts, called the Transit, was to sail like the wind, and perform the longest voyages in all kinds of weather in less time than had hitherto been done by any vessel; but with difficulty she made a passage from Deptford to the Nore in fine weather without upsetting, and was there condemned for the remainder of her existence to serve, we believe, as a stationary hulk.

The Spanker of Sir Sidney Smith, was another theoretical experiment, which when produced was found to resemble a butcher's tray. The extent of her navigation, if we mistake not, was Gravesend.

One projector, however, brought forward a plan for the effectual blockade of the enemy's ports, which beat all the rest; his proposal was to build ships of the line of such a length as to extend from

oublier un autre qui est déjà en usage, et que nous devons à feu M. Gobert, Sous-Inspecteur de Construction. Il consiste à poser les bordages qu'on nomme végres, et qu'on applique sur les membres dans le vaisseau, non pas parallèlement à ceux de dehors, mais obliquement. Cette pratique ne peut avoir que d'excellens effets: car lorsque les bordages tant intérieurs qu'extérieurs, étoient étendus dans le sens de la quille, il arrivoit lorsque le navire s'arquoit, que les espèces de rectangles que forme l'assemblage des membres et des bordages, ne faisoient simplement que changer un peu de figure, en devenant des lozanges; et il suffisoit pour cela que deux angles s'ouvrisent un peu, pendant que les deux autres se fermoient. Mais lorsque le végreage est posé obliquement, il sert comme de diagonale à ces rectangles, un et simple changement d'angles ou de dispositions dans les côtés, ne suffit plus, pour que le navire s'arque: il faut que ces bordages qui servent de diagonales, s'allongent ou se recourbent; et c'est ce qui est incomparablement plus difficile.' *Traité de Navire*, p. 154—155.

one side to the other of the entrance of the port, so that in whatever way the enemy attempted to escape, he was sure to have him either with his broadside, or his bow, or his stern chasers. This was, no doubt, a ship of the *line*.

These are idle and absurd projects; something much better may soon be expected from the combination of scientific principles with practical skill, which the superior class of shipwrights' apprentices, mentioned in a former article, are, we understand, rapidly acquiring at the Royal Naval College and in the dockyard of Portsmouth. The sloop which they are building with their own hands, after their own draft, is said to be a beautiful vessel whose lines differ very materially from the common run of ships of that class. She has been named the *Icarus*, probably in allusion to the boldness of the undertaking; but, we hope, not in anticipation of its unfortunate result.

All our expedients, however, for husbanding our resources of oak timber, as far as ship-building is concerned, will avail but little if a more economical use of it shall not be observed in the internal purposes to which it is now applied, and most of which might be superseded to advantage by the use of cast iron. Bridges, barges, lighters, dock-gates, canal locks, the roofs, doors, floors, rafters of workshops and warehouses, with almost every species of heavy machinery, are cheaper and better, more durable and more elegant when made of iron than of oak. The security against fire would alone, we should suppose, be a sufficient inducement for introducing it into all buildings of the nature of magazines where valuable materials are intended to be deposited. Its application of late has been greatly extended. We have cables, rigging, buoys and water tanks now of iron, masts and yards will we doubt not be tried; and many of the timbers in the lower parts of a ship, where there is little or no stress, might be replaced with iron which would at the same time act as ballast. The vast quantity of fine elm that used to be buried under the streets of this metropolis and other large cities to convey water, is now almost wholly superseded by iron and stone—in fine, we are now so far advanced in the *iron age* that, in the worst of events, we should not absolutely despair of being able to substitute for our wooden walls, ships wholly constructed of iron.

In the mean time, should the enemy think fit to alter his system and venture out to fight us, we shall recruit our navy as heretofore at his expense; should he, on the contrary, persevere in the passive plan of remaining quietly in port, we shall have little to apprehend from his dry-rotten fleet, and harbour-made sailors.

ART. II. *The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. Part the Second.* Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. Vols. III. & IV. London. 1813.

WHATEVER doubts may be entertained as to the advances towards knowledge that have been lately made by the *male* part of our species, it is, we think, impossible to deny that the *female* have made a great and rapid progress. Indeed if we were called upon to mention the circumstance most advantageously characteristic of our own times, we should not hesitate to mention the improved education of women. There are now alive, or at least there have lived, within the last twenty years, more women distinguished for their literary talents, and whose works are likely to immortalize their names, than in the twenty centuries that had elapsed, from the time of Sappho to that of the ingenious lady whose letters are now before us. It has been our lot to be at once delighted by the inventive fertility of Madame de Genlis, the virtuous and pathetic tenderness of Madame Cottin, the native perspicacity and good sense, the mild and cheerful philosophy, the pure and original humour, of Miss Edgeworth—and by Madame de Staël, whose reach and vigour of understanding, whose instinctive quickness in seizing, and happy facility in delineating, the manners of society and the character of nations,—whose brilliant yet earnest and natural eloquence, warm with the best feelings, and dignified by lofty and benevolent views of human nature, place her (in our judgment at least) above all her predecessors, and what is far more, above all her contemporaries. To this distinguished list many others might easily be added in merit as in popularity unequalled in any former age; and, indeed, the more we consider the subject, the more we shall be surprised both at how much they have done, and at how little was done before them. With the single exception of the lively, spirited, graceful, intelligent Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, no English woman before the present reign had produced a book that is still read otherwise than as matter of curiosity and research. We shall perhaps be reminded of Mrs. Hutchinson. But the attention we give to her *Memoirs* is excited, not so much by their literary merit, as by the interesting nature of the events to which they relate, by the picture they afford of national manners at that most important period of our history, and by the purity, sweetness, dignity, and force of her own character.

Till the last half of the eighteenth century the French had equally little to boast of. They had indeed some *Memoirs* which are still read as forming part of the history of the age, and the classical labours of that dulllest of pedants Madame D'Acier; but the age of Lewis XIV. so fertile in great *men*, produced but one woman that can be numbered among the classical writers of her country, and whose works form part of what may be called 'the library of nations.' But the merit

of Madame de Sevigné, great as it is, is chiefly the merit of style. She seldom rises to eloquence, and never to discussion or invention—of both which we have such frequent, and such excellent specimens in the female writers of our own time. The rest of Europe presented to us almost a complete blank, and even now, France and England almost monopolize the female literature of the world. Italy, in which women are worshipped, and degraded, Spain and Germany have produced (so far as we recollect) no eminent writer in the softer sex. Every civilized country, indeed, can boast its long list of admirable ladies, skilful in all arts and sciences, accomplished in verse and in prose; but it unfortunately happens, that the far greater part of them have either left behind them no monuments of their genius, or that their writings are deemed absolutely unreadable by an ungallant and fastidious posterity. The works of the female authors our contemporaries, are of a higher and more durable kind, and we venture to foretel that ‘*Evelina*,’ ‘*Cecilia*,’ ‘*Tales of Fashionable Life*,’ and ‘*Corinne*,’ will not be forgotten, except in a general oblivion of all the choicest specimens of the literature of this age.

We rejoice at this improvement; not only because the performances we have just mentioned are such as would do honour to any country and to any period, but because we consider them as unequivocal symptoms of a general advance in the character, talents, and station in society of the whole sex. The mere existence of three or four extraordinary women in a country is of comparatively little value. But when a few individuals rise to great excellence, it is probable that the quality of the whole class has been ameliorated; and we prize the authors of ‘*Castle Rackrent*’ and ‘*Camilla*’ much less for their insulated, independent merit—that merit which, it must be confessed, is most gratifying to themselves—than when we consider them as the chiefs and representatives of that great and increasing number of educated, intelligent, accomplished women, which these islands now produce. In fact, if other proofs were wanting, this alone would be a sufficient indication of the present character and condition of the female sex in this country. It is far more decisive than equal or even superior merit, in the same number of individuals would be with respect to our own sex. We are certainly not disposed to underrate the understandings of women, but we think it no want of respect to them to say that their minds are of a less bold, original, and independent cast; and that they partake much more strongly and uniformly than ourselves of the character of the age in which they live, and the society to which they belong. A few great men may rise up in a comparatively rude and dark age, diffuse a sudden light, and give a new impulse to the world; but a distinguished female writer is the effect of civilization carried to a very high point—of consideration already paid to her sex, and of knowledge widely spread.

We consider the change in the education of women which is indicated

dictated by the rank they have lately assumed in the literary world, as a pure unmixed good. Not that we would purchase for them an increase of knowledge, much as we value it, at the expense of their social or domestic virtues, or by taking away that grace and softness which form the charm of the female character. But there is nothing in reason or in experience that should teach us to apprehend such an effect. It is in England, and within the last thirty or forty years, that the progress of learning has been most extensive among women, and yet we see no reason to suppose that they make worse wives, worse mothers, or less agreeable members of society than their great grand-mothers who could spell no word of above three syllables, and who were acquainted with no science but that of making tapestry :

'Lapdogs and lambkins with black staring eyes,
And parrots, with twin-cherries in their beaks.'

It is quite idle, and the mere talk of country squires, to say that knowledge makes women affected, insolent, slovenly, or corrupt. Any advantage, or supposed advantage, be it what it may, that is confined to a few, will produce an unfavourable effect upon the conduct of those few, unless they are also gifted with an unusually larger portion of natural modesty and good sense. The moment the *advantage* ceases to be also a *distinction*, it no longer supplies food to vanity, nor gives birth to impertinence and affectation. The diffusion of knowledge is the death-blow to pedantry. If, as our wise ancestors supposed, learned ladies—that is, ladies that knew any thing, were apt to neglect their children, and wear dirty clothes, it was because they were few enough in number to be each an object of remark. A hundred and fifty years ago the few women that could read in a foreign language, or write tolerably in their own, were probably very vain of these accomplishments which separated them by such a prodigious interval from their contemporaries. Just as vain too, in all likelihood, were the first distinguished persons that wore silk and muslin, or rode in coaches, or looked through glass windows ; or the Indian prince, who, by the liberality of an English navigator, was first enabled to add ' Lord of the Brass Kettle ' to other titles of high import, and imposing magnificence. But now that, owing to schools and manufactories, and to improved tutors, governesses, and machinery, muslin, and French, and glass, and composition, and hardware, are grown pretty common, all these ornaments and comforts are enjoyed without any drawback from envy on the one side, or vanity on the other. The same arguments, it must be observed, are applicable to all that has been said against instructing the common people. Many excellent persons are still of opinion that nine-tenths of the human species, even in what are called

civilized countries, ought to be left in such a deplorable state of ignorance as to be quite incapable of clearly apprehending the great truths of morality and religion, for fear an increase of knowledge should indispose them to those humble occupations to which their own good and the good of society ought to confine them. Or, as it is usually expressed, lest it should 'put them above their business.' Here is the same fallacy of treating the effect that is produced upon an *individual*, for that which would be produced upon *the whole body*. The only peasant in a whole village that could read and write would probably think the distinction of his *clergy* placed him above the humble task of holding a spade or guiding a plough, but where all his companions are equally accomplished, he feels no pride, because he enjoys no superiority. The comparison that produces pride, and laziness, and discontent, is made, not between himself and the occupation, but between himself and the other persons that are generally engaged in it.

The effect of increased knowledge in both the cases to which we have been alluding, is to produce a most salutary re-action upon those from whom it was originally imparted. In proportion as women, and as the lower orders receive a better education, the higher orders and our own sex must make greater efforts to preserve their relative station. It is necessary for the maintenance of their just authority, or what comes to the same thing, for the good of society, that the rich should be superior in knowledge to the poor, and men to women, but there is no occasion to have recourse to artificial means to keep the storehouses of learning under lock and key, to prevent this order from being subverted. Wealth gives such command of time, and such access to the means of information as must always enable the rich man, with moderate sense and application, to raise himself to an immeasurable height above his poorer neighbours, in spite of their broad-brimmed instructor, Joseph Lancaster, and without having recourse to the absurd, pitiful, uncharitable, unchristian expedient, of intentionally and systematically keeping them in that state of ignorance, from which it would be no difficult task to rescue them. The difference of knowledge between rich and poor is naturally measured by the difference of leisure. The interests of society do not appear to require that this disparity between men and women, where they are of the same rank, should be so marked, and it may very safely be left to be determined by the natural superiority of our sex in strength and comprehension of mind, and in the power of application.

The tendency, to which we have already alluded, of an increased acquaintance with literature among women to promote a corresponding improvement in our sex is, we think, already very perceptible

tible in society. We say nothing of its effect upon that early but important part of education which falls to the care of mothers. But it also makes a competent share of knowledge, a much more desirable, indeed an almost indispensable acquisition, to an English gentleman. We are not now speaking of understandings of the highest class—of persons engaged in the great struggle for power and for fame; nor do we pretend that we are likely to have greater statesmen, poets, and philosophers than our forefathers, because modern ladies are better instructed than the wife of Bingleigh, or the daughters of Milton. But there is in this country a large description of men who are either unemployed, or only half employed, in easy circumstances, void of ambition, indolent, and unwilling to take the trouble of acquiring more literary knowledge than is absolutely necessary to escape contempt. All such persons did formerly find great comfort and countenance in the entire ignorance of the female half of society. However schools and colleges might have failed of infusing into them any portion of learning, they were sure at least not to find themselves inferior to those whose tastes make the law of fashion, and whose influence, arising from the strongest feelings of our nature, enables them, in all civilized nations, to dispense the lesser honours of social life. That support is now withdrawn. Books have travelled from the library to the drawing-room, and have so completely established themselves there that it will be found impossible to dislodge them. Women read, and talk of what they have read, not out of affectation and pedantry, but as a common amusement, and a natural subject of conversation. Their society is no longer an asylum for ignorance, and any one that is desirous to shine as a man of fashion must submit to take a little literature as part of his stock in trade.

These remarks are suggested to us by the perusal of Mrs. Montagu's letters which are poured forth upon the public with a liberality somewhat approaching to profusion. They shew very clearly that she was a superior woman, and quite as clearly that in the early part of her life (though she died within our own recollection) women were very far from having reached their present standard of taste and knowledge. Her attainments would not now be considered as very remarkable, but it is evident that they were then admitted to be so, both by herself and her friends. She was naturally gay, intelligent, and ingenious, and her style is on the whole agreeable. But she deals largely—according, we presume, to the custom of the age among those that piqued themselves upon writing good letters—in stale, pedantic, unprofitable morality; praising that which was never blamed, insisting upon that which was never denied, and condemning that which nobody ever undertook to defend.

fend. But this was not her fault, but the fault of the age. No woman of three and twenty, clever, fashionable, and well educated, would now think it right to acquaint her correspondent, even though that correspondent were an uncle or a father, a bishop or a judge, that 'every thing in the world is of a mortal nature;' that 'true and faithful affection is not a pearl to be cast before the profane;' that 'hypocrisy is an abominable vice;' that 'happiness opens the heart to benevolence, and affliction softens it to pity;'—all which apophthegms may be found in the space of two pages. But they by no means prove with regard to Mrs. Montagu, what they would most undoubtedly prove with respect to any person in these days that should be guilty of uttering them. They merely shew that people still thought it very pretty and proper to transplant sentences from copy books into their familiar correspondence, and that it was a great want of respect to their elderly friends and relations not to inflict upon them a large quantity of dulness and commonplace. She has considerable comic powers, which break out agreeably enough when she is writing with less care than usual, but on great occasions, when she is desirous of shewing herself to the best advantage, to duchesses and other high persons, her pleasantry becomes forced, wire-drawn, and childish to the most melancholy excess. We can hardly bring ourselves to transcribe such trash as follows. She is writing to the duchess of Portland.

'It is a hard case that your Grace forgets your correspondents for your Bantam fowl. Though I have not my head so well curled as your Friesland hen, nor hold up my head like your upright duck, do you think I consent to be laid aside for them? Of all fowl I love the goose best, who supplies us with her quill; surely a goose is a goodly bird; if its hiss be insignificant, remember that from its side the engine is taken with which the laws are registered, and history recorded; though not a bird famous for courage, from the same ample wing are the heroes exploits engraven on the pillar of everlasting fame; though not an animal of sagacity, yet does it lend its assistance to the precepts of philosophy: if not beautiful, yet with its tender touch in the hands of some inspired lover is *Lesbia's blush*, *Sacharissa's majesty*; and *Chloe's bloom*, made lasting, and locks which 'curled or uncurled, have turned to grey,' by it continue in eternal beauty; and will you forsake this creature for a little pert fowl with a gaudy feather?

No person now could mistake this for any thing but elaborate nonsense; but we make no doubt that her grace received it for sterling wit, and rejoiced in the incomparable ingenuity of her correspondent. Bad taste, of which no doubt she had before her innumerable examples, and the desire of shining continually, natural enough in a person who had in all probability been told often how much she was fitted to shine, are the defects that appear in almost

almost every page of these letters. Mrs. Montagu is evidently oppressed by the load of her own superiority. She writes like a person that has a character to support, and whose correspondents would have a right to complain if she ceased one moment to be very wise or very witty. One of her friends (Mrs. West, the wife of Gilbert West) tells her that public fame had acquainted her, that 'Mrs. Montagu was the most agreeable correspondent in the world.' Such a reputation was worth an effort to maintain, and that effort was almost unavoidably fatal to the ease and grace of that species of composition which more than any other seems to defy the power of labour and of art. Mrs. Montagu would, in all probability, have written much more agreeable and much more really sensible letters, if she had never once been led to suspect 'that she was the most agreeable correspondent in the world.'

But though we do not think quite so highly of her as Mrs. West had been taught to think, we are far from denying that she writes with a vivacity and cleverness which account well enough for the impression she seems to have made upon her contemporaries. Her defects are to be ascribed to her situation and the fashion of the day; her merits are her own. There are, perhaps, five hundred women now that can write as well as Mrs. Montagu, and that too without being guilty of those sins against good taste with which she is justly chargeable. But how many of these *would have written* as well in her time, and in her circumstances, is quite another question. We are inclined to believe that the number would have been comparatively very small. On the other hand, if Mrs. Montagu had lived in our days, she would have maintained nearly the same station. Her acquirements would not have been so remarkable, which would have been attended by this advantage, that she would have thought less about them, and been free from that tinge of pedantry which is now visible in her writings. Her ethics would not have been so trite, nor her wit so laboured. But her talents would have carried her equally far in a happier direction. She would have been now, as she was then, one of the liveliest, cleverest, best-informed women of the age. In vigour, spirit, and originality, she was far, very far indeed, inferior to her incomparable namesake, Lady M. W. Montagu. But Lady Mary was so extraordinary a person, that she is perhaps hardly a fair object of comparison. However, although we have derived considerable amusement from these letters, and though they have, as we have already acknowledged, inspired us with a favourable opinion as to the talents of their author, we have some doubts whether they have quite body and substance enough for publication. Mrs. Montagu did not write at one of those distant periods when a mere account of the ordinary occurrences of life, and a mere picture of the state

of society as they appear in a familiar correspondence, interest one from their contrast with our own habits and manners; nor are her letters sufficiently interspersed with anecdotes of eminent persons in her own time, to gratify our curiosity in a different but equally agreeable manner. We own that we were at first a good deal disappointed at the little notice Mrs. Montagu takes of her illustrious contemporaries; and the more, because it is evident that she enjoyed the advantage of being familiarly acquainted with the greater part of them. However, upon consideration, it appears to us that though the absence of this sort of information renders her letters vastly less interesting now that they are published at an interval of two generations, it is no cause of just blame to the writer. Her correspondents were just as well acquainted with the history and character of the time as herself, and it would have been only telling stories they all knew, and delivering opinions in which they all agreed. Incidentally, however, she is sometimes led to speak of the eminent persons of that time, and from the letters in which these passages occur, we shall make one or two extracts. In general, we should say that the merit of her letters is in an inverse proportion to the pains she takes with them. Those addressed to her husband, and to Gilbert West, who appears to have been one of her earliest and most intimate friends, are often natural, lively, and agreeable. Those to Lord Lyttelton are vastly more laboured, and vastly less pleasant. But those, fortunately few in number, composed for the benefit of that very learned, very excellent, and very tiresome person, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, once very celebrated, and now almost forgotten, whom she seems desirous to dazzle by a prodigious display of wit, knowledge, taste, virtue, and piety, are the worst of all, and indeed absolutely unreadable.

Some of her opinions upon subjects of literature are somewhat curious. She assigns the highest place among the historical writers of that time to Lord Lyttelton, the next to Dr. Robertson; but as to Mr. Hume, she thinks his history 'lively and entertaining, but likely (she is afraid) to promote jacobitism.' She has a great contempt for Voltaire, particularly as a philosophical historian, and she is not at all affected by the '*Orphelin de la Chine*.' 'As the world is fond of every thing Chinese, Mons. Voltaire has given us a Chinese tragedy, which I would send you if I thought it would entertain you, but I think your good taste would not be pleased with a Chinese tale dressed in a French habit. I read it without any concern.' vol. iv. p. 7. What she says of Bolingbroke is just and well written. She is speaking of the intended publication of his posthumous works. 'As to the rules of conduct to be given by this noble writer, I hope they will not be such as have governed him, for should they make us what they left him, virtue would be

be no great gainer; none of the boisterous passions of his youth restrained; none of the peevish or mischievous ones of his old age mitigated or allayed; envy, ambition, and anger gnawing and burning in his heart to the last.' v. iii. p. 179. She had the good fortune to know, and the good taste to admire, Mr. Burke in the very early part of his life. We transcribe with pleasure the passage in which she mentions him.

'I shall send you a *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*, by Mr. Burke, a friend of mine. I do not know whether you will always subscribe to his system, but I think you will find him an elegant and ingenious writer. He is far from the pert pedantry and assuming ignorance of modern wittlings, but in conversation and in writing an ingenious and ingenuous man, modest and delicate, and on great and serious subjects full of that respect and veneration which a good mind and a great one is sure to feel, while fools rush behind the altar at which wise men kneel and pay mysterious reverence.'

One cannot but rejoice to see that this great man was always consistent with himself, and that the same decency and worth in private life, the same humble and deep-rooted piety that adorned his maturer years, were already characteristic of him at his first entrance into life.

There are inserted in this collection a few letters from George, Lord Lyttelton. They are, as might be expected from such a person, elegant and gentlemanlike, but they contain nothing material. Two of them are written upon the death of the late king, and the accession of his present Majesty. The first of these is truly *statesmanlike*. The body of the letter, written under the recent impression of the intelligence that had just reached him, is employed entirely in conjectures as to the duration of the administration, and his own continuance in office. 'Certainly it is no season for any great changes.' 'As to my own situation, I doubt not it will be as it is.' It is not till the next day, in a postscript, that he recollects the proper *decorums* on such an occasion, feels 'real grief for the death of his good master,' 'hopes he is gone to receive an eternal crown,' &c. &c. according to the most authentic forms of lamentation.

In a subsequent letter he describes the state of things at that critical period.

'*Hill-street, November 5, 1760. Wednesday night.*

A THOUSAND thanks to the good Madonna for her last letter, which eased my heart of as much anxiety as it almost ever felt for the health of a friend; and, since it has been quite cured of ambition, that heart can hardly know much pleasure or pain but in its sensations for those it loves. You ought to value me a little on this account: for in the present conjuncture there are, I believe, few hearts in this state. Private friendships are little thought of: all attention now goes to political connections. But those connections, God be thanked, are not

offensive at present, being rather made to guard against future hostilities, than to begin any now. So, we shall have peace at home, and war abroad.

If I were to write the History of my own Times, I would transcribe into it your character of the late king, and should thereby pay my debt of gratitude to his memory. I would only add to it, that it appears by several wills he has left, that he never had been such a hoarder of treasure as was generally supposed. And of what he had saved, this war has consumed so much, that he was able to leave no more to his three surviving children than thirty thousand pounds in equal proportions, and I have heard that the Duke has given up his to his sisters. Princess Emily is to come and live in my brother's house, like a private woman. It is said that the Princess of Wales will not come to St. James's. The great court officers are not yet settled, but I believe it is certain that Lord Bute will be continued Groom of the Stole, and Lord Huntington Master of the Horse. It was expected that the latter would rather have been disgraced than promoted to a cabinet office; but in a private audience he touched the good nature of the King, and has the benefit of the general disposition of the times, to let nobody complain or be discontented. The greatest difficulty is how to find an equivalent for my Lord Gower. Many changes are talked of on that account; but as I understand that nothing is fixed, I will not send you conjectures which may be falsified before my letter comes to you. The *vis imperii* is supposed to be in Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle; and I believe that their *vis unita* would be too strong for all opposition; but how long it will continue *unita* as much as it is now, or which of them would be most favoured by a third power, if they disagreed, time will shew.

Mrs. Montagu's character of George II. to which Lord Lyttelton alludes in such flattering terms, is not ill written, with the exception of the introductory sentence, which is execrable. We shall conclude by transcribing it.

'To Lord Lyttelton.

MY LORD,

Newcastle, October 31st, 1760.

It would be perfect sacrilege and robbing the mighty dead of his due rites, if one began one's letter with any subject but the loss of our sovereign; on which I condole with your Lordship, in whom the virtue of patriotism, and the antiquated one of loyalty still remain. I know you had that veneration for our late king, which the justice and prudence of his government so well deserved. With him our laws and liberties were safe; he possessed in a great degree the confidence of his people and the respect of foreign governments; and a certain steadiness of character made him of great consequence in these unsettled times. During his long reign we never were subject to the insolence and rapaciousness of favourites, a grievance of all others most intolerable, when persons born only one's equals, shall, by the basest means perhaps, possess themselves of all the strength of sovereign power, and keep their fellow subjects in a dependance on illegal authority, which insults while it subjects, and is more grievous to the spirits than even to the fortunes of freeborn men. If we consider only the evils we have avoided during
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his late majesty's reign, we shall find abundant matter of gratitude towards him, and respect for his memory. His character would not afford subject for epic poetry, but will look well in the sober page of history. Conscious, perhaps, of this, he was too little regardful of sciences and the fine arts; he considered common sense as his best panegyrist. The monarch whose qualities are brilliant enough to entitle him to glory, cultivates the love of the Muses, and their handmaid arts, painting, sculpture, &c. sensible that they will blazon and adorn his fame.—vol. iv. p. 314.

ART. III. *Substance of the Speech of the Earl of Harrowby, on moving for the Recommitment of a Bill for the better Support and Maintenance of Stipendiary Curates.*

IT is not without some apprehension of difficulties greater than we have been able to discover in this question, that we enter upon an examination of the Noble Earl's argument, on whom the task has devolved of bringing it under the notice of Parliament; and who has succeeded, notwithstanding the formidable opposition of nearly the whole bench of bishops, in carrying it through both Houses. The case is therefore a curious one, at least, and almost singular. That a question of wide extent, and of a nature purely ecclesiastical, should originate with laymen confessedly friendly to the Church establishment—that it should derive no assistance or support from an order of men whose office and station require them more especially to watch over the interests of the church, and who seldom address the assembly in which they sit on any other occasions—that most of them, on the contrary, should have opposed it in every stage, without denying the existence of the evil complained of, and without offering any better remedy—that in spite of these obstacles, and of the general though suppressed murmur of the holders of church property, it should have passed into a law, are circumstances so strange as to excite more than ordinary surprise and curiosity. It is obvious that some serious and weighty objections must be *felt* to the measure; but we seek in vain for any full and authentic statement of them in print. The scanty reports of debates have, indeed, furnished us with one or two objections, but those of so flimsy a nature, that we do not wonder they presented no obstruction whatever to the mass of fact and argument alleged on the other side.

It is perhaps to be regretted that none of the opponents of the bill thought it worth while, after the example of the noble Earl, to lay their view of the case before the public. The public, we think, had a right to something of this kind. No man, we will venture to assert, will call the noble Earl's case, *prima facie*, a bad one. No man will accuse him of giving it a false colour, of distorting or of exaggerating a single feature. It contains no appeal to the pas-
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sions; no strain of sentiment, invective, or declamation. It is a plain unadorned business-like argument, resting upon documents of unquestioned authority, which have been analysed with care, and arranged with perspicuity. We think, therefore, that a speech addressed as this is, solely to the judgment and understanding, grave, compact, and closely reasoned, without digression or amplification, upon a subject of great national importance, if it failed of convincing, at least deserved an answer—not such an answer, as we are led by the newspapers to suppose was given; but a serious connected discourse, either disputing the facts, or detecting fallacies in the reasoning, or alleging such evils and disadvantages in the proposed measure as would outweigh the benefits intended by it. Even then we might expect, from the constitutional guardians of the church some project of similar tendency, by which the good might be attained with a less mixture of evil; something equally beneficial, but either more safe or more practicable.

In the absence therefore of all attempts of this nature, we are left almost to conjecture the causes of this opposition; and as far as our fancy or the occasional hints of conversation will supply us, we shall proceed to consider the grounds upon which, we imagine, the bill was opposed in its passage, especially through the House of Lords. But in order to put our readers in possession of the whole case, we shall first lay before them an abstract of the noble mover's speech, following his own arrangement, as the most luminous, and the best which the subject will admit. Our readers will, we think, after this agree with us in demanding very powerful arguments on the other side, before they refuse to acquiesce in the necessity of some measure similar to that which the Parliament has thought fit to adopt.

In the opening of his speech the noble lord combats the objection, urged we presume by very few, against the *right* of Parliament to legislate in this matter. If the right be denied, it cannot be on the abstract ground that the public are unconcerned in the provision made for the ministers of religion. This is too absurd to be for a moment maintained. The objection must rest therefore upon the established principles and practice of the English constitution; and by an appeal to these the question is soon settled. Before the period of the Reformation we find the salaries of curates frequently fixed by ecclesiastical authority, and in every faculty of dispensation issued subsequent to the 25. Hen. VIII. the salary to be granted is placed at the discretion of the bishop.

'The first direct interference,' Lord Harrowby says, 'of the legislature, of which I am aware, was in the 12th of Queen Anne, a period certainly not distinguished by peculiar indifference to the temporal concerns of the church. By this act, the bishops were empowered to assign

assign to every curate a salary not less than 20*l.* nor more than 50*l.* in proportion to the greatness of the cure, and to the value of the benefices held by the incumbent. By another act, of the 36th of his present Majesty, the maximum was increased to 75*l.* per ann. and the bishop was empowered to assign to the curate the parsonage-house, or an annual sum of 15*l.* in lieu thereof.*—p. 5.

Still less can the argument be admitted that regulations of this nature are infringements on the right of private property. Between church property and private freeholds there is this material difference: the one is *absolute* the other *conditional*. The rights both of patron and incumbent are by the law declared to be subordinate to the service of the church. If the patron do not present a clerk duly qualified in the bishop's estimation, or if he delay the presentation beyond a limited time, his right is forfeited. Again, the incumbent, if he neglect to perform the duty for which the profits of his living are assigned him, may by various legal processes be totally divested of his preferment: so that in the most essential points it differs in its character from property in a freehold estate; and any argument drawn from the one is inconclusive to the other, except it can be shewn that the peculiar conditions of the tenure are no wise involved in the supposed case. All property is the creature of law: and the law which creates it, limits also the mode and circumstances of its existence. The very permission of pluralities and non-residence is an indulgence of the law—an indulgence sparingly granted in the first instance, although it has now far exceeded the original intention, in consequence of events never contemplated when that law was passed. It is clear from the state of the peerage in Henry the VIIIth's time, that the number of chaplains of temporal peers entitled to a dispensation for pluralities could not have exceeded 200; whereas the number may now exceed 2000. If the legislature therefore should think fit to abridge this indulgence so as to bring it back more nearly to its original limits, or even to abolish it altogether, no man could reasonably contend that such a measure would be a violation of the private property of the patron. It would, like every other legislative question relating to the public interests, be a question of *expediency* and not of *right*. The patron's property still remains entire, subject, as it was before, to those regulations which are thought best adapted to attain the end of a church establishment. What these regulations

* The question has been several times entertained by Parliament, but no bill was ever passed till the 12th of Queen Anne. In the 9th of Elizabeth, a Bill for the Augmentation of poor Vicarages and Curacies was brought in and read a first time, after which we hear no more of it. In the 18th of the same reign, a Bill for the Relief of Vicars and Curates went as far as the Committee, and the next day the session was ended. Again, 13 C. II. a Bill for this purpose passed the House of Commons, but owing to the late period of the session at which it was introduced, never passed the Lords.

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are, is for the legislature, not for him, to judge: but hardly any man will deny, that one of them ought to be a decent support to the officiating minister, wherever the living is able to afford it.

Such being the right and such the practice of Parliament, we have only to turn our attention to the facts collected from the bishops' returns of the state of their dioceses, in order to judge whether the present condition of the church requires that interference. Returns from all the dioceses have been received, except from that of St. David's. Why this has been withheld does not appear: and the circumstance seems to excite some surprise in the noble lord, and to call for explanation. The documents, however, already in possession of government, although deficient in certain particulars, are ample *data* for the inferences deduced from them. Abridged as they necessarily are in the speech itself, we shall feel it necessary to contract them into a still smaller compass: but we lay them before our readers in the full confidence that they will convince every unbiassed mind of the necessity of some legal provision on this subject.

The whole number of places contained in the bishops' returns (including some dignities, sinecures, and dilapidated churches, but exclusive of the diocese of St. David's) is 10,261. The number of incumbents resident is 4421. The incumbents who do their own duty, although non-resident, are 960; making with the former 5381. The non-residents are of two kinds; those by exemption, and those by licence. Of the former class the number is 2671: of the latter, 2114: but besides these there is a miscellaneous class not reducible under either of those heads, amounting to 1055. From this statement it would appear that the whole number of places served by curates is 4870; but from this number must be deducted 40 dignities, 79 sinecures not requiring residence, and 39 dilapidated churches, leaving the number of curacies 4712.

No return having been made of the salaries of curates where the incumbent is non-resident by exemption, which is the larger class, and many of the other returns being deficient in this respect, the salaries of only 1766 are known. But this number, taken without reference to any circumstance that can at all affect the question, is sufficiently high to serve as a measure for the rest. On so large a scale, it is fair to reason from the certain to the uncertain, especially where the cases are in every respect similar, and the average is found to lie at no great distance from either extreme. Of these 1766 then, there are

Above 10 <i>l.</i> and under 20 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	45
20 <i>l.</i>	-	30 <i>l.</i>	-	191
30 <i>l.</i>	-	40 <i>l.</i>	-	428
40 <i>l.</i>	-	50 <i>l.</i>	-	333

Total of Curacies under 50*l.* per annum 997

Above

Above 50 <i>l.</i> and under 60 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	293
60 <i>l.</i>	-	70 <i>l.</i>	-	208

Total of Curacies under 70*l.* per annum 1498

Above 70 <i>l.</i> and under 80 <i>l.</i>	-	-	-	144
80 <i>l.</i>	-	90 <i>l.</i>	-	51
90 <i>l.</i>	-	100 <i>l.</i>	-	7
100 <i>l.</i>	-	110 <i>l.</i>	-	41
110 <i>l.</i>	-	130 <i>l.</i>	-	4

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The remainder consists of one with 250*l.*; seventeen where the curate has the whole income; one, where he has two-thirds of the income: and one where three curates have 275*l.*

The first suggestion that might arise from a view of this statement would probably be, that the smallness of the stipend is owing to the low value of the living, or at least in some degree proportionate to the means of remuneration. But how little is to be attributed to that cause will immediately appear from the following analysis. Dividing the number of the livings into two classes, those under 150*l.* and those above it, there are found to be of the former about 600, of the latter about 1150. Of the first class the average value is 89*l.* and the average amount of their curacies, 35*l.* Of the second all we know is that they are *above* 150*l.* Some of them are ten times as great: and very many exceed it by several hundreds. Yet of this whole class there are only 152 in which the salary is so high as 75*l.* Deducting these from the whole number of 1150, there will remain about 1000 *livings each above 150*l.* per annum, upon which the salaries of the curates will not exceed, upon an average, 45*l.** The difference between this average, and that of the curacies upon livings under 150*l.* is not more than 10*l.* So little ground is there for presuming that the poverty of the living is the cause of the low amount of the curate's stipend.

This, it will be remembered, is not half the extent of the evil.—We have been speaking hitherto of those curacies only where the incumbent is non-resident by *license*. The non-residents by *exemption* are still more numerous, and there is no reason for supposing that the salaries are in these instances adjusted by any higher standard. Indeed the only difference between them has a tendency the other way: for the amount of the salary not being submitted to the bishop in this case, one check is removed which has a feeble operation in the case of licenses;—and the incumbent is left to make the best bargain he can in a private agreement between himself and his curate. However, taking these at the same rate with the others, there

there will be found 2540 livings above 150*l.* per annum, served by curates at a salary of 45*l.* per annum on an average, and in no case exceeding 75*l.*

We confess such a disclosure of the state of the church, filled us with regret and shame—feelings that were not at all soothed by the consideration that the remedy now applied is forced upon it, in spite of the resistance of its own more wealthy and dignified members. Against such a statement, it is idle to oppose some petty inaccuracies or omissions in the returns, or some few palliatives of particular cases. It has been alleged that advantages of surplice fees, or gardens, or a few acres of land are often enjoyed by the curate in addition to his stipend—that in many instances the same curate serves two or even more churches, and thus enjoys an accumulation of salaries—that the house alone would be in many situations an acceptable remuneration for his services, and fully adequate to his wishes—that incumbents may for their mutual accommodation reside each on the other's living, and thus appear to swell the list of curates, when neither of them in fact feels the wants or grievances of that station, and both ought in reason to be left out of the account. To this latter circumstance we wish indeed that the noble lord had in some degree adverted. It mitigates the aspect of the case, as far as the character of the Church is concerned, by reducing the number of inefficient incumbents—and the arrangement is often productive not only of domestic happiness, but of real service to religion. For where the character of a man is known, and he stands in the eye of all his dearest connections, he is undoubtedly capable of doing most good. But after making every allowance for these cases, the merits of the general question remain exactly where they were. No allowance, indeed, ought to be made for the case of curates who serve more than one church. For either the duty is in that case less than it ought to be, or if the duty is greater, the payment ought to rise in the same proportion. And as to the other alleged cases, they are so few in number as not to weigh a feather in the scale against the noble lord's argument: and when pleaded in opposition to it, only prove the weakness of a cause which rests on such a support.

Another objection sometimes offered we will just mention; although it can hardly proceed from the friends of a rich church endowment. What reason is there, it may be said, to expect a duty of this kind to be better performed in proportion as the pay is increased? A conscientious man will do his duty let his income be ever so small; and if the fault lie in his conscience, it is not likely to be mended by an increase of salary. Such reasoning, if reasoning it can be called, cannot, as we have observed, come from the mouth of any man who is a sincere well-wisher to the Church establishment:

establishment: for if it be valid against raising the scanty pittance of a curate, how much more conclusive is it against the ample revenues of our dignitaries and incumbents? We have produced it chiefly because it gives us an opportunity of extracting a passage from the speech, which is a fair specimen of the manly, rational, and moderate tone which pervades the whole performance.

'I am far from supposing that respectability of character, exemplary discharge of duty, or a competent share of learning, are necessarily connected, or even connected at all, with the amount of the salary received. The most exalted virtues may be found in the humble cottage of the curate, as well as in the ample parsonage of the richly benefited incumbent. But human arrangements must be calculated upon the ordinary course of human affairs: we are not to look for apostolical virtues in the curate, merely because we reduce him to apostolical poverty. How can we expect, considering the Church only as a profession, that men who have necessarily received a good education, and who ought to be men of liberal views, will continue to enter into a profession, in which the blanks bear so large a proportion to the prizes? How can we expect that persons, whose incomes hardly afford the means of subsistence, will be able to keep up that decent appearance which is almost indispensably necessary to ensure the respect of their parishioners? Much less can we expect that they should be able to conciliate their affection, by administering to the wants of those who are only in a slight degree poorer than themselves. Want of respect for the persons who discharge ecclesiastical duties, will soon be transferred to the duties themselves. Men are too apt to measure the respect they owe to persons, or to offices, by the respect which they see paid to them by the authorities to which they look up. What must they think of the value which is set by the legislature upon the persons or the office of those to whose care the religion of the people is entrusted, when they see at how low a rate their services are estimated? How can we be surprised at the rapid progress of every species of sectaries (who are far from allowing the ministers of their congregations to fall in point of income to a level with the curates of the established church) when so large a proportion of the ministers of that church are left in a state of abject poverty; when they are left in that state, not only in cases where the church is poor and the duty light, but where the church is rich and the duty most laborious?—p. 15.

In this state nevertheless, things have long remained—or rather in a continual course of deterioration: for the trifling advance in the average amount of curacies bears no proportion to the change which has been felt within the last 50 years in the value of money. During that period the price of all commodities which are necessary to a decent subsistence, has been about trebled. Many have risen in a much larger proportion: and yet 40*l.* a year was an ordinary stipend in those times, equivalent certainly to 100*l.* at present.—The maximum fixed by the act of Queen Anne, was at least equal

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in effect to 150*l.* of our present money. By the act of 1797, this maximum was raised to 75*l.*; just half what it ought to be, if the design was merely to *continue* the provision of Queen Anne's reign. The minimum was not raised: it was left at 20*l.* as before. And from the foregoing analysis of the bishops' returns, we have seen how rarely even the pittance of 70*l.* was paid; while the officiating ministers in parishes of which the income exceeds 150*l.*, but whose salary is only 50*l.* per annum (i. e. less in value than the *minimum* in Queen Anne's time) may be computed at about 3000.—vid. p. 15.

The evil has not indeed failed of attracting notice, nor of exciting some endeavours to redress it. In 1803, soon after the Residence Bill was passed, a bill for improving the condition of the inferior clergy passed the House of Commons, but so late in the session that it was not carried through the Upper House. Early in the following session, Sir W. Scott moved for a Bill to encourage the residence of stipendiary curates, which proceeded as far as the committee, and was then dropped. In 1805, Mr. Perceval took up the business, but his Bill went no farther than the committee of the House of Lords. In 1808, he brought forward another bill to the same effect, which, after passing the Commons, was thrown out by the Lords. So great has been the difficulty, in this enlightened age, of carrying a measure which has reason, equity, and the interests of religion on its side. In a law embracing so many objects, it is natural to suppose indeed that many minor difficulties would arise, that many cases would be described calling for exception or modification—and after all, that it must be at the expense of some, if thousands are to be relieved. That these objections would be magnified beyond the truth, that the *hypothetical* hardship involved in them would be represented as deliberate cruelty and injustice, and so obtruded on the view as to hide, if possible, all the disgraceful reality which has now been proved to exist, and that many well meaning persons would be biassed by these imaginary dangers, and forget or disbelieve the statements alleged in behalf of the bill—all this perhaps was no more than might have been expected—and this force coming in aid of the interested mass, which only wanted an impulse, gave it a momentum which was irresistible. Since, however, the bishops' returns in 1810 have been made public, the case is materially altered. Such a body of evidence was produced in support of the main facts, that no hypothetical arguments could withstand it: and the principal weapon of the opponents was at the same time wrested from their hands, by providing that the bill should not apply to incumbents in possession. Thus met and thus disarmed, it would indeed have portended ill for the present generation, if the adversaries of the measure had prevailed. Hardly a voice was raised against it in the Upper House,

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except by the Spiritual Lords, whose arguments have been so ill reported in the newspapers, that it is difficult to ascertain the precise grounds of their opposition. Whatever they were, a considerable majority turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances, although it is said that one noble lord, unconvinced by their reasoning, still thought it his duty as a senator, to bend to their authority.

The noble mover has therefore the satisfaction of having accomplished what his late virtuous friend and colleague, Mr. Perceval, had greatly at heart; and what from regard to his memory, as well as from a cordial approbation of the measure, he entered upon, as the discharge of a sacred trust. By this one step he has deserved the thanks of those who venerate our church establishment, and who wish to see its foundations laid firm and deep in the affections of the people. Nothing can tend so much to alienate those affections, or to strengthen the hands of its numerous adversaries, as that narrow and illiberal policy which exalts the means above the end—which is active, quicksighted, and pertinacious in the defence of some worldly interest, but suffers evils and abuses to spread within it, such as not only affect the very essence and purpose of its institution, but are the surest forerunners, if unchecked, of its political decay and ruin. It is not the clamorous stickler for some antiquated privilege whom we regard as its truest friend in a season of general defection—but he who seeks to rectify what is amiss, to remove all ground of reproach and scandal, to correct the growing abuses to which all human institutions are liable, to frame expedients according to the change of times and manners, by which the same good may be effected in all ages, and to baffle that greatest of all innovators, *time*, by corresponding alterations in the detail and administration of its important duties. Let us only possess a few powerful friends, with hearts so disposed, and our rights and endowments are safe enough against all our enemies.

Let it not be supposed we would include all the clergy who employ stipendiary curates under one sweeping charge of illiberality, because the salaries are found, upon inquiry, to be inadequate to the service done. When we descend to the examination of individual cases, we find that the salary has been fixed with reference to the general practice, and from no sordid desire to drive a hard bargain, and to get the work done at the cheapest rate. In so numerous a body as the English clergy, it must indeed happen that many of this description will be found, who will traffic upon the duty of their church, on the same principle, and with the same feelings as they contract with a menial servant. But with the generality we are firmly persuaded it is not so. And nothing tends to convince us more of the necessity of some legislative interference than this persuasion. Leave the matter to be settled

by the principles of political economy—to be regulated by the supply and the demand—and you reduce it to the same level with all the mercenary contracts of civil life. Even the most liberal who are disposed to go far beyond the lowest limits, if they have families or near dependents, feel a considerable restraint upon their inclinations; and might be accused of giving way to romantic generosity, if they forced upon a curate a much larger stipend than his demands or expectations. It happens with most men that their income is pretty well appropriated to the several articles of expenditure. They have settled imperceptibly into a rate of living which will not easily admit of any great diversion of the supply into some new channel. And where the sacrifice is not required, either by law or general opinion, it is too much to expect that one man shall stand forth, at his own expense, as the example of a generosity which his own order regard as needless and excessive. Something, we know, will be done upon this principle; as indeed the gradual advance in the nominal average of stipends proves: but it is wholly disproportionate to the exigency: it is long before the necessity of a change is discovered; and after the discovery, the remedy follows at a very tardy and unwilling pace. This is the case with all prices and payments: but in the articles of ordinary use, where no other rule operates than that of supply and demand, the adjustment is soonest made. In *mixed* cases, where other principles besides the commercial one concur in regulating the payment, a longer time elapses before the inequality is corrected: and in those cases which depend *almost entirely* on liberality, equity, just moral feeling, and other undefined rules of action, it is always too late before any adequate compensation is made. In proportion as these motives gain the ascendancy, the average rises slowly—but as they cannot ever prevail universally, and always make slow progress against the constant pressure of self-interest, ages pass away before the evil is remedied, or rather it fails of obtaining any remedy at all: it is, in fact, an axiom in jurisprudence not to reckon upon the liberality of mankind for any civil purpose which is attainable by positive law; especially if the object be one that extends to the whole community, for then it is not only probable, but certain, that the means will fall far short of the end proposed. What would become of our church if the remuneration of the clergy depended on the liberality of the people? Our incumbents would, we apprehend, be little inclined to exchange their legal incomes for such a provision; and yet the question is precisely the same between them and their ecurates. It may, perhaps, be alleged that the curate is fallen into better hands, having to treat with a beneficed person of his own order, than if his stipend issued from a voluntary agreement with the parish: and we doubt not that in the majority of cases the fact

is so. But the documents which have been laid before parliament are a demonstrative, and we must add, a mortifying proof, that no reliance can be placed on such an arrangement; but that if left to be settled between the parties, the average will sink shamefully beneath what is due to the nature of the employment, and what is necessary for maintaining a decent appearance in society.

A farther reason for parliamentary interference in this matter arises from the permission of pluralities. Against this practice we by no means wish absolutely to protest, although we should gladly see it subjected to some wholesome regulation. But while it subsists, there must of necessity be a class of curates corresponding in number with the holders of pluralities. It is from this source, much more than from the laziness or indifference of incumbents to their own duty, that the demand for curates arises. The persons who serve curacies of this description are far from being considered in the road to preferment; and they have on that account a peculiar claim to the protection of the legislature. If some addition were required in such cases to the ordinary stipend, respect being had to the value of the living as well as the greatness of the cure, we think no reasonable objection could be made. The pluralists would still have the right of selection; a right which a conscientious man would exercise for the benefit of his parish: and if he acts on this principle, no part of the reproach, sometimes cast on pluralities as an *institution*, can attach to him as an *individual*. He may be rendering essential service to religion by a judicious disposal of this minor species of patronage, and instead of resigning it, as some scrupulous persons have done, he may feel it even an act of duty and charity to retain it.

Whether the bill just passed be not capable of some other improvements, we shall not at present inquire; but we regard it as a step gained, and hail it as an omen of future good. To some of our readers a short abstract of its provisions may not be unacceptable, although it has already attained a pretty general publicity.

It enacts, that every non-resident who neglects to nominate a curate, to be licensed by the bishop, shall be subject to the penalties of non-residence, notwithstanding any legal exemption he may have. The license of the bishop must specify the salary of the curate. The lowest salary is 80*l.* or the whole amount of the living. Where the population amounts to 300, the salary is to be 100*l.*; 120*l.* where it amounts to 500 persons; 150*l.* where it amounts to 1000. A reduction may be made in certain cases: as where the curate is licensed to serve another parish; or where the incumbent is disabled through age, or sickness; or where any peculiar hardship or inconvenience would, in the judgment of the bishop, arise from enforcing the full amount. But those special

reasons must always be set forth in the curate's license. Where the living exceeds 400*l.* the salary may be raised to 100*l.* notwithstanding the population is below 300; and so in the other cases proportionably, but the salary shall in no case exceed the foregoing rates by more than 50*l.*

Such are the leading features of a bill strenuously opposed by the bench of bishops; and we must repeat our utter inability to discover the grounds of this opposition. One of the objections urged against Mr. Perceval's bill was, that it increased the power of the bishops, by *vesting in them* the discretion of augmenting salaries. This objection is removed; and then the clamour is, you have *taken away* the bishop's discretion, and fixed the stipends by law. Is it possible to frame a measure not liable to one or other of these objections? Or rather are not such objections as these evidence of a dislike resting on other grounds, which it might not be quite convenient to avow? To us the remarks of Lord Harrowby upon the nature of the bishop's discretion under this bill appear sufficiently just and satisfactory. As the law stood before, nothing would be more irksome and invidious than his interposition. If the parties appeared mutually satisfied with the agreement, the bishop's interference was naturally thought needless and vexatious: and besides this, the rule must vary greatly in different dioceses, as long as it depended solely on the opinion of individuals. But let the salary be fixed by law, and all these difficulties are at an end, or at least confined to a very few cases; while the gracious office of mitigating the rigour of that law, under peculiar circumstances, remains to the bishop; and of smoothing the way towards an agreement equally acceptable to both parties. In fact, without implying or intending any censure on individuals, we have only to reflect on the manner in which the bishop's discretion has been exercised under the former acts, to convince ourselves that the system was radically inefficient for the purpose it had in view. Lord Harrowby's observations upon this subject are liberal and candid, and at the same time decisive.

'I cannot indeed declare with truth, that the manner in which it has been exercised is precisely that, which, consistently with the view I have taken of the subject, appears most advantageous to the interest of the church; but I feel to their full extent the great difficulties which attend the exercise of such a discretion. I do full justice to the motives which have guided those in whose hands (if proper to be placed in any) it has properly been vested: I am far from presuming to say; that reasons may not have existed in each individual case, separately taken, which may have accounted for and justified the decision; but it is impossible, I am firmly persuaded, even for those who have acted for the best in each individual case, to look at the returns before your lordships, and to view the great mass of poverty created by the general principle which has governed those decisions, without feeling the extent of the mischief,

mischief, the necessity of a remedy, and the utter insufficiency of their present powers to supply one adequate to the evil. If censure be implied, let it fall, where it is due, upon the narrow and incompetent nature of the legislative provisions upon this subject."—p. 27.

There remains one of the alleged grounds of opposition to the bill, to which we must briefly advert, rather to avoid the imputation of suppressing it, than because we think it deserving of any serious answer; namely, that it tends to *diminish the value of small livings*! It certainly does diminish the value of that which is withdrawn from the purposes for which it was designed. They will not fetch so much at the Auction Mart, nor perhaps pass from hand to hand so quickly in exchange for money or secular property. But *to the church* their value is raised in a great proportion—raised by promoting all the objects for which ecclesiastical property was at first created. Instead of entering into a laboured vindication of this point, we think it more respectful to our readers to lay before them a few words of the speech, to which we have so frequently had recourse already.

'The bill *proposes to check* a practice, by no means creditable to the church—the practice of giving to persons who do not intend to reside, livings of small value, (hardly affording an income sufficient to procure the due discharge of their duties,) for the purpose of enabling the incumbent to apply to his own use whatever he may be able to reserve out of that income, after providing for a curate at the lowest possible rate. The extent of this practice is sufficiently proved by the fact I have already stated, that upon six hundred livings, occupied by incumbents non-resident by licence,* and of which the average income is 89*l.* per annum, the average income of the curacies is only 35*l.*'—p. 21.

That these livings may fall into *improper* hands, after the price of the advowson is lowered, is another terror held out by the *friends of the church*. What very proper hands they are in at present, is apparent from the statements already exhibited. If the condition of residence be annexed, the same respectable people it is feared will not accept them. What a grievous loss to the parish and to the church collectively! A curate with 35*l.* a year, quite fit for the charge, is never wanting: but make the payment 80*l.* or 100*l.* and you will get none but sectaries or enthusiasts to perform the duty! It is an insult to common sense to enter gravely on the refutation of such reasoning. The principle of assigning to the curate the whole income of livings below a certain value is recognized by the act of Queen Anne, which fixed the minimum of 20*l.* per annum, at a time when there were no less than 2538 livings returned into the Exchequer below that value. It is therefore no innovation in

* A still greater number must be added for the curacies of incumbents non-resident by *exemption*.

principle; and the experience of a century has not yet brought to light the practical evils foreboded from an adoption of the same rule. Until indeed it can be shewn that there is a partiality among the regular clergy for small stipends, a kind of *elective attraction* between orthodoxy and a narrow income, it is quite inconceivable how the difficulty should be increased of procuring a respectable officiating minister, by enlarging the provision made for his support.

We have, then, upon a pretty ample review of this important question, nothing farther to remark, but to express our acknowledgments to the noble person who has lent his hand towards completing so desirable a work—and to express our hope, that it is only the beginning of those healing measures which the condition of our church loudly calls for. Some of the evils and dangers to which it is exposed he has himself sketched out towards the conclusion of his speech. They are truly alarming. Licences for the erection of dissenting places of worship have increased from the average of 90 per annum, during the first fourteen years of the present reign, to an average of 518 during the last fourteen years; and the licences for dissenting preachers in a still larger proportion; while there are 1881 parishes, containing a population of nearly *five millions*, in which the churches and chapels are 2553, capable of containing only 1,856,000 persons; and the places of dissenting worship are 3438. In many of the most populous parishes, the people have no option but the entire neglect of all divine worship, or the attendance upon a worship which makes them dissenters from the establishment.

What are the expedients ordinarily employed to counteract these evils? The bishop reads a charge pointing out and lamenting the rapid increase of enthusiasm and defection from the church throughout the country. The clergy admire this charge; it is printed at their request, and some of them inculcate and enlarge upon the same topics in their sermons. All they say is probably very just; but as far as it professes to check the evil, it is only solemn trifling. In large towns, the churches are literally shut against the majority of the poor inhabitants. Our population has more than doubled within a century, and yet no measures have been adopted for meeting this increase by building or enlarging churches in proportion. Even where chapels have been opened, they have almost invariably been appropriated to those who can afford to rent a pew. We know of one most honourable exception in the case of a church at Bath, and of another equally meritorious at Birmingham: but for the rest, although a larger number of the middling and upper classes are accommodated with the means of attending divine worship, the bulk of the common people are disregarded.

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The *absolute* increase of that class far exceeds the increase of the upper classes; yet what steps have been taken for their religious instruction in the church? To blame them for attending methodist and other meetings is worse than folly; it is cruel mockery. Under such an alternative as lies before them, they rather deserve to be commended, unless it can be shewn that methodism is worse than no religion.

We are far from imputing blame to individuals, because these things are not better managed in their respective parishes. In most cases we know it is out of the power of individuals to correct them. The law must do it, if it be done at all. But on this very account we have reason to look for aid from those whose seats in the legislature give them the means, as they impose the duty, of watching over the interests of the church. A variety of petty rights and privileges are suffered to exist undisturbed, which thwart every zealous attempt to comprehend the poor of a parish within the congregation. The interior of the church is already allotted in proportions, suitable enough three centuries ago to the several classes of inhabitants. These have in the mean time shifted, and are often quite inverted: yet the same preposterous distribution of space continues. A manor seat, often empty, or occupied by a single servant, covers an area sufficient to accommodate twenty or thirty willing hearers who are now excluded. A dissenter may be owner of a pew, and out of pure spite to the church, keep it empty every Sunday but one, when he sends a servant to save his privilege. A few passages and corners capable of containing, perhaps, a tenth of the poor, are graciously conceded to them, where they stand, or sit as they can, in immediate contact with that forbidden ground which is often wholly vacant. Thousands and millions there certainly are in the kingdom, who have no admission to a place in their parish church: and if the obvious expedient be proposed of opening some additional building for public worship, the patron interferes, and without his licence nothing can be done. This patron may be a dissenter—he may be a profligate—a notorious despiser of all religion:—or, if a churchman, every one knows how obstinately men cling to their privileges, in spite of all that can be urged in the name of equity, propriety, or public good. Ought then, we ask, these things to remain as they are? If one tenth part of the inconvenience had been felt in the accommodations of a market town, it would long ago have been remedied by law. Unightly projections are removed, streets are widened, houses set farther back, and market-places enlarged, in proportion to the growing wants of a neighbourhood; the church alone, with all its antiquated arrangements, must remain the same. Against any attempt at improvement for the public benefit, private rights are here allowed to

be insurmountable; insomuch that it is a notorious fact, that while a meeting-house of any denomination may be opened any where, without the slightest difficulty, possessing all the sanction and security of law, hardly any efforts will avail towards the erection of a church-of-England edifice in some of the most populous parishes of the kingdom.

We do not presume to say what steps the legislature ought to take for the redress of this great evil; but that something should be done, and that quickly, no considerate friend to the church will deny. If a local jurisdiction were created, invested with summary power in all questions of church sittings, authorized to allot the space as they might think most conducive to general utility, much good might be effected. But even then the grand object will remain to be accomplished, that of appropriating more buildings to church-worship, with an especial regard to the accommodation of the poor. Till this is done, we abandon that most numerous class, who have no other means of religious instruction, to the practices of every ignorant and ranting enthusiast, or to the condition of a heathen to whom the gospel is not preached. Lest it should be thought that we overrate the evil, we subjoin an extract from the returns of parishes containing a population of 1000 and upwards, in the year 1811.

Diocese.	Number of Parishes.	Population.	No. of Churches and Chapels.	Number of persons they will contain.	No. of Dissenting Places of Worship.
Canterbury	67	175,625	83	67,705	113
Chester	257	568,826	351	220,542	439
Durham	75	298,755	113	63,259	173
Exeter	159	362,551	176	152,019	234
Lichfield	129	430,231	189	122,756	294
London	132	661,394	186	162,962	265
Winchester	120	371,206	193	115,711	165
York	108	591,972	220	149,277	392
	1047	3,460,560	1511	1,054,231	2075

Here we have a list of about 1000 parishes, containing a population of nearly three millions and a half, in which the buildings appropriated to the service of the church will contain little more than one million; that is, about one *seventh* of the whole. If we consider further, that by far the greatest part, or rather the whole, of

of the excluded population in great and wealthy towns consists of the lower orders, it is hardly possible to conceive a case which calls more loudly for the immediate attention of the legislature. We rejoice therefore in the success of Lord Harrowby's measure, because it has taken away one ground of reproach from our church establishment. But we rejoice still more in the hope which it affords of future benefits. It might perhaps be more satisfactory to see these important services undertaken by the heads of the church themselves. And we cannot frame to ourselves a line of conduct more worthy of a Christian bishop than such an undertaking. But we are aware at the same time of the difficulties he would meet with, and of the feeble influence which a single prelate, or even the whole order of prelates would possess, compared with that of a member of the cabinet. It is well for us that the cabinet contains some men, sincerely attached to the establishment, not merely as an engine of state, but as a pillar of christianity. And while we admire the firmness and decision which has been displayed by Lord Harrowby in prosecuting the late measure, we are inclined also to augur well of any future efforts, from the discretion, temper, and moderation which are not less conspicuous in the whole proceeding.

ART. IV. *Correspondance Littéraire,* Philosophique et Critique, adressée à un Souverain d'Allemagne pendant une partie des Années 1775—1776, et pendant les Années 1782 à 1790 inclusivement: Par le Baron de Grimm, et par Diderot. Troisième et dernière Partie. 5 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1813.*

WE ventured to suggest, on a former occasion, that the five ponderous octavos which we then noticed, and of which those before us contain the sequel, might have been compressed into two, certainly without injury to the readers, and probably with advantage to the publishers of the work; and we find that this suggestion has since been adopted by our London booksellers. But the advice, however well calculated for the latitude of our northern metropolis, was, it seems, founded on an inaccurate estimate of the quantity and quality of Parisian curiosity. The sale of the first series was so rapid that, within three months, a second edition was called for. We are not therefore to wonder that the discovery of a farther lot of this profitable merchandize, was immediately followed by the offer to the public of a quantity

* We are given to understand that five more volumes of this Correspondence will shortly be published, comprising a period of time anterior to that contained in the series which we before announced, and which will therefore bear the title of 'Première Partie.' The whole work will therefore extend to fifteen volumes.

equal to the former, nor that we are promised the future delivery of a fresh cargo.

It appears, however, that even in Paris itself some surly critics were found to question the necessity of so voluminous a publication, and to deny the importance of its contents. We have seen a little book, entitled 'Grimmiana,' the compiler of which professes to give in about one hundred duodecimo pages *all* that is worth notice in the five octavos of the former series; nay more, to throw many notable sayings and anecdotes of Mademoiselle Sophie, unnoticed by the Baron, into the bargain. This is certainly improving on our own notions of economy. But if all that was worth preserving in the last publication could be contained in such a nutshell, we are forced to admit that a still smaller would be fully capable of answering the same purpose with respect to the present. Whether the advance of that dismal era of the Revolution really made itself felt by such symptoms as are the usual forerunners of great concussions in the natural world, and the gaiety and vivacity of Frenchmen gradually gave way to the gloomy heaviness of that moral atmosphere which surrounded them; whether, without resorting to an hypothesis which may be set down among the reveries of Swedenborg and Rosicrucius, we may find a more obvious solution of the phenomenon in the advancing age of the Baron, or whether we suppose that he grew at last a little tired of his office of hired correspondent to a German prince, and committed the discharge of it to inferior hands, we are pretty certain that (at least in the article of mere amusement) the volumes now before us will not justify all the expectations which the perusal of the first set must have excited.

We have been favoured with the sight of one volume of the MS. Correspondence, which we before announced as being now in a private library in this country. It was for the entire year 1775, and agrees with that published in the present series, sufficiently to confirm us in our supposition that the one Correspondence is principally, if not entirely, the duplicate of the other. In a notice prefixed to that volume, the name of M. Meister is inserted as the author of a very large proportion of the articles it contains; and a *female writer*, whose name is not given, is mentioned as having contributed several others, so as to leave but a small number, certainly not near half the quantity, to Grimm himself, and (if we remember rightly) none at all to Diderot. The inference we would draw from these facts is, that during the whole continuance of the correspondence, the nominal writer was greatly assisted by a number of others; and it is probable, therefore, that his personal labours decreased with the advance of age and its attendant inactivity. In other words, the whole work may, we imagine, be fairly considered

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sidered in the light of a literary journal, of which the Baron was the editor, and, in that capacity only, responsible for a very large proportion of its contents. We wish that this matter had been more fully explained by the present editors, and that they had pointed out to us such of the articles as are of Grimm's own composition, and such as may have been written by other persons of any name in the literary and philosophical world at Paris. Without such a clue to guide us, it will be impossible to draw from the work, what we hoped it had furnished us, any just or accurate estimate of the character, talents, or opinions of the ostensible author.

The miscellaneous nature of this work may be sufficiently collected from the substance of our extracts from the former series. The space occupied in the present volumes by notices of insignificant books and analyses of theatrical pieces of ephemeral notoriety, appears to us to be considerably larger than before. Of the prevailing fashions of the day, the whims and caprices, the vices and follies which, from time to time, shed their influence over Parisian society and marked its character, we certainly find no unamusing record in these pages. The literary disputes and intrigues of the Academy are a never-failing source either of ridicule, or of observations which the real insignificance of those broils invests, at this distance of time, with the air of ridicule. Whether it be M. de la Harpe, who 'at last received the palm due to his triumphs,' while his rival Marmontel, under colour of extreme *naïveté*, pronounced an *éloge* which the laughter of the audience converted into a pungent epigram; whether it be the act of 'petty treason' by which M. le Comte de Tressan seated Condorcet,* in violation of his promise to Bailly, and secured to d'Alembert the victory which his superior skill in arithmetic had obtained for him over 'the French Pliny;' or whether we contemplate the twelve *mareschals* of France assembled in conclave to decide on the important question of the admissibility of a member of the Academy of Inscriptions into the ranks of a more illustrious fraternity, we are equally carried back in imagination from the present to the past, and appear to be eye-witnesses of the scenes set before us in so lively a manner. In this view, we are not altogether ill disposed to enjoy the fragments of academical discourses which are rather unmercifully heaped upon us, although they are so well

* We do not remember before to have met with the *Soubriquet* bestowed on this revolutionary chieftain. Speaking of one of his pamphlets, published in 1786, the writer of the critique says, 'il est aisé d'en reconnaître l'auteur à cette précision d'idées qui caractérise sa manière d'écrire, et à cette amertume de plaisanteries qui, mêlées aux apparences d'une douceur et d'une bonhomie inaltérables, l'a fait appeler, dans la société même de ses meilleurs amis, le mouton enragé.'

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characterised by a contemporary academician, 'Ces discours, passé le jour où ils ont été prononcés, ressemblent aux carcasses enfumées d'un feu d'artifice tristement éteint,'—and although, as it is maliciously added, some among them 'avoient, par malheur, le jour même de la fête, tout l'air du lendemain.' Our notions of the dignity of this pompous assembly are equally shocked by the popular storms and tempests which signalised so many of their later sittings, and elevated by the picture of the splendid reception of the foreign kings and princes who from time to time solicited the honour of admission to partake of their solemnities. Among others noticed on this occasion, we particularly distinguish the 'Comte du Nord,' who visited the academy in June 1782, and of whose bon-mots the work contains some better specimens than we should altogether have expected from the future 'Sovereign of all the Russias,' and patron of Mr. Charles Small Pybus. One proof of his discrimination, which the authors of this journal do not seem disposed to acknowledge as such, was his choice of La Harpe to fill the same place, of correspondent, which Grimm occupied in that of the Duke of Saxe Gotha and other princes. In this quality the faithful journalist thought it his duty to present himself daily at the gate of his patron's hotel. His tender assiduities at last began to be troublesome, but betrayed the goodnatured prince into no expression of greater irritation than the following, *M. de la Harpe est déjà venu me voir cinq fois; je l'ai reçu trois; j'espère qu'il ne sera pas mécontent.* He wanted to hear Beaumarchais' comedy of the Marriage of Figaro read to him, but said with great good humour, (which the journalists probably interpreted as a serious compliment to his genius,) *Je n'ose pourtant pas accepter cette lecture sans avoir entendu celle que doit me faire M. la Harpe, il ne faut pas risquer de se brouiller avec ces grandes puissances.* With all the urbanity which these and other similar anecdotes seem to indicate, and which we are somewhat surprised to meet with in one who, some years later, cut off the English pig-tails, even he was not always able to escape the complaints and censures of the irritable class of the community. Nothing, however, could ruffle the benignity of his temper. One M. Clérissaut, conceiving that some imagined services had been neglected, strutted up to him one day and said, 'M. le Comte, I have been frequently at your door and never found you.'—'*J'en suis bien fâché, M. Clérissaut; j'espère que vous voudrez bien m'en dédommager.*'—'No, no, M. le Comte, you did not admit me because you would not admit me, and this was very ill done of you; but I will write to *Madame votre mère.*'—'*Je vous prie de m'excuser; je sens, je vous assure, tout ce que j'ai perdu.*'

Nothing is so easy as the transition from one fashion of the day

to another, and Gluck and Piccini are quite as amusing as the Counts du Nord and De Haga. The history of those feuds belongs, however, to the former series of the *Correspondence*, and are only alluded to in this on occasion of the death of Sacchini, founder of a sect branching out of the German heresy, and distinguished as 'a sort of mitigated Gluckists, who no otherwise belong to that faction than by virtue of their mutual hatred and jealousy of Piccini.'

From the 'mitigated Gluckists' we pass to the followers of Mesmer* and Cagliostro, the admirers of Montgolfier and of the man who walked across the Rhone in wooden slippers, or rather who professed to do so, but who, like our bottle-conjuror, gave his followers the slip. Nor is another celebrated professor to be passed over in silence,—he who recommended himself to the ladies as an adept in the art 'de fixer les traits et les garantir des outrages des temps.' And yet this is the French nation, characterised elsewhere as 'celle qui n'inventa jamais rien, excepté les ballons!' In the midst of Montgolfier's balloons and Kempelen's automata, we are called off to attend at the apotheosis of Madame St. Huberti, the first female singer at the Opera: another proof of the sober sense of the Parisians, who had only a few years before paid precisely the same honours to Voltaire. This is sufficient to render all the absurdities of the *Diou de la danse* quite rational, and we can hardly help regarding him in the light of an equal power, when we read of the consternation which seized the whole house of Vestris on the arrest of young Vestrallard, on which occasion the father is reported to have exclaimed, the tears starting into his eyes, '*Hélas! c'est la première brouillerie de notre maison avec la famille des Bourbons!*'

The theatre is almost always uppermost with the writers in this *Correspondence*, and we are not unfrequently relieved from the unprofitable catalogue of dead plays and farces, by anecdotes which throw a strong light on the opinions and characters of the age, and by pieces of sound and judicious general criticism. The English reader will be (or at least ought to be) highly gratified by the temperate and unprejudiced manner in which the dramatic genius of Shakspeare is treated in many long articles of good national criticism. Some of the most judicious of these observations are produced by the attempts of Marmontel and Ducis to adapt the most celebrated tragedies of the English poet to the French theatre, an attempt which is justly censured as impracticable.

* It may be doubted whether La Fayette ever forgave Louis XVI. the compliment which that unfortunate monarch paid him on his attachment to the mysteries of animal magnetism, on his departure for America. 'Que pensera Washington quand il saura que vous êtes devenu le premier garçon apothicaire de Mesmer?'

cable. The different modes adopted by these two writers are shewn to be equally inconsistent with the national dramatic genius, the first by rashly discarding the beloved unities, the latter by huddling together the most unnatural assemblage of events, in the vain hope of preserving them. 'The great difference (says the writer) between the English stage and our own is, that in England *on fait courir le spectateur après les événemens*, and that in France, *ce sont les événemens qui courent après les spectateurs*. Of the two modes which, he continues, is the most consistent with probability? Corneille and Racine would doubtless have decided in favour of neither.'

In another place we meet with some sensible remarks on a phenomenon which is observable perhaps in more countries than one, that in proportion as society grows more corrupt, particularly female society, (*qui en France influe plus que partout ailleurs sur les mœurs publiques*,) we become more difficult, and austere, in whatever relates to theatrical decency. The occasion of these remarks is a French translation of Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, and the moment at which the French taste was too delicate to allow of its representation, was very nearly approaching to that in which public homage was paid in the streets and churches to a naked prostitute in the character of the Goddess of Reason.

The history of Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, which occupied the whole of the Parisian populace for an incredible space of time during the years 1784 and 1785, is sufficiently amusing. The representation of this piece was contemplated by the court-party with as much fear and jealousy as if it had been the immediate signal of the revolution; and their imprudent and inconsistent conduct with respect to its appearance, gave it an importance which it did not possess, and actually converted it into the very engine they dreaded. We cannot, however, afford space for any of the anecdotes collected on this occasion, and must leave our reflections on the '*Mode de Paris*,' to pay our respects to some of the characters principally observable among the actors in the great drama before our eyes.

The first we see of Voltaire is a letter addressed to the Comte de Lewenhaupt, which, as it is not to be found in Beaumarchais' edition, and is composed with much of his native liveliness, we prefer giving in the original. It is dated Ferney, December 15, 1774.

'Je vois que les plaisirs de Paris vous consolent un peu du malheur de la guerre que vous êtes obligé de faire. Vous n'entendez parler que de Henri IV, comme à Stockholm il n'était question que du grand Gustave; mais je suis sûr qu'on n'a point joué le grand Gustave aux marionnettes. Chaque peuple habille ses héros à la mode de son pays.

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Je me souviens que dans mon enfance Henry IV et le Duc de Sully étaient connus à peine. Il y a trois choses dont les Parisiens n'ont entendu parler que vers l'an 1730, Henri IV, la Gravitation, et l'Inoculation. Nous venons un peu tard en tout genre; mais aujourd'hui nous n'avons rien à regretter dans l'aurore du règne le plus sage et le plus heureux. On dit surtout que nous avons un ministre des finances aussi sage que Sully et aussi éclairé que Colbert. Ces finances sont le fondement de tout dans les empires comme dans les familles. C'est pour de l'argent que l'on fait la guerre et qu'on plaide. Nous avons une lettre de l'empereur Adrien, dans laquelle il dit qu'il est en peine de savoir qui aime plus l'argent, ou des prêtres de Serapis, ou de ceux des Juifs, ou de ceux des Chrétiens. Ceux qui vous font un procès paraissent l'aimer beaucoup. J'ai consumé tout le mien à établir à Ferney une grande colonie. J'ai changé le plus vilain des hameaux en une petite ville assez jolie, où il y a déjà cinq carrosses. Je voudrais avoir encore l'honneur de vous y recevoir lorsque vous retournerez dans vos terres. J'ai l'honneur, &c.

*Signé, Le vieux Malade de Ferney.**

The following anecdote affords a tolerable specimen of Voltaire's epigrammatic talent in conversation. It was proposed one evening at Ferney, while d'Alembert and M. Huber were there on a visit, that the company should amuse one another by stories of robbers. Huber began, and his tale was found very pleasant. D'Alembert's also received great commendation. When it came to Voltaire's turn, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'there was once upon a time a farmer general. . . . *Ma foi, j'ai oublié le reste.*'

'Half a century is elapsed,' observes an eloquent and discerning French writer of the present day,* 'and the reputation of Voltaire is still, like the corpse of Patroclus, disputed between two opposite parties. Such a contest would alone be sufficient to perpetuate the glory of his name.' Among the most zealous of his defenders it is but natural to find those of his own family who were principally benefited by his liberality. Madame Denis, afterwards Duvivier, his niece, almost set Paris in flames by a remonstrance made to the players of the Comédie Française, on the indignity offered to the manes of her departed benefactor, by the removal of his statue to make room for a stove,—a statue which (as she modestly observes) 'devait être mise à toute éternité sous les yeux du public.' The comedians, irritated at the arrogant tone of her letter, answered in a dry, 'not to say impertinent, manner,' and threatened to throw the statue out of the window. The court interfered in favour of Madame Duvivier; but even this interference was at first attended with no other effect than a deputation to Versailles of the principal actors—'it is even said, that the advice of some among them was

* The author of the 'Tableau de la Littérature Française du 18me Siècle.'

to suspend the functions of their public ministry, and to offer to his Majesty their dismissal until Madame Duvivier should have been enjoined to retract the injuries contained in her letter.' The princes and princesses of the theatre were at last obliged to submit to an authority higher than their own, yet not without the aid of a little legal quibbling, as that the statue in question had been presented, not to their histrionic highnesses, but to the Comédie Française itself, which was the property of the King of France, &c. &c.

It is curious enough, in this instance, to remark the change of circumstances which a few short years had occasioned. In 1783, the actors are already so indifferent about their great patron, the idol of the French theatre, as to talk coolly of turning his statue into the street, and the court, through whose influence his body was denied burial in consecrated ground, become the protectors of his image. A few years more, and we see the man who gloried in the reputation of being his son, and whom we with difficulty recognise under his revolutionary title of *M. Charles*, (the ci-devant Marquis de Villette) coming forward on the stage after the representation of the tragedy of Brutus, and haranguing the audience in the following strain,

'Gentlemen, I demand, in the name of our country, that the coffin of Voltaire be transported to Paris; this translation will be the last sigh of fanaticism. The great man who has engraven the features of Brutus would now have been the first of the defenders of the people. The quacks of church and state could not pardon him for having unmasked them, they therefore persecuted him, even to his dying groan. On the eve of his death, the court sent him a *lettre de cachet*, the parliament a *decret de prise de corps*, the priests condemned him to the dogs. It is for Romans, for Frenchmen like yourselves, to expiate so many outrages, it is for you to demand that the ashes of Voltaire be deposited in the basilic of St. Geneviève.'

'Il est assez étrange,' shrewdly observes our Baron on another occasion, (when relating the refusal of the archbishop of Paris to suffer d'Alembert to be buried within the walls of his parish church,)—'Il est assez étrange que ces philosophes trouvent tant de plaisir à être dans l'église après leur mort, et tant de gloire à n'y être pas de leur vivant.'

Voltaire's reputation as an historian was somewhat severely assailed by the Abbé Mably in his essay *Sur la Manière d'écrire l'Histoire*. This attack appears to have excited equal indignation and astonishment among the disciples of the patriarch, at the time it was made; and they take hold on one particular expression of the critic's, who says, *qu'il ne voyait pas au bout de son nez*, with an eagerness which serves to prove that they were in secret at least as much stung by the reflection as they affect to be offended at the

COARSENESS

coarseness with which it is conveyed. Mably hated the philosophers, and was hated by them. 'What a scandal for philosophy and philosophers! M. l'Abbé de Mably has just received the most glorious homage to which a man of letters can pretend.' This homage was the request made to him by Franklin and Adams, in the name of Congress, to prepare a *projet* for the Constitution of the United States. The labours of constitution-mongers were not quite so cheap or so common in 1783 as they have been since, or the honour would not have excited so great a degree of jealousy. As it is, it gives occasion to some innocent pleasantry at the Abbé's expense. 'A en juger par le ton de son dernier ouvrage, il n'est pas à craindre au moins que ce moderne Solon rende nos bons alliés trop polis.' Notwithstanding this enmity to the man, the character of his writings seems to be given with candour, in the article which treats of his *Eloge Historique*, by the Abbé Brizard. A fact is here recorded singular enough to deserve notice. It was the Abbé de Mably who, in 1743, negotiated secretly at Paris with the King of Prussia's minister, and who prepared the treaty of which Voltaire was the bearer to the court of that sovereign. Thus it happened that 'two men of letters,' (and those, it may be added, afterwards notorious by their literary feuds,) 'without any public character, were charged with this negotiation by which the whole face of Europe was destined to be changed.' Upon the whole, the present generation will not be so slow to acknowledge the justice of Mably's censure on the historical talent of Voltaire as that in which he wrote; but Mably himself has since been judged with admirable precision. The decided enemy of the *philosophes*, and setting out from a quarter diametrically opposite to that from which they directed their efforts, he mainly contributed to the same end. The blind admiration of antiquity, and the furious zeal for innovation, equally tended to the disparagement of all existing establishments; 'l'Abbé de Mably suivait donc, ainsi que les autres écrivains, une marche destructive, et contribuait, sans le savoir, à affaiblir les liens déjà usés qui unissaient encore les membres d'une vieille société.*

Not only Hume, but Gibbon, and even Robertson, are handled with severity by this inexorable censor. Of the former he says, 'Was ever any thing more tiresome than *one Mr. Gibbon*, who, in his *eternal history* of the Roman Emperors, suspends his slow and insipid narrative every instant, to explain to you the causes of the facts you are about to read?' &c. &c. After this, we were not a little diverted at meeting with the following anecdote, which serves (as Grimm says) to explain very satisfactorily the reason of Mably's bitterness against *one Mr. Gibbon*. Mably and Gibbon

* De la Littérature Française du 18me. Siècle,

happened to dine together, in a large company, at M. de Fonce-magne's. The conversation turned almost entirely on history. The Abbé, *being a profound politician*, applied it to the existing ministry, and, 'as by character, humour, and the habit of admiring Livy, he has learned to value nothing but the republican system, he began to boast of the excellence of republics, persuaded that the learned Englishman would approve, and admire above all things, the depth of genius which had inspired a Frenchman with the power of appreciating all these advantages;' but so it happened that Mr. Gibbon, by some extraordinary blunder of nature, as the Abbé must have thought it in an Englishman, had the misfortune not to enter into all his opinions; on the contrary,

'He generously undertook the defence of monarchical government. The Abbé tried to convince him by *Tite-Live*, and by certain arguments of Plutarch's in favour of the Spartans; but Mr. Gibbon, endowed with the most happy memory, and having all the facts present to his recollection, soon led the conversation himself. The Abbé fell into a passion, and said bitter things; the Englishman, preserving his native phlegm, took every advantage, and pressed his adversary with so much the more success as his wrath rendered him more and more confused. The conversation grew warm, and M. de Fonce-magne at last put an end to it by rising from the table and passing into the drawing-room, where nobody was disposed to renew it.'

Of the soundness and pertinacity of Mably's judgment, M. Cerutti gives a curious example. He believed that the English constitution would not last ten years longer, and that the Senate of Sweden would endure for ever. The work in which he made this grand prophecy was not yet out of the press when the Senate of Sweden had ceased to exist. When the news was brought him, he answered, 'The King of Sweden may change his country, but not my book!'

The following letter of Diderot's, 'to his friend Mademoiselle Voland,' affords an agreeable specimen of his talent, and as it enables us at the same time to form some judgment of the Baron de Grimm himself, we hail it as a choice morsel.

... 'About seven o'clock, the company sat down to cards, but M. le Roi, Grimm, the Abbé Galiani, and myself preferred conversation. Oh! now, I will make you acquainted with the Abbé, whom, perhaps, you have hitherto considered only as an agreeable man. I assure you he is something better. The discourse between Grimm and M. le Roi, turned on the genius which creates, and the method which disposes. Grimm detests method; it is according to him, the pedantry of literature; those who can do nothing but methodize, might as well remain idle; and those who can receive instruction only from methodical arrangement, might as well remain ignorant.—But it is method which gives a subject its real value—And which also spoils it.—Without
method

method we should make no improvement—Except by taking more trouble, and that would be all the better. They said many other things which I shall not mention to you, and they might still have said many more, if the Abbé Galiani had not thus interrupted them.

‘My friends, I recollect a fable, pray hear it: it will, perhaps, be rather long, but it will not tire you.

‘One day, in the depth of a forest, a cuckoo and a nightingale entered into a contest on the subject of singing. Each of them valued his own talent. What bird, says the cuckoo, is capable of a strain so easy, so simple, so natural, and so distinctly measured as mine? And what bird, said the nightingale, has one more sweet, more varied, more brilliant, more airy, and more tender than I have? I boast but few notes, said the cuckoo, but they have both weight and order, and the memory easily retains them. I love singing, replied the nightingale, but I am always new. I charm the forest, but you sadden it. You are so attached to the lesson taught you by your mother that you dare not venture a note which you have not learnt from her. As to myself, I acknowledge no master, I laugh at all rules, and it is when I infringe them most, that I am most admired. What comparison is there between your tedious method and my happy deviations from it!

‘The cuckoo frequently endeavoured to interrupt him, but nightingales are for ever singing and never listening, which is, indeed, somewhat their defect. Our songster, drawn on by his ideas, followed them with rapidity, without troubling himself about the answers of his rival. Nevertheless, after many sayings and countersayings, they agreed to refer the dispute to the judgment of a third animal. A good judge is not to be found without difficulty; and they flew about in every direction to seek one.

‘They were traversing a meadow when they perceived an ass particularly grave and solemn: from the creation of that species, none had ever worn such long ears. Good, said the cuckoo, when he saw him, how lucky we are! our quarrel is a business of ears, there is our judge,—made on purpose for us.

‘The ass was grazing—it never came into his head that he was one day to be a judge of music; but time works many prodigies. Our two birds humble themselves before him, compliment him on his gravity and his judgment, inform him of the subject of their dispute, and intreat him to hear and decide; but the ass, scarcely turning his head, and not losing a single mouthful, makes a sign to them with his ears that he is hungry, and does not to-day hold his court of justice. The birds continue to intreat, the ass continues to graze. There were some trees on the borders of the meadow: well, said he, (after he had satisfied his appetite,) do you go there, and I will come to you; you may sing while I digest; I will listen, and then give you my opinion. The birds take wing and perch themselves. The ass follows with the air and step of a chief justice crossing the hall; he arrives, stretches himself on the ground, and says, Begin, the court is attentive.

‘The cuckoo said, My lord, not a word of my reasoning is to be lost; consider well the character of my song, and above all, deign to observe

the art and method of it: then bridling his head and clapping his wings, he sang, *cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoocuckoo!* and having combined these notes in every possible manner, he was silent.

'Then the nightingale, without any preamble, displays his voice, soars in the boldest modulations; in strains the most new and uncommon; in fine cadences, ad libitums, and notes held out to an astonishing length; sometimes the notes are heard to descend and murmur in the bottom of his throat, like the rivulet which loses itself among the pebbles; then again they rise and swell by degrees till they fill the air and remain as if suspended in it; he was successively sweet, light, brilliant, and pathetic;—but his song was not calculated to please every one.

'Led on by his enthusiasm, he would have sung to this day, but the ass, after having yawned fearfully several times, stopped him and said, I do not doubt but that what you have been singing is very fine, but I don't understand it; it appears to me out of the way, confused, and unconnected; you are, perhaps, more learned than your rival, but he is more methodical than you, and for my part, I am for method.

'Then the Abbé, addressing himself to M. le Roi, and pointing to Grimm, there, said he, is the nightingale, you are the cuckoo, and I am the ass who determines the cause in your favour. Good night.'

One of the most constant friends and correspondents of the Abbé Galiani, during his residence at Naples, was the celebrated Madame d'Epinay, the author of the '*Conversations of Emily*,' and of other works much talked of in their day. The following letter by this lady, as introductive of a curious subject of philosophical discussion, was thought worthy, by M. de Grimm, of being inserted in his correspondence. It is written in a very lively strain of familiar pleasantry. We will not injure its natural grace and elegance by a translation.

'C'est certainement, mon cher charmant Abbé, une correspondance unique que la nôtre. Nous nous écrivons toutes les semaines des lettres de trois ou quatre pages, dans lesquelles on ne trouve autre chose, sinon, je me porte bien, je suis malade, je suis gaie, je suis triste, il fait chaud, il fait froid, un tel est parti, un autre arrive, &c. ; et nous sommes contents de nous comme des rois, nous nous trouvons de l'esprit comme quatre. Si par hasard un courier manque, voilà des plaintes, des cris; il semble que tout soit perdu. Savez-vous que je commence à penser que nous sommes bien plus heureux que nous ne le croyons? Puisque vous l'êtes de ma meilleure santé, je vous dirai qu'elle chemine vers la *robusticité*; et pour vous donner de nouveau, j'ajouterai que je me remets non à travailler, mais à penser, et si ce bon état dure, je ne désespère pas de pouvoir continuer mes Dialogues sur l'Education. Il faut que je vous communique quelques unes des idées qui tout en rêvant, m'ont passé par la tête. Je me suis demandé pourquoi les animaux, qui jusqu'à présent sont bien nos très-humbles serviteurs, s'avisent de naître avec le degré de perfectibilité qui leur est propre, tandis que l'espèce humaine travaille depuis la naissance jusqu'à la mort pour n'atteindre qu'au degré qui lui est propre; et puis je me suis demandé

si l'avantage était pour eux ou pour nous. Avant de vous dire ma réponse, il faut que vous sachiez que j'ai fait mes deux questions à un homme d'esprit, à un savant, qui, au lieu de résoudre le problème, m'a dit : Lisez un livre de Bordeu qui vient de paraître. Lire! moi lire! ai-je dit. Jamais. Des faits tant qu'on voudra; mais en fait de raisonnement, je ne lis que dans ma tête. J'ai deviné tout ce que je sais; et je devinerai ce que je ne sais pas En vérité, l'Abbé, il y a des momens où je suis assez folle, assez vaine pour croire que j'ai deviné le monde. Je n'ai pourtant pas tout à fait deviné à moi toute seule la réponse à ma première question. J'ai bien dit, c'est que chaque espèce d'animaux n'est occupée que de ce qui lui est propre; mais cela ne me satisfait pas. J'en ai parlé au philosophe (à qui, par parenthèse, vous devez toujours une réponse); il m'a dit : J'y ai rêvé plus d'un jour. C'est que chaque espèce d'animaux a son organe prédominant qui la subjugue, et que l'homme a tous les siens dans un degré de faculté combinée, dont le centre est la tête et la pensée. Il m'apporta un exemple, *mais je ne puis pas vous le dire, vous le devinerez.* . . .

Notwithstanding which, Madame d'Epinay goes on to explain the example at which she requires her correspondent to guess, in terms, not, perhaps, too plain for a female philosopher writing to a friend of the other sex, but which we had rather be excused from repeating. This is followed by a formal dissertation on the question, 'Pourquoi l'Homme ne naît pas, comme les animaux, avec le degré de perfection qui lui est propre?' which contains some ingenious thoughts very well expressed. The writer is of opinion, 'comme l'a dit l'Abbé Galiani,' that most animals have a predominant organ, 'un organe prédominant qui les subjugue et qui détermine exclusivement leur instinct'—and that although this is not a rule without exception, yet, even at this time of day, sophisticated as we are become by some of our social institutions, we frequently meet with men who seem to be determined, by an invincible influence, to apply themselves to one single subject, and who would be incapable of succeeding in any other course. An hundred thousand to one, if La Fontaine had not written fables, nor Gessner Idylls; neither of them would ever have done any thing. It must be confessed, she adds, that men who have applied themselves all their life *au bel esprit*, or to any other art whatever, are seldom fit for any thing else; and therefore that Madame de Tencin was more philosophically just than she had any notion of being, when she called the literary men who frequented her house, (among whom were Fontenelle, La Mothe, &c.) '*ses bêtes*,' after which she proceeds to tell a story of Montesquieu,

'Which,' says she, 'one would hardly have expected from his philosophy, but which his friend the Abbé Quesnel has related to me twenty times. He had begged him, on going to visit his estates, to superintend the education of his son, whom he had just placed at the

College de Harcourt. On his return to Paris, the first thing he did was to ask the worthy ecclesiastic how his young friend went on. His morals?—such as leave nothing to be wished.—His character?—mild and engaging. So far, paternal tenderness seemed to enjoy the most entire satisfaction. The Abbé thought he might add to it by informing him that the young man's masters were extremely well pleased with his application, that he had a great taste for the sciences, and especially for natural history, in which last he had made a progress quite astonishing for his years. At these words, M. de Montesquieu turned pale, and threw himself on a sofa with all the marks of profound despair. "Ah, my friend, you have killed me! So all my hopes then are lost! You know the project I had formed for this child, the office to which I destined him; 'tis all over, he will never be any thing but a man of letters, an original like myself, and, do all we can, we shall never make a better thing of him." Half the prediction was accomplished: M. le Baron de Montesquieu lives on his estate in obscurity, occupied with beads and butterflies; for to his taste for natural history is superadded a devotion very outrageous and extremely punctilious.'

Madame d'Epinay's intimacy with Rousseau commenced, we are told, in the brilliant days of her youth and fortune. She had been early married to a farmer-general, by whose extreme frivolity of character and conduct, all their wealth was soon dissipated, and for the remainder of her life, which she passed separate from her husband, she was condemned to comparative indigence. The reader of Rousseau's *Confessions* may possibly remember the part which the philosopher attributes to this lady, and to M. de Grimm, in the singular melodrame of his life, and it is certainly extremely fortunate for the reputation of both, that this correspondence has been at length published, since it affords the opportunity of hearing the other side of this delicate question.

Rousseau was as desperately in love with Madame d'Epinay as he was with every woman who admitted him into her society. She loaded him with benefits which were conferred,

'not only with all the delicacy of the tenderest friendship, but even with that refinement of cares and attentions which the original *sauvagerie* of the philosopher seemed to exact. He appeared at first deeply affected; but, shortly after, believing that he had a right to be jealous of his friend M. de Grimm, he repaid his benefactress with the blackest ingratitude, and the man whom he thought the object of her preference to himself, was no longer anything in his eyes but the most unjust and most perfidious of beings.'

Such a picture is presented to us of this lady's character and genius as, we cannot but think, savours a little of the partiality of a quondam admirer. We select that part of it which relates to, what in courtesy we will call, her religious creed, as a specimen of

of the softened tone assumed by the more liberal and respectable of the philosophical party, when the heat of the encyclopedistic war was over, and they had leisure to look round and reflect on the too probable consequences of the zeal they had displayed in the cause of infidelity.

‘Superior to all prejudices, nobody knew better than herself what respect a woman ought to have for public opinion, even the most futile. She entertained for our ancient usages and our modern manners all the complaisance and consideration that could be expected from an ordinary woman. Though always an invalid, and confined within doors, she was ever scrupulously attentive in dressing herself after the fashion of the day. Without belief in any catechism but that of *good sense*, she never failed to receive the sacraments with the best grace in the world, *however painful this disagreeable ceremony might be to her*, as often as decency, or the scruples of her family, appeared to demand it. *We have allowed ourselves to doubt whether there might not be as much strength of mind in receiving them under such circumstances as in refusing them after the manner of so many great philosophers.*’

Some years before the death of this female disciple, indeed, we find that the leaders of the sect already began to doubt the policy of the course they had taken, even with a view to the propagation of their own opinions. Speaking of the extraordinary display of zeal with which the jubilee had been solemnized, in 1776, the Baron asks,

‘*Cette effervescence religieuse prouverait-elle que la philosophie n’a pas encore fait tout le progrès dont on s’était flatté ? Peut-être.*’—‘It is not impossible,’ he adds, ‘that piety may have had less to do in these transports of zeal than the ill-humour which has for some time past begun to be entertained against the sect of philosophers, who will not be brought to acknowledge any other God than *la liberté et le produit net*.’—‘It would be pleasant enough if philosophy should thus have contributed, without intending it, to rekindle the faith of the age. This jubilee, said one of our philosophers, has retarded the empire of reason more than twenty years. No matter, we have cut down a vast forest of prejudices—*Et voilà donc, Monsieur*, answered a lady, *d’où nous viennent tant de fagots.*’

Having mentioned Rousseau and his *démêlés* with our Baron, it may be worth while to collect what further is said with reference to the subject in these volumes, from which it will appear, that his supposed intrigue with Madame d’Epinay was not the only ground of the philosopher’s disagreement with his ancient friend. The following observations occur in speaking of the second part of the Confessions.

‘What must afford infinite consolation to all who are calumniated in this work, is that the work itself, with all its seductive qualities, contains the strongest proofs of the author’s folly and the absurd injustice

of most of his visions. One of those men whom he seems to have once loved the most tenderly, only to hate him afterwards with the most extravagant violence, is M. de Grimm; but as soon as the complaints which he allows himself to throw out against him with so much bitterness assume a determined shape, as soon as he seeks to justify himself, in some sort, for the injuries of which he accuses him, he finds nothing to bring forward but actions in themselves the most indifferent, petty broils, the true miseries of society, from which his imagination, clouded by gloomy vapours, raises the most criminal plots, the most unnatural conspiracies; this folly is carried so far as to persuade him that M. de Grimm, from the retirement of his study, had leagued himself with the reigning powers to make M. de Choiseul undertake the conquest of Corsica, merely that he might prevent Jean Jacques from being its legislator.

One of the proofs of Grimm's alleged conspiracy against the unhappy philosopher is of a very serious nature indeed. Speaking in his Confessions of the scheme of a journey on foot, through Italy, with Diderot and Grimm, he adds—'the whole plan came to nothing but the determination of performing a journey in writing, in which Grimm found no pleasure equal to that of putting all sorts of impieties in the mouth of Diderot, and thrusting me into the Inquisition instead of him. Can any thing be imagined more black and treacherous?' However, the fact is here explained very differently. It seems the Baron de Holbach was to be one of the principal actors in this romantic tour, and it was settled that he should stumble and fall into a pit while preaching prudence to his friend Diderot; that Diderot himself should get into the clutches of the inquisition at Rome; Rousseau under the leads (*sous les plombs*) at Venice; and that M. Grimm, driven to despair by the misfortunes of his friends, should lose his senses, and be shut up in the madhouse at Turin. 'Voilà la seule version véritable, et l'on nous saura gré sans doute des recherches que nous avons faites pour la rétablir dans toute son intégrité.'

Another of poor Rousseau's *tracasseries*, related in this volume, is so divertingly characteristic, that we cannot forbear from giving the history of it as we find it. It is related by one of the actors in the famous tour just described, and of whom we shall say more shortly, M. le Baron de Holbach.

'You would never guess at the scene which occasioned our rupture. He dined at my house with Diderot, Saint Lambert, Marmontel, the Abbé Raynal, and a Curé who after dinner read a tragedy to us of his own composition. It was preceded by a discourse on theatrical works in general. He thus distinguished comedy from tragedy. The business of a comedy, said he, is always a marriage; and that of a tragedy, a murder. All the intrigue turns on this question—shall they marry, or shall they not marry?—shall they kill, or shall they not kill?—They
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shall marry, they shall kill, and so ends the first act. *They shall not marry, they shall not kill*, concludes the second act. A new means of marrying and of killing presents itself, which is the substance of the third act. A new difficulty arises and prevents the marriage and the murder, and this forms the fourth act. At length, wearied with the contest, they marry and they kill, which completes the piece.—We found this exposition so original, that it was impossible for us to give a serious answer to the questions of the author. Jean Jacques had not spoken a word, had not smiled for a single moment, had not moved from his chair, when all at once he started up like a madman and darting towards the Curé, he snatched his manuscript, threw it on the ground, and said to the terrified author: "Your piece is worth nothing—your discourse is wild and ridiculous, all these gentlemen are laughing at you; begone, and preach at home!"—The Curé then rose, not less furious than Jean Jacques, poured forth every possible imprecation against his adviser; and from imprecations would have gone to blows and to the murder which constitutes tragedy, if we had not separated them. Rousseau left us in a rage which has not yet subsided. Diderot, Grimm and I, have vainly endeavoured to reconcile him, he always flies from us. Soon after, those misfortunes befel him, in which we had no share, except by the affliction they occasioned us. He considered this very affliction as a jest, and his misfortunes as our work. He imagined, that we had armed the Parliament, Versailles, Geneva, Switzerland, England, and all Europe against him. It was necessary to renounce, not admiring and pitying him, but loving him, and telling him that we loved him.'

The character of Rousseau's extraordinary work, his *Confessions*, seems to be appreciated with the degree of good sense which we might expect, but with more good feeling than is always to be found, in these pages. It will recal to some of our readers the observations on the same production which are contained in a little work before referred to, and particularly noticed in one of the late numbers of this Review.

'While we allow,' says the writer of the article, 'that these memoirs are full of inequalities, extravagancies, frivolous details, insipidities, and (if you please) of falsehoods, it would be difficult not to recognise in them the author's intention to shew himself to his readers such as he really was, or as he really believed himself to be; and with such an intention, there is necessarily combined a degree of interest which is essential to the very nature of the work; the account which a man like Rousseau renders to himself for his most secret sentiments, for the origin of all his thoughts and all his affections, however defective it may be, and whatever prejudices may mingle themselves with it, will always afford salutary instruction on the art of self-observation. How many interesting scenes, how many forgotten feelings of our infancy and of our early youth, does not the reading of these memoirs bring back to our recollection! And who is there so unhappy as not to feel the charm attached to the recovery of those obliterated traces?'

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Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans,
Et mon cœur enchanté, sur la rive fleurie
Respire encor l'air pur du matin de la vie.'

The ingratitude, which he makes so constant and heavy a subject of self-reproach, is attributed rather to the circumstances in which he was placed, than to any natural defect of character; his zealous ardour in favour of savage life, to the love of paradox; his hatred of literary men partly to the same cause, and partly to imaginary slights and insults in early life. His discourse which received the prize from the academy of Dijon, was owing to the advice which Diderot gave, possibly in jest. The philosopher of Geneva had at first decided to write in favour of the influence of letters on society, but being questioned by the encyclopédiste, and announcing his intention, 'C'est le pont aux ânes,' replied his adviser, 'prenez le parti contraire, et vous verrez quel bruit vous ferez.' The suggestion was adopted; and Rousseau's disposition led him all the rest of his life to be a party in the cause on which he had entered only as an advocate. The success with which this essay was attended, first brought him forward in that world of letters which he affected so to despise. This event in his career is described with humour and perhaps with justice. 'Twenty years passed in being nothing, tormented his pride, and embittered the earliest enjoyments of his vanity. He recollected that, when he was clerk to M. Dupin, he was not admitted to his employer's table in the society of literary men; and he therefore entered the field of literature in the same spirit with which Marius returned to Rome, breathing vengeance, and remembering the marshes of Minturnæ.' As it is probable that we may not soon be again in the company of this extraordinary man, we would willingly take leave of him in good humour, and therefore transcribe the following original and characteristic letter to the good woman who had nursed him in childhood. It is dated Montmorency, 22d July, 1761.

'Votre lettre, ma chère Jacqueline, est venue réjouir mon cœur dans un moment où je n'étais guère en état d'y répondre; je saisis un temps de relâche pour vous remercier de votre souvenir et de votre amitié qui me sera toujours chère; pour moi, je n'ai point cessé de penser à vous et de vous aimer. Souvent je me suis dit dans mes souffrances, que, si ma bonne Jacqueline n'eut pas pris tant de peine à me conserver étant petit, je n'aurais pas souffert tant de maux étant grand. Soyez persuadée que je ne cesserai jamais de prendre le plus tendre intérêt à votre santé et à votre bonheur, et que ce sera toujours un vrai plaisir pour moi de recevoir de vos nouvelles. Adieu, ma chère et bonne Jacqueline; je ne vous parle pas de ma santé pour ne pas vous affliger;

que

que le bon dieu conserve la vôtre, et vous comble de tous les biens que sous desirez.

'Votre pauvre Jean Jacques qui vous embrasse de tout son cœur.'

The name of the Baron de Holbach is familiar to all who have heard any thing of Parisian society during the latter part of the 18th century, and yet he is absolutely unknown by his works, and most persons would find it difficult to say upon what his reputation for wit and genius was particularly founded. The last volume of this collection contains a sort of memoir of his literary life and character which, though evidently drawn up in the spirit of a panegyrist, may tend to dissipate our ignorance concerning them. 'I have seldom,' says the writer, 'met with a man more universally learned, than M. de Holbach; I have never seen any whose learning was so unambitious or attended with so little desire to display it. His knowledge, like his fortune, was as much for others as for himself, but never for *opinion* nobody would have suspected that he possessed either, if he could have helped discovering them without injury to his own enjoyments and the welfare of his friends.' By his labours he contributed essentially to the great progress made in the sciences of chemistry and natural philosophy during his life; but it was not till after he was no more that his friends publicly proclaimed him the author of a work which made a great deal more noise than it appears to have deserved, the '*fameux*'—(this word, we should recollect, may be taken in two senses)—*Système de la Nature*. Of the atheistical principles contained in this work, the writer, after entering his protest against them, adds that all who knew the author owe him the justice to confess that no personal consideration, no selfish view, attached him to this melancholy system. His two other works, the '*Système Social*,' and '*Morale Universelle*,' in which the author vainly endeavours to build up new fortifications in the room of those which his former efforts were designed to demolish, were never read by any body. The poison was eagerly swallowed, but no one would touch the antidote. The writer of this article draws from the circumstance very grave and sensible reflections, but of a nature too obvious to need repetition. We quit the memoir of the author, to contemplate the portrait of the man, which is very agreeably painted.

'He had reason to believe in the empire of reason, for his passions (and the passions of each individual are always those by which he judges his fellow-creatures) were precisely such as they ought to be in order to give a just ascendancy to good principles. He loved women, he was very sensible to the pleasures of the table, but without being the slave of his inclinations in either respect. He was incapable of hating; yet it was not without effort that he dissembled his natural abhorrence of priests

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—in speaking of them, his sweetness of disposition was soured in spite of himself, his goodnature often gave way to bitterness and the spirit of provocation. One of the most violent passions perhaps that occupied him during all his life, but above all in the latter years of it, was curiosity; he loved news as a child loves playthings, and with that sort of blindness so natural to all ardent habits, he had very little selection in his appetite; good or bad, false or true, there was nothing that had not some attraction for him, there was nothing even that he was not immediately disposed to believe. It really appeared as if he had reserved all his credulity for news gathered from the gazettes and in coffee-houses, after having refused it to intelligence from the other world. He took great pleasure in the most minute detail of circumstances, even when their falsehood was demonstrated. How often was he not displeased with M. de Grimm, who while they were at dinner, would with a single word, overthrow a whole history which he had amused himself with in the morning under the piazzas of the Palais royal! "Now that is so like you!" he would say, in a tone of good humoured anger; "you tell us nothing, and will never believe any thing we tell you."

M. d'Holbach reckoned among his friends MM. Helvetius, Diderot, d'Alembert, Condillac, Turgot, Buffon, Rousseau, and several foreigners worthy of being associated with them, Hume, Garrick, the Abbé Galiani, &c. If a society so distinguished was calculated to give additional strength to his mind, it was with equal truth remarked that among those illustrious men there was not one to whom he could not impart much useful and curious information. He had a fine library, and the extent of his memory enabled him to retain all the knowledge with which his studies had enriched it. He recollected without any effort of mind all that deserved, and much that did not deserve, to be remembered. "Whatever system my imagination enables me to invent," said Diderot to me more than once, "I am sure that my friend Holbach will find facts and authorities to justify."

We expected to have found some entertainment in a letter written by a friend of the Baron's who accompanied him to England in the year 1765, and professes to communicate the observations which were made by him during his tour—but if the Baron really made no other observations than those which his companion pleases to repeat, it must be confessed that he was a very unphilosophical traveller. A few common-places on our coal fires, our national melancholy, our gardens, Ranelagh, and Shakspeare, are all we can get from him. The concluding reflection of the retailer of these notable sayings is worth all of them. 'Après cela, voyez combien un voyageur et un voyageur se ressemblent peu. Helvétius est revenu de Londres, fou à lier des Anglais. Le baron en est revenu bien désabusé.' It seems then that France too had her Smellfunguses.

For our disappointment in this instance, we are in some measure indemnified by some letters which appear to have been written by

by Grimm himself on a similar occasion, and are inserted in the last of these volumes; the date of his visit was 1790, and the admiration which he expresses of every thing English is perhaps a little heightened by his abhorrence of the revolutionary fashions of his own country. The temper of the French reformers towards England had by this time undergone a wonderful alteration since the year 1786, when he thus writes concerning it.

'We remember the great revolution which M. Bertin meditated when he proposed in the most serious manner possible to Louis XV to inoculate the French with the Chinese spirit. Without suspecting any of our present ministers of a similar project, might we not be tempted to believe that some genius equally enterprising with that of M. Bertin has been employing itself for these few years past about the means of inoculating us with the English spirit, and that it has even been tolerably successful?'

The picture, which follows this introduction, of the new state of manners which Paris at this time owed to the prevailing anglomanie, brings before us one of the most remarkable symptoms of that greater change which was now fast approaching. Its most striking feature is the general institution of clubs, and the consequent desertion of female society. 'If our happy inconstancy,' concludes this lively and sensible writer, 'did not give room to hope that the fashion will not be everlasting, it might certainly be apprehended that the taste for clubs would lead insensibly to a very marked revolution both in the spirit and morals of the nation; but that disposition, which we possess by nature, of growing tired of every thing, affords some satisfaction in all our follies, while it ought to moderate the vanity with which our sublime projects are so apt to inspire us. In spite then *'des clubs, des whiskis, des jockeys, des fracs noirs, et de tout ce que le magasin de Sykes offre de vases et de meubles charmans,* we may venture still to predict that we shall no more become English than we have already become Chinese, however ingenious may have been the measures taken by M. Bertin to work this admirable metamorphosis. *Ainsi soit-il!*'

The anecdote above alluded to is contained in an article on the Memoirs of the Missionaries of Pekin.

'It has long been known,' says the writer, 'that the publication of this work was owing to the care of M. Bertin; but what we have hitherto been ignorant of is the motive which had engaged him to think of it; it is this—Louis XV, who, as M. Schomberg used to say, was the greatest philosopher in his kingdom, sometimes felt *que tout n'allait pas en France le mieux du monde.* Conversing with M. Bertin one day on the necessity of reforming so many abuses, he ended by observing to him that they should never succeed without completely new modelling the spirit of the nation, and begged him to consider by what means this object might be

be most surely attained. M. Bertin promised to think about it, and at the end of some days he came to the king and told him that he thought he had at last discovered the secret of satisfying his majesty's paternal wishes. And what is it?—*Sire, it is to inoculate the French with the Chinese spirit.*—The king found this idea so bright, that he approved all that his minister took it into his head to suggest to him for the execution of it. Young literati were sent for at a great expense out of China; were carefully instructed in our language and in our sciences; and were afterwards sent back to Pekin; and it is from the memoirs of these new missionaries that this collection was formed. It is true that the spirit of the nation does not appear as yet to exhibit any marks of the happy revolution which M. Bertin's ingenious idea was to suggest; but we may still remember that there was a moment when all our chimneys were covered with *Magots de la Chine*, and most of our furniture made after the Chinese fashion.

In September 1783, our correspondent thus writes to his illustrious employer:

‘We are on the point of losing Messrs. d’Alembert and Diderot; the first of a marasma, joined to a disease in the bladder, the second of a dropsy. It is singular enough that two men who together have given the tone to the age in which they lived, who have together built up the edifice of a work which secures to them immortality, seem also to descend to the tomb hand in hand. M. le Marquis de Condorcet, who pays to M. d’Alembert all the duties that a father could expect from his son, is perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and at the present moment also director of the French Academy; M. d’Alembert, in entrusting him with his last dispositions, said to him laughing, in spite of his sufferings, *Mon ami, vous ferez mon éloge dans les deux Académies; vous n’avez pas de temps à perdre pour cette double besogne.* We take an interest,’ adds the writer, ‘mingled with respect, in collecting the last words of a dying philosopher; they become still more precious when they paint to us the tranquillity of his mind in these last moments.’

The philosopher died shortly after the date of this article. He was only sixty-six, and might probably have lengthened his life to a much longer period if he had had courage to submit to a surgical operation. The writer who communicates the account of his death mentions, by way of contrast to the weakness of this ‘coryphæus of philosophers,’ the example of an archbishop of eighty, who had just before undergone the operation with equal courage and success; and he adds this curious reflection—‘*mais cette disposition tient moins sans doute au caractère de nos idées qu’à celui de nos sentimens; peut-être même un géomètre a-t-il l’esprit trop juste pour avoir du courage.*’ The ecclesiastical authorities were more indulgent to him than to Voltaire: steering a middle course, they adopted the supposition that he might internally have become a true

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believer at his last groan, and therefore admitted him into a corner of the churchyard; but, to punish his exterior nonconformity, shut the doors of the church itself against him. Perhaps it was as a means of purchasing this indulgence that his last will began, 'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' which, as the writer observes, *de la part d'un philosophe*, has somewhat the air of an indecent pleasantry.

We have not room to transcribe any large portion of the *éloge* which follows the account of his death; but a few particulars relating to his person and character may not be unacceptable. It is said there are no portraits of d'Alembert which greatly resemble him, and that his face was difficult to be painted. There was something very common in the form of his features, and an air of indecision in his physiognomy; but a Lavater, it is added, might have discovered in the folds of his forehead, in the unquiet motion of his eyelids, in the lower part of a nose at the same time large and pointed, many traces of an expression sufficiently determinate. His eyes were small but lively, his mouth large, but in his smile there was an archness mingled with bitterness and 'something, I know not what, of imperious.' The habit of the most penetrating attention, and the native originality of a temper rather irascible and captious than perverse, were the features principally discernible in the general effect of his person.

'Les personnes qui ont vécu le plus intimement avec M. d'Alembert le trouvaient bon sans bonté, sensible sans sensibilité, vain sans orgueil, chagrin sans tristesse,'—we cannot venture a translation of this passage,—but the writer goes on to say, that 'these strange contradictions were explained by that mixture of coldness, feebleness, and activity which so essentially characterised his mind and all his habits. He was accused of affecting very eagerly the glory of being chief of the encyclopedistic party, and of having committed more than one act of injustice, more than one literary fraud, for the sake of attaining this glory. It would take a long while to discuss this imputation; but what cannot be denied is, that the passions which are inspired by party-spirit were precisely those of which he would be naturally the most susceptible; for there are none which so readily take hold on minds of frigid temperature; and it may accordingly be asserted with safety that as he performed many good actions without goodness, so the wrongs which the pretended victims of his tyranny lay to his charge, were committed by him without malice.'

The society to which M. d'Alembert addicted himself, and of which he was the chief, enjoyed for many years the most brilliant reputation of any in Paris.

'His own conversation offered at once all that can instruct and amuse the mind. He lent himself with equal facility and complaisance to whatever subject was capable of giving the most general satisfaction;

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he entered into it with sincerity and *naïveté*, and with an almost inexhaustible fund of ideas and anecdotes and curious recollections; there may be said to have been no subject, however dry or frivolous in itself, which he did not possess the art of rendering attractive. He spoke extremely well, told his stories with extreme neatness; and vented his sallies of humour with a grace and readiness which were peculiar to him.'

In respect to women, although (if we are to credit report) nature had made him only a platonic admirer, '*il est bien plus vrai qu'il n'en fut pas moins soumis à leur empire; il fut le plus amoureux de tous les esclaves et le plus esclave de tous les amoureux.*'

'His reputation was already in its zenith when a woman, *aussi coquette que frivole*, took a fancy to conquer him. She gained such entire possession, that he soon neglected all his studies and all his affairs, and she might possibly have succeeded in ruining him altogether, if Madame Geoffrin, on being informed of it, had not taken upon herself the management of this little intrigue, with all the address and all the strength of character to be expected from her real friendship. She went to see the lady in question, though she had no acquaintance with her, represented strongly the irreparable mischief she was doing to her friend, and doing (to all appearance) without any hope of profit; she made her give up all the letters she had received from him, and obtained a solemn promise that she would see him no more. Nothing can be compared with the prodigious ascendancy that Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had acquired over all his thoughts and actions. Though he now and then revolted against her tyranny, he did not the less support its yoke with a devotedness superior to every trial. There is no unhappy Savoyard throughout Paris who executes so many errands, so many fatiguing commissions, as the first geometrician of Europe, the chief of the sect of encyclopedists, the dictator of our academies, the philosopher who had the honour of refusing to undertake the education of a czar, underwent every morning in the service of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; and even this was not all that she ventured to exact from him. Reduced to be the confidant of her noble passion for a young Spaniard, M. de Mora, he was charged with all the arrangements essential to the carrying on this intrigue; and when his happy rival had quitted France, it was d'Alembert they fixed upon to wait at the post-office for the arrival of the messenger, that he might procure for the lady the pleasure of receiving her letters a quarter of an hour sooner.'

The conduct of d'Alembert (who is well known to have been the fruit of a licentious amour, and deserted at his birth by his noble but unnatural parents) towards the honest people who had brought him up, forms the best feature in his character. He continued to live with his nurse till the moment of his departure for Berlin. A short time before, his infamous mother expressed a desire to see him, with which he complied very repugnantly, and insisted on the

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interview taking place in the presence of this good woman. Madame de Tencin, shocked at the coldness with which he received her advances, exclaimed, 'Mais, je suis votre mère.'—'*Vous ma mère! non, la voici; je n'en connais point d'autre. . .*' So saying, he fell on his nurse's neck and bathed her with his tears. On his return from Berlin he came back to his truly maternal mansion. After the death of his foster-father, the poor woman was reduced to great distress by the unnatural conduct of her grandchildren: as soon as he heard of their proceedings, he ran to her, and exclaimed, '*Laissez tout emporter par ces indignes, je ne vous abandonnerai point.*' And he religiously kept the promise which he then made.

The death of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, notwithstanding the iron rod of despotism with which she governed him, is stated to have been a loss equally irreparable to himself and to the society of which she formed one of the principal ornaments. After that event, the latter became more mixed, and less agreeable in consequence; and the ascendancy which the philosopher possessed, and which we find he did not always use in the most generous manner over the literary world, was observed to decline sensibly from the same period.

'Without fortune, birth, or beauty, she had succeeded in forming around her a very numerous, a various, and attentive society. Her circle met together every day from the hour of five to nine. In attending it, one was sure of finding the best company, chosen from all orders of the state, the church, and the court, the most distinguished military characters, foreigners, and literati. All the world allows that if the name of d'Alembert first attracted them, she only kept them together. Entirely devoted to the care of preserving this society, of which she was herself the soul and the ornament, she had rendered all her private tastes and connections subservient to it. She hardly ever went to the play or into the country, and whenever she made an exception to her rule, it was an event of which all Paris was forewarned.'

Such is the account here presented to us of this celebrated coterie, and of the extraordinary woman who presided at it. It is not to be presumed that either could escape the shafts of satire and ridicule. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was loudly censured for meddling with the philosophers, and for her intrigues to secure the supremacy of her geometrical friend, and we are told of a comedy by Dorat, which was never published, but much read and enjoyed in private circles, entitled '*Les Proneurs*,' in which 'the principal character is a young man who desires to be initiated in the mysteries of the modern philosophy, and whom they consequently instruct in the means by which he may attain most easily to a high celebrity. M. d'Alembert and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse play

the first parts among the instructors. One of their most zealous admirers is an old courtier hard of hearing, before whom they read the plan of a new tragedy, and who, seeing all the world in extasies, exclaims more loudly than anybody, *Là voilà la bonne comédie! &c.*

— 'Nobody ever possessed greater talents for society than Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. She had acquired in a most eminent degree that art which is so difficult and so precious, of drawing out the powers of others, of interesting and bringing them into play, without any appearance of constraint or effort. She knew how to unite the most various, and sometimes the most opposite intellects, without appearing to take any pains; with a word adroitly thrown in, she supported conversation, reanimated it, and varied it at pleasure. There was nothing that did not appear within her reach, nothing that did not seem to please her, or that she did not know how to render agreeable to others; politics, religion, philosophy, tales, news—nothing was excluded from her conversations, and, thanks to her talents, the most trifling anecdote naturally found in it the precise place and degree of attention that it deserved to occupy. Every novelty was there exhibited in all its freshness. General conversation never languished, and without anything compulsory, people talked apart whenever they thought it convenient; but the genius of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was every where present, and one might have said that the charm of some invisible power incessantly recalled all private interests towards the common centre. To carry the art of conversation to such a point of perfection, it doubtless was not sufficient to have been born with great wit and an extraordinary suppleness of character, it was also necessary that these talents should have been early exercised and formed by the usage of the world; this is what Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had been able to do with great success in the house of Madame du Desfand, and it was, perhaps, this very success to which her unhappy quarrel with that lady was owing. *What might however lead one to suspect that other causes were added, is that, generally speaking, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse is infinitely more regretted by her acquaintance than by her friends.* Can we expect to find all the talents and all the virtues united?'

We do not know where to find so complete a picture of this celebrated woman as these passages afford us. It was not discovered till after her death, adds the writer, that she had lived for many years on a pension of Madame de Geoffrin's, which we imagine was bestowed in consequence of the singular interview before stated to have taken place between them, and that this was all her fortune.

The praises of Diderot are dealt out with such unsparing profusion, and in such inflated language of panegyric, that we do not think them capable of affording much insight into the real character either of the man or the author. If we are to believe, in its full extent, the information conveyed in a note to this article, more than

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one of the most celebrated writers of the day are indebted to him for a very important share in the reputation they enjoy. Not to mention Helvetius and Buffon, a full third of the *Histoire philosophique et politique des deux Indes* is claimed for Diderot.

'We have seen him compose a great part of it,' adds the writer, 'under our own eyes. He was often alarmed, himself, at the boldness with which he made his friend speak out; but *who*, he used to say, *will dare to put his name to that?*—*Myself*, replied the Abbé Raynal.—*Proceed.*'

'I have seen,' the King of Prussia wrote to d'Alembert, 'I have seen the Abbé Raynal. By the manner in which he talked to me of the power, the resources, and the riches of all the nations on the face of the globe, I imagined that I was conversing with providence. I took good care not to call in doubt the exactness of any, his most minute, calculations; I was aware that he would not understand raillery, even to the value of a six livre piece.'

This character of perfect *bonne foi* and simplicity appears to be much more common in France, especially among the men of learning and science, than may be generally expected from the reputation of the French people for wit. It should always be remembered, therefore, that the species of wit approved and practised in the good societies of Paris, was ever remote from that which, under the name of *persiflage*, they used to hold in great contempt as unworthy the polish of courteous refinement to which they aspired. 'It is only since the pot boiled over, that the tribes of *mystificateurs* and practical jokers have been found floating in such numbers upon its surface.' The Abbé de St. Pierre was another literary character of the best Parisian stamp. His peculiarities seem to have been well painted in the Eloge pronounced upon him at the academy by d'Alembert, if we may judge from the slight notice of it here given.

'Although his works breathe in every page the spirit of beneficence and humanity, they are yet much less curious than his person and character. His views in politics are narrow and chimerical; but respecting his own nature they were large and just. Jean Jacques has described him by saying, *c'était la raison parlante, agissante, ambulante*. He feared much less the reproach of being ridiculous than the misfortune of partaking in the absurdities of his age. A strict observer of all that appeared to him invested with the character of reason and evidence, he even refused to do like the rest of the world in little things, that he might habituate himself not to be servile in great ones. Accordingly, he always wore his watch suspended from his button-hole. . . He was so fully persuaded that all the arts of which he could not see the immediate utility would fall into oblivion, that after having heard a tragedy full of warmth and interest, but which did not present to his mind any essentially useful idea, he coldly said, *cela est encore fort beau*.'

Another Parisian portrait of the highest order is that of Delille, which, although painted by a friend, is nevertheless touched with a freedom and delicacy of pencil which render it very *piquant*.

‘Nothing is comparable with the graces of his mind, with his fire, his gaiety, his sallies, even his inconsistencies. His very works do not possess the character, the *physiognomy* of his conversation. In reading him, one fancies that he is devoted to the most serious subjects; in seeing him, one would suppose that he was altogether incapable of thinking upon any; he is by turns the master and the scholar. He scarcely inquires about what occupies society in general; little events affect him little; he takes care of nothing, of nobody, not even of himself; often, having heard nothing and seen nothing, he is nevertheless *à propos*; he often utters good *naïvetés*; but he is always agreeable; his ideas follow each other in close succession, and he communicates them all; his speech is without jargon and without premeditation; his conversation a happy mixture of beauties and negligences, an amiable disorder which always charms and sometimes astonishes.

His figure a little girl used to say that it was all of a zigzag. The women never remark what it is, but only what it expresses; it is really ugly, but much more curious than ugly, I would even say interesting. He has a wide mouth, but it opens to utter beautiful verses. His eyes are grey and sunk in his head; yet he is able to do with them whatever he pleases, and the mobility of his features communicates so instantaneously to his countenance an air of sentiment, of grandeur, or of playfulness, as not to leave it time to appear ugly; he pays attention to it, but only as he pays attention to everything that is droll and that can make him laugh; accordingly the care he takes of it is always in direct contrast to the occasion: he has been seen to present himself in a frock at a duchess’s, and to ride through the woods in silk stockings.

‘His mind is just fifteen years old, so easy to be known; it is soothing and affectionate, it has twenty springs in motion at once, and yet it is never uneasy; it never loses itself in the future, and concerns itself still less with the past. Sensible to excess, it is open to attack in every various mode, but it can never be conquered; its want of reason, or at least its gaiety, come to its relief and render him the happiest of beings: must we add, that this gaiety is sometimes careless to a degree of downright folly?

‘His conduct, like his language, is *fort abandonnée*. The pleasures of the town are nothing for him; he knows not how to trouble himself about them. He abandons himself willingly to a single object; he is never tired; he has no need either of a large society or of a spacious theatre, and sometimes he forgets the promises of posterity; in sober truth, he suffers himself to be happy (*il se laisse être heureux*.) Do not be surprised therefore at the hours he affords you; no doubt he is well with you, but he is well every where, even with his *gouvernante*: *il joue à la peur lorsqu’il n’en fait pas une Andromaque ou une Zaire*. Your conversation attaches him, I allow; but he is just as well satisfied when

when he passes two hours in combing his horse; and yet he sometimes forgets him also, either losing himself in the woods, or (when he is not afraid) contemplating the moon, or a blade of grass, in other words, abandoning himself to his rêveries.

‘But if he cannot be praised for the merit of an uniform life, at least he cannot be censured for the faults of a dissipated one; if his conduct is not regulated with profound wisdom, it is nevertheless pure; and if he is distinguished by no grand features of character, he supplies the want of them by engaging manners, simplicity, grace, and a gaiety so genuine, so fresh, so naive, and withall so ingenious, that it draws as many constant admirers about his person as about that of a beautiful woman; in short, by an inexpressible charm which inspires you at once with such emotions of curiosity, and of inclination, as are usually experienced for a charming child; and that sort of unalterable attachment which seems to be reserved for souls of a yet lower order; *c'est le poète de Platon, un être sacré, léger, et volage.*’

No two personages in this great literary panorama are, perhaps, more strongly contrasted than Thomas and La Harpe, at least as they are represented to us on the canvass of this correspondence. It was of the former that Madame Necker used to say, ‘he loved glory too ardently not to be sometimes agitated by the successes of others; but I never detected this noble weakness of his soul, except by the excess of the praises with which he then loaded his fortunate rivals. It was the same with all his imperfections; they always made him extol with exaggeration those good qualities that were directly opposed to them, in such a manner that you never got acquainted with his defects, except through the medium of his virtues.’ The following is the reverse; but we must in candour to our own profession observe that it is the portrait of a critic drawn by an offended author. That author is Guibert.

‘This man’ (La Harpe) ‘continually sacrifices duration to *éclat* and truth to effect; he is always bringing forth, because he will have the public be constantly thinking of him, and nothing ripens under his hands because he is devoured with impatience to gather. Ever restless, ever suspicious, he passes his life in listening for the noise which he fancies he has made; he assigns rules, he distinguishes classes, he imposes limits, and he forgets that genius sometimes happily breaks through all these troublesome barriers. He grows pale at successful efforts, and he analyses, in order to reduce them to the level of his own. Poor man! as if no merit could exist anywhere but at his own expense!’

We subjoin a little anecdote. La Harpe chose, with the licence which authors sometimes assume, to deny his tragedy of *Virginie*. One day, at the Academy, he had been supporting the denial with great emphasis, *Eh bien*, said M. de Sedaine, *je l'ai revue hier; il y a, je vous assure, monsieur, des scènes que vous ne désavoueriez*

pas.—Des! replied M. de la Harpe,—then recollecting himself, coloured and held his tongue.

Being on the subject of theatrical anecdotes, we shall mention one relating to another author, which though of older date is here brought forward. We will not take upon us to affirm that it is not well known already. On the first representation of Marmontel's Cleopatra, in which the unfortunate queen is made to die on the stage of the bite of the aspic, 'this reptile automate, contrived by the celebrated Vaucanson, darted forward, with a terrible hiss, on the bosom of the princess; at the same moment, a voice from the pit was heard to cry *Je suis de l'avis de l'aspic*; it was the voice of Piron.' The unlucky exclamation passed into a proverb, and when the tragedy was again brought forward, thirty-five years afterwards, it had not lost all its effect.

Lemierre was another dramatic author of very considerable powers, though exposed to the shafts of the epigrammatists on account of the excessive harshness of his verses. An instance of his naïveté is recorded on the rehearsal of his tragedy of *Ceramis*. The actors made several criticisms upon the conduct of the piece, and suggested so many alterations, that his *bonhomie* and his self-love were at length equally exhausted, and he exclaimed impatiently, '*Ma foi*, gentlemen, do you believe that you are always to have a *Guillaume Tell* or a *Veuve de Malabar* (the names of two of his most successful tragedies)? Take what is offered to you.' He was extremely proud of a certain verse of his composition,

Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde,

and used to call it, κατ' ἐξοχην, *mon vers*. La Clos, the author of *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, took advantage of this known partiality, to compose an epitaph, which he gave out as written by Lemierre for his own tombstone.

Passant, entre en cet antre, et pleure sur ce roc,

Un rare et grand auteur qui passa la noire onde,

Ravi d'avoir avant tiré de son estoc

Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde.

Barthe was another who had attained a certain degree of popularity in his day, and is the hero of an anecdote which we communicated in our Review of the former series of this correspondence. Some diverting instances are given of the peculiarity there alluded to, but which it is added has more the effect of habit, and existed rather in outward manner than in real disposition, which was humane and benevolent. He had been closely connected with Colardeau, but had seen little of him for a considerable time, when he was informed that he was on the point of death. Barthe instantly flew to the sick man's chamber, and finding him still in a condition

condition to listen, addressed him thus—'My dear friend, I am in despair at seeing you in this extremity, but I have still one favour to ask of you; it is that you will hear me read my *Homme personnel*.' 'Consider,' replied the dying man, 'that I have only a few hours to live.' '*Hélas, oui!* and this is the very reason that makes me so desirous of knowing what you think of my play.' His unhappy friend heard him to the end without saying a word, and then in a faint voice observed, that there was yet one very striking feature wanted to complete the character which he had been designing. 'Pray let me know it.' 'Yes,' replied Colardeau, with a smile; 'you must make him force a friend who is dying to listen to a comedy in five acts.'

But his pestering a dying friend admits of some excuse, when we find that the subject of the drama formed the serious occupation of his own last moments. On the eve of his death, he said to the Marquis de Vieilleville, who paid him a visit, 'My physicians tell me I am better, but I know too well from the excess of my sufferings that I cannot recover. However, I have other things to think of at this moment. Pray visit me again when you come from the opera.' He did so; and the dying man talked to him of nothing but *Iphigénie* and the success of Mlle. Dozon, whose *début* in this part had greatly interested him.

To this instance of the ruling passion, we may add another which surpasses even Pope's celebrated Example of Mrs. Oldfield. Madame de Charolais, being in the same circumstances with the dying actress, was with extreme difficulty prevailed upon to receive the sacrament without *rouge*. Being at last unable to resist the entreaties of her confessor, who, we suppose, insisted on the sin of face painting, she at last consented to wipe away the beloved ornament; 'but in this case,' she said to her women, 'give me some other ribbons; you know how horribly ill yellow becomes my complexion.'

Several other stories are told of poor Barthe. But we suspect that he was one of those unfortunate beings respecting whom all the world is agreed that invention is no calumny. M. de Choisy had addressed to him some verses on his translation of the Art of Love, in which he styled him *Vainqueur de Bernard et d'Ovide*. 'Ah! *Vainqueur!*' exclaimed Barthe with great modesty, 'that is too strong—much too strong—indeed—nay, I must insist upon your altering that expression.' 'Well, if it must be so, if you absolutely insist upon it, it shall be *rival*:'—they then talked of other matters, but just as they were about to part, M. Barthe paused a few moments, and then going up to his companion, in the most affectionate manner, said to him in a tone of great tenderness, '*Vainqueur* is more harmonious.'

We find the following note on the character of Alfieri, who in the year 1787 was hardly yet known in France :

' This is a Piedmontese gentleman, who has given up to his sister the better half of a very ample fortune, in order to spend the remainder as he pleases. His ruling passions are verse and horses. If he is to be believed, we have hitherto been all in the wrong, both in France and Italy, with regard to the true conception of tragedy : we used to believe that it ought to be written with tears, but we are now taught that it should be with blood.'

We have a delightful letter to Grimm from the Prince de Ligne, accompanied by a slight sketch or statement of the condition of the Russian empire. We have no room for the latter, though it is not an uninteresting document, but we shall make no apology for copying the former. It is dated from Moscow, 15th July, 1787.

' On vous aime beaucoup, M. le Baron, on parle souvent de vous, mais vous écrit-on ? Catherine le Grand (car elle fera faire une faute de français à la postérité) n'en a peut-être pas le tems. Peut être ces petits details que je viens de dicter vous donneront-ils une idée, quoique bien faible, de ce que nous avons vu ; d'ailleurs, c'est *indignatio facit relation* ; car je suis outré de la basse jalousie qu'en Europe l'on a conçue contre la Russie. Je voudrais apprendre à vivre à cette partie de l'Europe qui cherche à déshonorer la plus grande ; si elle se donnait la peine de voyager, elle verrait où il y a le plus de barbarie. Il est extraordinaire, par exemple, que les Grâces aient sauté notre saint Empire à pieds joints pour venir de Paris s'établir à Moscou, et deux cents werstes encore plus loin, où nous avons trouvé des femmes charmantes, mises à merveille, dansantes, chantantes, et aimantes peut-être comme des anges.

' L'Empereur a été extrêmement aimable les trois semaines qu'il a passées avec nous. Les conversations de deux personnes qui ont soixante millions d'habitans et huit cent mille soldats ne pouvait être qu'interessante en voiture, où j'en profitais bien, les interrompant souvent par quelque bêtise qui me faisait rire en attendant qu'elle fit rire les autres, car nous avons toujours joui de la liberté, qui seule fait le charme de la société ; et vous connaissez le genre simple de celle de l'impératrice, qu'un rien divertit, et qui ne monte à l'élévation du sublime que lorsqu'il est question de grands objets.

' Il faut absolument, M. le Baron, que nous revenions ici ensemble ; ce sera le moyen que je sois encore mieux reçu. Ce n'est pas que vous ayez besoin de rappeler à l'impératrice tout ce que vous avez d'aimable ; car, absent, elle vous voit, mais elle sera fort aise de dire : Présent, je le trouve. Vous ferez de charmantes connaissances ; M. de Mamorow, par exemple, est un sujet de grande espérance ; il est plein d'esprit, d'agrément et de connaissances. Vous vous doutez bien de l'agrément que le Comte de Ségur a répandu dans tout le voyage. Je suis désolé qu'il soit presque fini.

' J'ai fait bâtir un temple dédié à l'impératrice par une inscription, près d'un rocher où était celui d'Iphigénie, et un autel à l'amitié pour
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le Prince Potemkin, au milieu des plus beaux et gros arbres à fruits que j'aie vus, et au bord de la mer, où se réunissent tous les torrens des montagnes. Cette petite terre, que m'a donnée l'impératrice, s'appelle *Parthenizza*, ou le cap Vierge, et est habitée par cinquante-six familles tartares, qui ne le sont pas autant que les déesses et les rois qui exigeaient de durs sacrifices, comme tout le monde sait. Je ne connais pas de site plus délicieux ; je pourrais dire :

Sur les bords fortunés de l'antique Idalie,
Lieux où finit l'Europe et commence l'Asie,

car on découvre les montagnes de la Natolie. Ce qu'il y a d'assez singulier, c'est que c'est sur les bords de la Mer Noire, que, tranquille, et vivant au milieu des infidèles, j'ai appris que les fidèles sujets de la maison d'Autriche se révoltaient sur les bords de l'Océan. Je ne m'attendais pas qu'il y eût plus de sûreté pour moi dans mes terres du Pont-Euxin que dans celles de la Flandre.

We should not easily conjecture either that the lively and intelligent Austrian was speaking of the same country and the same people that appeared in such different colours to the eyes of a late English traveller; or that the prejudices of which the Prince de Ligne complains in 1787, have continued to exist and still operate in full force, more than twenty years afterwards, in an age of inquiry and illumination.

It is so pleasant to dwell upon the better days of French society that, in abandoning ourselves to the subjects which they present to us, we have lost sight of the dismal scene of approaching anarchy and confusion, by which the glittering picture was so soon to be reversed, and of which the gradual symptoms occupy no small portion of this series of the *Correspondence*, particularly the two latter volumes. The Baron de Grimm (at least if the principal articles relating to the French Revolution were written by him) appears to have early seen and deeply dreaded the dangers to which the very foundations of society were exposed, although at times he partakes in the prevailing enthusiasm, especially at the period when his friend Necker was the national idol, and when perhaps it may be admitted that the hopes and confidence of the wiser and better part of the nation (however misplaced they may have since appeared to be) were fixed upon him. Many of the later articles in these volumes, however, will be read with a great deal of curiosity and satisfaction, by those to whom it is a laudable object of attention to ascertain in what manner the minds of moderate and thinking persons were affected by the first shocks of that fearful convulsion which has since desolated so large and fair a portion of the inheritance of mankind. The reflections on the *Assemblée des Notables* and of the *Etats Généraux*, and those on the causes and probable effects of the Revolution, then commencing, which are
interspersed

interspersed in various parts of the *Correspondence*, from the year 1788 to the conclusion, are marked by deep thought and very sound and just views of general politics. It is impossible for us, however, to do more than barely refer to them at present, and to lament that the *Correspondence* necessarily closes just at the period when, could it have continued, it would (at least in a political sense,) have become most interesting and valuable.

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- ART. V. 1. *History of Dissenters, from the Revolution in 1688, to the year 1808.* By David Bogue and James Bennett. 4 vols. 8vo. London; Ogle, Duncan and Co. 1812.
2. *Wilson's History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches.* 4 vols. 8vo. London.
3. *Neal's History of the Puritans.* Abridged in Two Volumes by Edward Parsons. 8vo. London and Leeds. 1812.

ECCLESIASTICAL history has rarely been written in an enlightened spirit; rarely, indeed, in a good one. We too often find in it whatever is most monstrous in romance, whatever is most impudent in falsehood; perverse ingenuity, microscopic dullness, bigotry, envy, and uncharitableness. The falsehood belongs more peculiarly to the Romanists, the latter ingredients have been plentifully used by writers of almost every communion. Few studies are so mournful: but to him who reads with understanding and with the mind of a Christian philosopher, perhaps none can be more instructive.

The two new works before us are perhaps as free from the vices which usually pervade books of this description, as is compatible with the spirit of sectarianism. An antiquary indeed, as well as a Roman Catholic, would wonder at the title of Mr. Wilson's volumes, and smile at the *Antiquities* of the Dissenting Churches! The book, however, is praiseworthy in its kind; it is of the nature of our topographical histories; and, though uninviting and unimportant to the general reader, must be interesting to those for whom it is peculiarly designed. The other work is of higher pretensions. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett are indeed any thing rather than impartial writers; nor is it enough to say that their history is somewhat the more attractive on this account, since what is gained in life and character is more than balanced by the loss of candour. We willingly take the opportunity which these writers afford us, of offering some remarks upon the subject of their labours, bringing to the task opinions which are avowedly as decided as their own, and feelings which we trust are not less charitable.

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‘The history of the Church, during the reign of Elizabeth, presents a melancholy picture of discord, bigotry and intolerance.’ So says Mr. Wilson, though it will hardly be expected that his readers of every description will agree with him. ‘The Reformation,’ he adds, ‘as then established in England, was materially defective and came far short of what was designed by those who had the chief hand in promoting it; for the bishops and the Queen were infinitely more concerned to preserve a few unprofitable rites and ceremonies, than to promote the instruction of the people.’ That Elizabeth and her bishops acted sometimes erroneously, and sometimes culpably, will be admitted by those who are most grateful to them for the general tenor of their conduct: but this same writer explains, and in no slight degree justifies, the conduct which he condemns, when he relates how the earliest dissenters held ‘that the constitution of the hierarchy was too bad to be mended; that the very pillars of it were rotten; that the structure ought to be raised anew, and that they were resolved to lay a new foundation, though it were at the hazard of all that was dear to them in the world.’ ‘Their chief error,’ he says, ‘seems to have been their uncharitableness in *unchurching* the whole Christian world except themselves.’ But the Queen and the bishops might not unreasonably think that an error of some magnitude in its consequences was included in the resolution of laying a new foundation for the church, inasmuch as the first business must have been to clear the ground by pulling down that which was already erected.

But it is not our purpose to enter upon an exposure of the fallacies into which these writers have fallen. To write history as it ought to be written, requires a power of intellectual transmigration with which few persons are gifted. The author, if he would deal justly toward those whose actions he professes to record, should go back to their times, and, standing where they stood, endeavour, as far as is possible, to see things as they appeared within their scope of vision, in the same light, and from the same point of view, and through the same medium. It is commonly remarked of private disputes, that both parties are in the wrong, but it is not less true that both may be, to a certain degree, right: and by him who is capable of thus entering into the life of others, it will be found that individuals, sects, and factions who, in ages of political or religious discord, have taken the most opposite parts and acted with the most inveterate hostility to each other, may yet have been equally sincere, equally conscientious, and therefore equally self-justified. This conclusion does not lead to that miserable state of Pyrrhonism which in these days assumes the name of liberality, and is in its consequences scarcely less pernicious than the fiercest bigotry.

gotry. It carries with it comfort as well as humiliation; for when it shews how much of error has been mingled with the virtues of good men, it shews also how many virtues have coexisted with errors of conduct as well as of opinion; and that, mournful as human history is, there has always been more goodness among mankind, than historians have given it credit for.

Uncharitableness is the general fault of history, and of ecclesiastical history most of all. In Bernino's *Historia di Tutte l' Heresie*, there is as regular a machinery as the most approved receipts enjoin for an epic poem; Satan raises a heresy for him just as he raises a storm for Sir Richard Blackmore; and no doubt Bernino wrote as he believed, without the slightest intention of deceiving the reader. Even in authors who abstain from the language of metaphor and mythology, it is amusing to observe how the founder of a sect is usually described as a monster of iniquity. This want of sense as well as of charity has extended almost to our own days. Count Zinzendorf and Wesley did not escape such charges, and Cowper's *Leuconomus* will be recollected by every one. It is a fact that when Priestley was in his worst odour of heresy, a barber, who was shaving him at an inn, happened, during the operation, to discover who the personage was upon whom he was employed, on which he threw down his razor, and ran out of the room, declaring that he had seen a cloven foot! Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, when they speak of the death of Priestley, are not less bigotted than the barber, and far less excusable. They say of him, 'when he bids his family good night, and speaks of death as a *good long sleep*, we almost fancy ourselves transported to Paris at the era of the infidel and revolutionary fury; for alas! Priestley speaks only of sleeping in the grave, and not, like Paul, of sleeping in Jesus!' Whatever Priestley might have been, this is a wicked misrepresentation of him: these writers know that when he spoke of a long sleep, he alluded to his belief in the sleep of the soul till the resurrection, a notion not peculiar to him; and they know that his belief in the resurrection was as sincere as their own, founded upon the same premises, and producing the same consolations. Bigotry makes as dismal an effect upon the understanding as upon the heart.

We must take in this world the evil with the good, and happy are they who perceive how greatly the good preponderates. Of all the blessings which have been vouchsafed to England, abundantly as England has been blessed, the Reformation is the greatest. It rid us of Catholic idolatry, Catholic polytheism, the celibacy of the clergy, and the abomination of auricular confession—an evil, compared with which the monstrous fables and other anti-christian institutions of the Romish church, shrink into insignificance. The price we paid for the deliverance was a religious struggle which,

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after more than a century, broke out into a civil war, which the termination of that war mitigated, but could not quell, and which has continued till the present day. In the barbarous kingdoms of Africa and the East, revolutions are like hurricanes; they come as suddenly, and subside as soon; and when the immediate havoc is repaired, things go on as before, till another storm brings with it a similar devastation. But in civilized states where these convulsions affect the minds of men, long series of melancholy causes must bring them on, and longer and more melancholy consequences follow in their train. The price which we have paid has not been too great for the benefit,—for it is to the Reformation that England is indebted for that moral and intellectual eminence which she has so long enjoyed. But woe be to us and our posterity, if the Church Establishment should again be overthrown; if the principles and feelings of men should again be loosened; if the cables of their faith should be cut, and they should be left to drive about at the mercy of the winds and tides! A new age of moral and religious anarchy would ensue, the happiest termination of which would be that which should bring us nearest to our present state, and all the intermediate sum of misery would be only the bitter price which folly pays for repentance.

The Dissenting writers in their representations of Elizabeth seem always to forget that the question was, which church was to be established—theirs or hers. Never had any sovereign a more difficult task to perform: to frame a system which should comprehend all parties was manifestly impossible; that therefore was the best, which, without making any improper concession, should include the greatest number. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett find matter for reproach against the Church in her success. When the oath of supremacy was to be taken, they say that only two hundred and forty-three persons were found among the clergy who had sufficient regard for truth and conscience to give up their preferment. ‘As these,’ they add, ‘were in all probability the best of the party, what can we think of those who retained their livings, and of the establishment which contained so many thousand weathercocks, who after having been reconciled to the Holy See under Mary, now relapsed again to Protestantism at the beck of Elizabeth?’ For the men themselves, who are thus reproached for not having had courage enough to endure the flames, (this is the whole of the charge against them,) it will be sufficient to repeat what Fuller says upon a like occasion, ‘O there is more required to make a man valiant, than only to call another coward!’ And for the slur at the establishment, it must be left for these logicians to shew in what manner any establishment could be so devised as to exclude those who chose to conform to it. But in reality here it is that the wisdom of the founders of our Church appears most conspicuous. They purified

purified religion of all the gross corruptions with which Rome had polluted it, and retaining only that which, as they thought, could allowably be retained, offered so little violence to old feelings, that more outcry was raised against them by the zealots of the Reformation than by the Catholics themselves.

Even Milton has joined in this ill-deserved reproach. 'I persuade myself,' says he, 'if our zeal to true religion, and the brotherly usage of our truest friends were as notorious to the world as our *Prelatical schism*, and captivity to *Rochet apophthegms*, we had ere this seen our old conquerors, and afterwards liegemen, the Normans, together with the Britains, our proper colony, and all the Gascoins that are the rightful dowry of our ancient kings, come with cap and knee, desiring the shadow of the English sceptre to defend them from the hot persecutions and taxes of the French. But when they come hither and see a tympany of Spaniolized bishops swaggering in the foretop of the state, and meddling to turn and dandle the royal ball with unskilful and pedantic palms, no marvel though they think it as unsafe to commit religion and liberty to their arbitrating as to a synagogue of Jesuits.' But against the opinion of those who think that we ought to have departed as widely as possible from all the forms and institutions of the Romish church, and that the general cause of Protestantism was injured because the change was not sufficiently broad and striking, there is the weighty testimony of Sully. When that distinguished statesman came over to congratulate James upon his accession, and saw our church service, he remarked that if the French Protestants had retained the same advantages of order and decency, there would at that time have been many thousand more Protestants in France. In reality, the effect of the outward and visible forms which were retained was such, that during the first years of Elizabeth the Catholics very generally frequented the English service; and of what advantage this must have been to the new establishment will be apparent to all who know how much more we are the creatures of habit than of reason. Many of the clergy also, who were hostile to the Reformation, took the oath of supremacy and conformed, in order to keep the Protestants out of the churches, and retain them as strong holds from whence they might support their secret cause whenever opportunity should offer. That opportunity was never given them; and they served the church which it was their hope and desire to see subverted; for they performed its offices at a time when, small as the number of the ejected clergy was, qualified persons enough could not be found to succeed them. In this, in the commencement of the English reformation, and in the manner in which 'Popish lands made Protestant landlords,' we see how evil was made subservient to good.

A greater

A greater number of the clergy may well be supposed to have been in an unsettled state of mind, little curious or conversant in disputed points of faith, but attached to the forms in which they had been bred up. In the latter years of her reign, when the Pope made use of religion to excite rebellion and conspiracies against her, Elizabeth offered concessions to the Puritans, which, had they been accepted, would have driven many of these men out of the church: but it was then seen that concessions which would have materially diminished the number of converts from popery, would have done little towards reclaiming those who had imbibed the temper as well as the doctrines of the Genevan school. For when Walsingham offered, in the Queen's name, that if they would conform in other points, the three shocking ceremonies, as they accounted them, of kneeling at the communion, wearing the surplice, and the cross in baptism, should be abolished, they replied in the language of Moses, *Ne ungulam esse relinquendam*,—they would not leave even a hoof behind.

Osborne remarks that the Puritans derived no inconsiderable advantage from the name which was given them, 'since under that general term were comprehended not only those brainsick fools as did oppose the discipline and ceremonies of the church, and made religion an umbrella to impiety, but such as out of mere honesty refrained from the vices of the times were branded by this title; weaved of such a fashion as it became a covering to the wicked, and no better than a fool's coat to men truly conscientious.' 'Had they held them,' he says afterwards, 'to the name of hypocrites, known and abominated by all, they would have been buried in contempt, and not risen, as since they have done, to the perpetual detriment of church and state. But the breadth and newness of the name,* together with the colour it hath, did not only delight and cover all that cheated under a pretence of sanctity, but stifled the seeds of

* A Puritan rampant, who calls himself J. S. Gent., who was evidently a man of learning, and might have been a man of genius if the disease of the times had not made him stark mad, gives, both in prose and verse, the feelings of his party respecting this appellation. 'Puritan,' he says, 'the invention of hell, the language of profaneness, the blasphemy of God, the evocation of a heart desperately wicked, a glorious defamation, an undermining of, an open thrust at, the very heart, life and power of religion; an evident preferring of pharisaical forms and Laodicean neutrality; a watch-devillian device to kindle fire in church and state; a sly practice of the old serpent's old maxim, "divide and reign;" &c.

In his crazy rhymes, he says—

A Puritan? what's that? an hypocrite.
Nay hold there man, for so thou dost but fit
The noose for thine own neck,—I tell thee, man,
Thou art an atheist, or a Puritan,
Thou art a devil or a Puritan.—&c. &c.

Soliloquies Theologicall. 1641.

goodness;

goodness; so as probity was obstructed by deceit in the general commerce, and religion, the guard of propriety, rendered useless, if not destructive to human society.' This is refining too much; in our own later history, and still more remarkably in our own times, we have instances to shew that names the most contemptuous in their origin and reproachful in their import, have been readily appropriated by the parties to whom they were applied; because, in fact, a name soon becomes merely a name; and no party can exist without one. Our greatest statesmen have long divided themselves into Whigs and Tories, and the fortune which the appellation *Sans Culottes* found among a people who call themselves the most polished and the most amiable of nations, will be remembered as long as their history endures. The festivals in their new Calendar were called *Sans Culottides*, and if the fashion had lasted a little longer, we should have had a *Sans Culottes* among the constellations.

By whatever name the puritans might have been denominated, their history would have been the same; their rise was one of the inevitable consequences of a religious revolution, and the civil war was as inevitable an effect of their progress. This result they contemplated from the beginning. They taught that 'if princes hinder them who seek for the discipline, they are tyrants both to the church and ministers, and being so, may be deposed by their subjects.'—Thus completely did popery and puritanism meet in the political deductions from their presumed infallibility. It was Martin Mar-Prelate's advice 'to put down lord bishops, and bring in the Reformation which they looked for, whether her majesty would or not.' And Cartwright, in that part of the service where he should have prayed for the bishops, used to say, 'because that they which ought to be pillars in the church do bend themselves against Christ and his truth, therefore, O Lord! give us grace and power all as one man to set ourselves against them.' What could be done with men who prayed and preached to this tune, and issued libels in this spirit from their private presses? To say that if they had not been persecuted they would have been harmless, can only be the argument of ignorance; the people of that age entered into things of this kind with as much passion as is excited now by an O. P. war, or a factious political question; and the interest which they took did not pass away, like the passions of the present multitude, with the ephemeral folly that stirs them up; it was as deep and permanent as the principle of religion in the human mind. It is easy to talk of toleration, and say that the church should have tolerated these schismatics; they would not tolerate the church.—'If,' said Calamy, preaching before the House of Commons when they had gained the victory,—'if you do not labour according to your duty and power to suppress the errors and heresies that are spread

spread in the kingdom, all these errors are your errors, and these heresies are your heresies.' 'Doth Paul,' exclaims another preacher, 'wish, "I would they were cut off that trouble you,"—and is it such a heinous offence now, for the faithful servants of Christ to advise you to the same course? Oh, Heavens!' 'We intended not,' says Baxter, 'to dig down the banks, or to pull up the hedge and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease. We must either tolerate all men to do what they will which they will make a matter of conscience or religion, and then some may offer their children in sacrifice to the devil, and some may think they do God service in killing his servants; or else you must tolerate no error or fault in religion, and then you must advise what measure of penalty you will inflict. My judgment I have always freely made known; I abhor unlimited liberty, or toleration of all.' The whole body of the London ministers in 1645 drew up their protest against what they called the great Diana of the Independents, and all the sectarians. 'We detest and abhor,' said they, 'the much endeavoured toleration. Our bowels, our bowels are stirred within us, and we could even drown ourselves in tears when we call to mind how long and sharp a travail this kingdom hath been in for many years together to bring forth that blessed fruit of a pure and perfect reformation; and now, at last, after all our pangs and dolours and expectations, this real and thorough reformation is in danger of being strangled in the birth by a lawless toleration, that strives to be brought forth before it.' The ministers and elders of one provincial assembly lifted up their cries against toleration as a 'soul-poison.' Those of another said, 'it would be the putting a sword in a madman's hand; a cup of poison into the hands of a child; a letting loose of madmen with firebrands, and appointing a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to.' All this is moderate to the language of Edwards in his *Gangræna*, where he exhorts ministers to 'pray to God and call upon him night and day to give a miscarrying womb to the sectaries, that they may never bring forth that misshapen bastard monster of a toleration. Toleration,' says he, 'will make the kingdom a chaos, a Babel, another Amsterdam, a Sodom, an Egypt, a Babylon. Toleration is the grand work of the devil, his masterpiece and chief engine to uphold his tottering kingdom: it is the most compendious, ready, sure way to destroy all religion, lay all waste, and bring in all evil: it is a most transcendent, catholique and fundamental evil. As original sin is the fundamental sin, having the seed and spawn of all sins in it, so toleration hath all errors in it, and all evils.' This was the temper of the puritans; but to say that toleration would have contented men who laid claim to supremacy, and accounted intolerance

rance in their own hands a christian duty of the first magnitude, is as absurd as it would be to attempt to reason a madman into sanity.

The excesses of one party must always be remembered to explain and in no little degree to excuse the excesses of the other. We shudder at the sentences of the Star Chamber; but when Laud nailed the ears of his libellers to the pillory, he well knew that they, and such as they, were labouring to bring his head to the block. There is a passage in his history of his own troubles and trial, shewing his foresight in a manner to which the event has given an affecting and almost a prophetic character. 'I cannot but observe,' says he, 'that at this time the parliament tendered two, and but two bills to the King to sign. This to cut off Strafford's head was one; and the other was that this parliament should neither be dissolved, nor adjourned, but by the consent of both houses: *in which what he cut off from himself, time will better shew than I can.* God bless the King and his royal issue.' We would as little vindicate the Star-Chamber, as the present race of dissenters would justify the death of Laud, and the brutal insults and aggravated injustice by which it was preceded. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett fail not to notice, with due indignation, 'the most infamous tragedy acted in the treatment of Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick,' and to describe the bloody manner in which the shocking sentence was executed; but they pass over the bloodier and deeper tragedy of Laud, by simply saying that he was 'brought to the block,' and repeating the old and oft confuted calumny, that, under his primacy, 'it was every day becoming more difficult and less important to distinguish between the church of England and that of Rome;' and they affirm that, 'though it is not proved that he wished to re-unite the two churches, it is evident that he was even more compliant than James, who wished to meet half-way.'

The insidious manner in which these authors thus endeavour to make that believed, which they say has not been proved, must not pass without reprehension. They may perhaps have read the trial of Laud without feeling the injustice and illegality of the proceedings, or the low malice and detestable artifices of his triumphant enemies; they may have been blind to these, because with the principles of their predecessors they have perhaps in too great a degree retained their passions also: Laud had persecuted them; and persecution, as Warburton says, 'though it may strengthen or improve our faith, doth not so easily enlarge our charity.' But it ought not utterly to extinguish charity; and is it possible that they, being christians themselves, and serious christians as they would style themselves, can disbelieve the last solemn declaration of Laud himself? 'I was born and baptized,' said he, 'in the bosom of the church

church of England established by law; in that profession I have ever since lived, and in that I come now to die. This is now no time to dissemble with God, least of all in matters of religion; and therefore I desire it may be remembered I have always lived in the Protestant religion established in England, and in that I come now to die. I can bring no witness of my heart and the intentions thereof; therefore I must come to my protestation not at the bar, but my protestation at the hour and instant of my death; in which I hope all men will be such charitable christians, as not to think I would die and dissemble, being instantly to give God an account for the truth of it. I do therefore here, in the presence of God and his holy angels, take it upon my death, that I never endeavoured the subversion of law or religion. But I have done. I forgive all the world, and all and every of these bitter enemies which have persecuted me; and humbly desire to be forgiven of God first, and then of every man, whether I have offended him or not, if he do but conceive that I have,—Lord, do thou forgive me, and I beg forgiveness of him!

Will this convince those persons who still asperse the intentions of Laud? will they believe him, that in the bosom of the church of England he lived and died? or was his hope deceived, and are they such uncharitable christians as to think that he would die and dissemble? Look then at the whole scene of his suffering! When the passing of the ordinance was signified to him, 'he neither entertained the news with a stoical apathy, nor wailed his fate with weak and womanish lamentations; but heard it with so even and smooth a temper, as shewed he neither was ashamed to live, nor afraid to die.' And when he was conducted to the scaffold, 'he ascended with such a cheerful countenance, as if he had mounted rather to behold a triumph than be made a sacrifice, and came not there to die but to be translated. And though some rude and uncivil people reviled him as he passed along with opprobrious language, as loth to let him go to the grave in peace, yet it never discomposed his thoughts, nor disturbed his patience.

In Mr. Parsons's new and condensed edition of Neal's History of the Puritans, Laud's dying declaration that he had never endeavoured the subversion of the laws of the realm, nor any change of the Protestant religion into popish superstition, is printed in large capital letters, obviously for the purpose of shewing that Mr. Neal considered it a falsehood. This author, whose coarse, bold, self-satisfied countenance at the beginning of his book may teach any one who can read the most legible characters of nature, what kind of feeling he is to expect in it, says that the archbishop declared himself upon the scaffold a Protestant according to the church of England, 'but with more charity to the church of Rome than to

the foreign Protestants.' There can be no mistake concerning what Laud said upon the scaffold, for, he chose to read what he had to say, and he delivered the paper himself to one of his chaplains, by whom it was faithfully preserved. There is not a sentence, not a word, not a syllable, which gives the slightest ground for this representation: not a hint or sentiment in it expressed, or by any sophistry to be implied, looking toward the foreign Protestants. If Laud did not die in charity with all men, in whom is charity to be found? When he mentioned his enemies, it was only to forgive them, and to entreat their forgiveness: and when he perceived, 'through the chinks of the boards, that some people were got under the scaffold about the very place where the block was seated, he called to the officer for some dust to stop the crevices, or to remove the people thence, saying it was no part of his desire that his blood should fall upon the heads of the people.' When indeed he spoke of the calamities of the times, it was with a manliness and frankness alone sufficient to have set the stamp of veracity upon whatever he had said which might be more conformable to the temper of the people. 'I know my God whom I serve is as able to deliver me from the sea of blood, as he was to deliver the three children from the furnace; and (I humbly thank my Saviour for it) my resolution is now as theirs was then; they *would not worship the image the king had set up*, nor will I the imaginations which the people are setting up; nor will I forsake the temple and truth of God, to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel. And as for this people, they are at this day miserably misled; God of his mercy open their eyes that they may see the right way, for at this day the blind lead the blind, and if they go on, both will certainly fall into the ditch.' And again, when he spoke of 'the church of England,' 'it hath flourished and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches, when storms have driven upon them; but, alas! now it is in a storm itself, and God only knows whether, or how, it shall get out. And, which is worse than the storm from without, it is become like an oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body, and at every cleft profaneness and irreligion are entering in, while men that introduce profaneness are cloaked over with the name of imaginary religion.' Lastly, at the close of his prayer, in a higher strain, 'that there may be a stop of this issue of blood in this more than miserable kingdom, (I shall desire that I may pray for the people too as well as for myself,) O Lord, I beseech thee, give grace of repentance to all blood-thirsty people; but if they will not repent, O Lord, confound all their devices, defeat and frustrate all their designs and endeavours upon them, which are or shall be contrary to the glory of thy great name, the truth and sincerity of

of religion, the establishment of the King and his posterity after him in their just rights and privileges, the honour and conservation of parliament in their just power, the preservation of this poor church in her truth, peace, and patrimony, and the settlement of this distracted and distressed people under their ancient laws, and in their native liberty. And when thou hast done all this, in mere mercy to them, O Lord, fill their hearts with thankfulness, and with religious dutiful obedience to thee and thy commandments all their days. Amen, Lord Jesu, Amen.' Surely the sincerity of one who prayed thus for the just power of parliament, and the ancient laws and native liberty of the people, should be admitted, even by those who may be incapable of admiring the magnanimity with which it was accompanied.

'This done, (says Heylyn,) he next applied himself to the fatal block, as to the haven of his rest. But finding the way full of people, who had placed themselves upon the theatre to behold the tragedy, he desired he might have room to die, beseeching them to let him have an end of his miseries, which he had endured very long; all which he did with so serene and calm a mind, as if he rather had been taking order for a nobleman's funeral, than making way for his own. Being come near the block, he put off his doublet, and used some words to this effect: "God's will be done. I am willing to go out of the world—none can be more willing to send me. Never did man put off mortality with a better courage nor look upon his bloody and malicious enemies with more Christian charity."

His head was severed at a blow, and 'instantly (says Fuller) his face, ruddy in the last moment, turned pale as ashes, confuting their falsehoods, who gave it out that he had purposely painted it, to fortify his cheeks against discovery of fear in the paleness of his complexion.' Such were the circumstances of that tragedy, which the historians of the Dissenters pass over in their Introduction in one short pithy sentence, without a hint of disapprobation or even of compassion: '*Laud was brought to the block.*' Six monosyllables are all that they vouchsafe for it; and Mr. Neal, omitting every thing that is peculiar, every thing that is pathetic, every thing that is sublime in the scene, tells us that the friends of Laud 'have really lessened him by writing his life!'

We are not the apologists of Laud; in some things he was erroneous, in some imprudent, in others culpable. Evil, which upon the great scale is ever made conducive to good, produces evil to those by whom it comes. The bloody sentences of the Star Chamber brought down upon him a more tragic catastrophe than he attempted to avert by them; a milder primate could not have saved the church from her enemies, but he would not have perished by their hands. And in return, it cannot be doubted that when the clergy

regained their ascendancy, the severity with which they treated the Dissenters was in no slight degree exasperated by the remembrance of his execution. For though, as Fuller says, 'the beholders on that day were so divided between bemoaners and insulters, it was hard to decide which of them made up the major part of the company;' the feeling of the country was not thus balanced: his love of letters, and the munificence of his bounty were remembered, and as the drama of life is usually judged of by the catastrophe, so that men are accounted good or ill, fortunate or unhappy, according to their end, it was from his death that the popular and general impression of his character derived its colour. Most peculiarly is it the duty of the historian to exercise the high office which he has assumed, with charity as well as justice. He injures his own cause if he forbear to expose the errors of the party whose general principles and conduct he may conscientiously approve; still more does he injure it if he attempt to conceal or gloss over their crimes; but if he go beyond this, and dare to apologize for them, he appropriates to himself no light portion of the guilt which he sanctions, and makes himself responsible for the consequences to which that sanction may tend. That which has happened may happen again; the passions of men remain the same; progressive as we are, we have often to go through the same lessons as the ages before us; and therefore it especially behoves the historian to inculcate charity, and take part with the oppressed, whoever may have been the oppressors. Of all beasts, the many-headed one is the most ferocious; and it is fearful to think how soon and how surely the taste of blood creates the appetite for it!

When men after long habits of blind obedience in religion, began to search the Scriptures and to frame articles of belief for themselves, it was impossible that they should not differ; and as they were all agreed that any error upon these points was damnable, they all became in some measure intolerant; and the dominant party persecuted both in duty and in self-defence. Here it was that both parties erred, but thus it was that both felt, and thus in justice both ought to be represented. To write history in the true spirit of general goodwill no suppression is needed, no falsification, no affectation of candour; it is but to represent men in their actions as they have appeared to themselves, and, God be praised, there are few characters so unredeemed, that we should then regard their sufferings without compassion, or their errors without excuse.

There is another cause for the multiplicity of sects in reformed countries, which has not perhaps been generally considered, and which will always operate. The papal establishment, which, in its whole and perfect system, was the greatest work of human art as well as of human audacity, provided ample employment for

for all those spirits that disturb the peace of the Protestant churches. The Wesley of a Catholic country founded a new order; the Whitefield reformed one; the James Naylor was encouraged in his delirium, received the *stigmata*, and became a saint. The minor dealers in schism, who among us divide a meeting-house, altered the cut or the colour of a habit; the subtle controversialist was set to work upon the Sentences; the bilious polemic spent his gall upon the question of the immaculate conception, ranging himself either with the Scotists or the Thomists; or he found, in the antiquity of his rule and the counter-claims of a rival community, as fertile a subject for folios as the question of episcopal government, or pædo-baptism, or irreversible decrees. If it cannot strictly be affirmed that under the papal establishment no man became a heretic but he who distinctly perceived the errors of the Romish church, and was willing to seal his testimony against it with his blood, certain it is that no one ever expressed his dissent except under the strongest impulses of conscience and zeal. The mountebank and the impostor need not set up for themselves, they find their place; and even for honest and intemperate enthusiasm, so many channels are opened, that there is scarcely a possibility of its running wild. The fanatic who, in this country, would drive the nervous part of his hearers mad by railing at the sins of his neighbours, was taught by the wise policy of the Romish church to expend his fervour upon his own; he was furnished with knotted scourges, hair shirts, and drawers composed of wire and bristles; if this did not content him, he might add a nutmeg-grater waistcoat, and then he had put on the whole papistical armour of righteousness. Were his abilities of a higher order, or his desires of a higher aim, he was sent to direct the concerns of a mission, or to serve in the ranks and receive the crown of martyrdom. Fatuity itself could be converted to some profitable purpose, as the blessed Juniper may prove; and madness found a more commodious cell in the monastery than we provide for it in Bedlam.

Protestantism had none of these means of prevention, and this was one chief reason why the blood of the beast with seven heads proved as prolific of monsters as that of its prototype in Grecian fable. The more troubled the time, the faster did sects multiply. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett have given a summary description of the two great divisions. 'In order,' say they, 'to be, or to seem to be a puritan, there must be the appearance of superior sanctity, and a peculiar purity and even severity of manners; but these are by no means necessary to constitute a high-church champion. Let there be a loud cry that "the church is in danger," and abundance of heat and fury against sectaries and fanatics, and nothing more is needful. In life and conversation he need not be a whit better than

his neighbours; two or three of the ordinary vices of human nature will by no means injure him in the esteem of his constituents.' A little more thought, with the help of a little more charity, might have shewn these writers that all the virtues are not on one side, and all the vices on the other. Hooker and Travers divided the opinions of their contemporaries for the palm of ability and learning; for that of piety and humility and all christian virtues, none on earth is worthy to judge between them. Among the puritan sufferers there is not a fairer name than that of Udal; even among churchmen in his own times many, says Fuller, conceived the proceedings against him '*rigorous in the greatest, (which, at best, is cruel in the least degree,)* considering the worth of his person, and the weakness of the proof against him.' And when he died in prison, 'for an higher judge had formerly past another sentence on Udal's death, that his soul and body should not by shameful violence be forced asunder, but that they should take a fair farewell each of other; right glad were his friends that his death prevented his death; and the wisest of his foes were well contented therewith, esteeming it better that his candle should go than be put out.' This man's son, inheriting his father's piety and fearless spirit, but not his opinions, held the living of St. Augustine in London during the civil wars, and was as* active against the Puritans as his father had been in their behalf. At a time when he was 'aged, of very weak and infirm body, his strength exhausted with continual labour in preaching the word of God, visiting the sick, and in execution of other ministerial functions,' he was not merely ejected from his living, but compelled to hide himself lest he should be committed to close prison; while his house was plundered, and his wife, a bed-ridden cripple, forcibly taken out and left in the streets. Here were father and son, both of known and exemplary virtue and unimpeachable sincerity, the one the martyr the other the victim of puritanism. Who shall say that one of these men was justified rather than the other? Among the many dreadful scenes in Smithfield, there is one which in these more tolerant days holds out a memorable lesson. Three Protestants suffered under the Six Articles, and three Papists for denying the king's supremacy, at the same time and place: 'the which spectacle,' says Fox, 'so happening upon one day, on two so contrary parts or factions, brought the people into a marvellous admiration and doubt of their religion, which part to follow or take; as might so well happen among ignorant and simple people, seeing two contrary parts so to suffer, the one for popery—the other against popery, both at one time. In-

* 'You desire truth and peace,' said he, in a sermon at Mercers chapel; 'leave your lying, and you may have truth; lay down your undutiful arms, and you may have peace.'

so much that a certain stranger being there present, and seeing three on one side and three on the other side to suffer, said in these words, "*Deus bone! quomodo hic vivunt gentes! hic suspenduntur Papistæ, illic comburuntur Antipapistæ.*"—"They were dragged on hurdles," says Fuller, 'coupled two and two, a papist and a protestant; cattle of different kinds yoked to draw, or rather to be drawn together; insomuch that a Romanist professeth that to the three papists this their unequal matching was to them *ipsâ morte gravius et intolerabilius*, more heavy and intolerable than death itself. But the protestants expressed no such distaste thereat, not angry out of principles of pride for the joining of their bodies together, but grieved out of the grounds of charity, that their souls soon after should so far be parted asunder.' This is one of those cases in which faith may well be believed to cover the want of charity. How must these martyrs of both persuasions have been surprised when they met that day in Paradise! 'Though good men,' says Warburton, 'will not be persuaded to go all one road to heaven, yet it is to be hoped, when no human impediment is laid across the road, that good men of all parties may get thither at last, though some with more and others with less difficulty.' The Romanists in their auto-de-fé sermons told their victims that the fire to which they were condemned here was but a faint foretaste of that which was to be their everlasting portion; unquestionably error has had its martyrs as well as truth, but we may well acknowledge that the faith of him who gives his body to be burnt will atone for all the errors of his frail and fallible understanding.

Men of good principles take different sides, according as they see the black or white side of the shield; men of bad ones, or of none, chuse that by which they think they can gain the most: the far greater part of every community believe as they are taught. The pious and humble spirit follows in the way of his fathers, and goes with the stream; his reason is not perplexed, and his heart is at rest. In the powerful language of Michel Angelo,

'E'l Dubbio, e'l Forse, e'l Come, e'l Perche, rio
Nol posson far.'

—But when opinions are up in arms, and old establishments are shaken and subverted, then it is that the *doubt* and the *perhaps*, and the *how* and the *why* assail him; the very ground of his religious hope trembles under his feet, and the staff of authority upon which he would lean becomes a broken reed. This state of mind is no where more curiously exemplified than in the history of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, the most remarkable man for the effect which he produced, of all who appeared in those perturbed times. The people generally believed that the civil war was for religion's

gion's sake, and he, a young and solitary enthusiast, who had fostered his melancholy imagination in the lonely employment of keeping sheep, knew not which of the contending churches to chuse, and yet believed that his eternal welfare depended upon the choice.

In this state 'he fell into a strong temptation, almost to despair, and was in mighty trouble, sometimes keeping himself retired in his chamber, and often walking solitarily to wait upon the Lord.' His relations would have had him marry, but he told them he was but a lad and must get wisdom: others urged him to enter in the auxiliary band among the Parliament's forces, but this was a calling to which he had no inclination. His trouble of mind increased upon him, he past whole nights in walking, 'and went to many a priest,' as the historian of the Quakers says, 'to look for comfort.' The result of one of these consultations he relates himself. 'I went to another ancient priest at Mansetter in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations, but he was ignorant of my condition, and he bid me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in an estate to sing. I could not sing.' Another minister, 'of high account,' was for giving him physic and bleeding him. He was right enough in his judgment of the kind of disease, but not of the species; for 'they could not get one drop of blood from him, either in the arms or the head, his whole body being as it were dried up with sorrow, grief, and trouble.'

George Fox was as confused in his writings as Cromwell in his speeches. Yet there is one passage in his journal which describes the state of his mind in one part of its progress more beautifully than the ablest psychologist could have done. 'One morning,' says he, 'as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, all things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it; but in as much as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried, there is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.'

Among George Fox's converts were two men conspicuous in their day. Lilburne was one; 'a man (to borrow the expressive phrase of Capt. Beaver) fit to draw a lion's tooth.' Sewel has preserved two curious letters, written after his conversion, and dated 'from my innocent and every way causeless captivity, in Dover Castle, the place of my soul's delightful and contentful abode.'

This

This restless spirit had now taken a harmless direction; protesting that he was 'already dead, or crucified, to the very occasions and real grounds of all outward wars, and carnal sword-fightings, and fleshly bustlings and contests, and should never thereafter be an user of a temporal sword more, nor a partner with those that do so.—I now (said he) can contentedly feed savourily upon bread and cheese and small beer alone, for saving of money; and for my liberty, I am ready really with Peter to say it is good being here; for even in Dover Castle, through the loving kindness of God, I have met with a more clear, plain, and evident knowledge of God and myself, and his gracious outgoings to my soul, than ever I had in all my life-time, not excepting my glorying and rejoicing condition under the bishops.' Such was John Lalburne after he had joined 'the savouriest of people called Quakers.'

James Naylor was the other. All our historians relate how this poor fanatic entered Bristol with a set of crazy people before him, singing, Holy, holy, holy, Hosannah in the highest! Cromwell would have remitted the barbarous punishment to which he was condemned, but the public preachers Caryl, Manton, Nye, Griffith, and Reynolds, were as inexorable as so many Dominican friars, and like all punishments in those days, it was inflicted with the utmost rigour of inhumanity. He recovered both from his madness and his sufferings, and his after-life was a reproach to those who, in the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their understandings, had treated insanity like guilt. What he said an hour or two before his death, has a peculiar and individual character not often to be found among the 'last words' with which the magazines and memorials of the Dissenters are filled. 'There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it; it is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression.'

The number of persons in these unhappy days who found themselves astray like sheep when the fold has been broken down, was so great, that they formed a sort of religious society of their own, if that can be called so in which the members agree only in professing that they were seeking for the truth and had not found it. They were called Seekers, and according to Baxter, were first made a separate denomination by Roger Williams, a man whom Cotton Mather stigmatizes for what he calls the crime of *Korahism*, or a litigious and levelling spirit of separation. His history belongs to America rather than England, but we must not even thus casually mention

mention his name, without an expression of respect and reverence, for he was one of the best men who ever set foot upon the new world—a man of genius and of virtue, in whom enthusiasm took the happiest direction, and produced the best fruits. The Seekers were a sort of preparatory sect, from whom the Quakers derived many of their converts; the Ranters, on the contrary, were those who outwent them in extravagance, and were supposed by them to be under a delusion. It was one of their common practices to ‘speak in the Steeple House against the priest:’ the stocks would have been the sufficient and appropriate punishment for disturbing public worship, but it was too often punished by brutal violence and confinement in prisons which were a disgrace to the country. One of them was moved to exhort Cromwell’s parliament at its first sitting; he prayed to be excused, he says, ‘as thinking that a more unworthy messenger than himself could not be singled out. But whatever he did, he could not be rid of it, and though he spent a whole week with fasting, tears, and supplication, yet during the time of that abstinence he felt a daily supply and refreshment to his spirits.’ So he made his way into the Painted Chamber at Westminster, and having heard the Protector’s speech, declared that he had a word to speak from the Lord, and began to deliver ‘the burden of the word of the Lord God of heaven and earth, as it came unto him on the 22d day of the month;’ saying to the parliament, ‘I charge you all, in the name of the living God, that without interruption or opposition, whether you like it or like it not, you stand still and hear it.’ The self-elected prophet was not allowed to proceed, but he was suffered to depart without any chastisement for his intrusion, and ‘published his speech in print, so as he intended to have delivered it, though not one syllable of it was written before.’ Cromwell indeed was frequently favoured with their admonitions, and the old Quakers were firmly persuaded that the overthrow of his family was a judgment upon him for not interfering more authoritatively to stop the proceedings against them. Two of their society went through all the jails in England to get copies of the Quakers commitments, ‘to lay the weight of their sufferings upon Oliver;’ and when he could not be prevailed upon to offend his own party by giving a general order for their release, one of them took his cap from off his head, and tearing it to pieces said, ‘so shall thy government be rent from thee and from thy house.’ George Fox also warned the Protector, and declared that when he saw him the last time, ‘he perceived a waft of death go forth against him.’

Sometimes their imitation of the prophets took a wilder form. One poor fellow at Chester, ‘judging both priest and people to be exceedingly darkened, to shew them by a sign that they wanted

to be enlightened, came in the day time with a lanthorn and burning candle into the Steeple House during the sermon.' For this offence he was put into a dungeon called by the significant name of Little Ease, and died in consequence of ill treatment. Another walked into the Steeple House at Brough, with a white sheet about him and a halter round his neck; the former was to shew the Presbyterians and Independents that the surplice would be introduced again, the latter was a broad hint of the consequences which they might expect. A woman walked through the streets of Bristol in a sackcloth coat, with her hair loose and filled with dust, to testify against pride. Another went into the Huguenot church at Dieppe, and seated herself opposite the preacher in the most conspicuous place: before the service was finished she stood up, and her maid, who was with her, taking off her mantle and hood, she appeared in sackcloth and ashes. This testimony against pride was not always given in so decent a costume. But the oddest performer of this class was Solomon Eccles, who, as a musician, had been used to get about 150*l.* a year, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having all been professors of the same art. Solomon had gone through a long course of experiments in religion: first he was a churchman, secondly a presbyterian, thirdly an independent, fourthly a baptist, and at last he became a quaker. The two first changes cost him nothing; the third only a dipping; but for the fourth he sacrificed 'his Babylonish trade of music,' and sold his musical books and instruments. Still he had no peace in his conscience; for to transfer these 'instruments of vanity' was only transferring the sin from himself to another; so he bought them again, and carrying books, fiddles, virginals, &c. to Tower Hill, made a burnt offering of them in public, and then he says he had peace.

Solomon Eccles played stranger pranks than this. He walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during mass, naked above the waist, with a chafing-dish of coals and burning brimstone upon his head, and exclaimed, 'Woe to these idolatrous worshippers! God hath sent me this day to warn you and to shew you what will be your portion except you repent.' He escaped with a short imprisonment; more cheaply than from a somewhat similar performance in Bartholomew fair, in full undress, when the coachmen requited him by practising with their whips upon so lawful a mark, 'yet could not allay his fervent zeal.' Having given up 'the art which he once entirely loved, and in the use of which he was educated,' he turned taylor for his support; the spirit moved him to go into the Steeple House at Aldermanbury and work in the pulpit during the singing time, and accordingly he 'resolved in the power of the Lord to carry with him a pocket to sew.' By a well timed and judicious movement

movement he got possession of the pulpit; 'I sate myself down on the cushion,' says he, 'and my feet on the seat where the priest, when he hath told out his lies, doth sit down; and having my work ready, I pulled one or two stitches. The people lost their song, and some cried, pull him down; some, break his neck, and a lusty fellow came up and wrung my neck as if he would have wrung it in two, but the Lord preserved me, and I felt no hurt; and having done that which the spirit required me to do, I was full of peace.*

Amid all this wildness, the early Quakers seem in one respect to have followed the policy of the apostles of the northern nations, by aiming at high converts. The Princess Palatine Elizabeth appears to have been converted. George Fox addressed an epistle to the King of Poland; and William Penn made a bold attempt upon the Czar Peter. Mary Fisher, having escaped from the bloody hands of the Independents in New England, found her way to Adrianople, and paid a visit to the Great Turk at the head of his army. The Turks have a religious respect for all persons whose intellects are deranged; whether Mahomet IV. believed this to be her case, or whether the vague common-places which she delivered somewhat resembled the empty wordiness of the Koran, he listened with great gravity while her discourse was interpreted, said that what she had spoken was truth, and offered her a guard to Constantinople. The Pope was favoured with frequent visits. George Fox addressed some questions to him, which Sewel translated into Latin, and sent by the post. Having waited three months for an answer, they dispatched a second letter, in which they say, 'being uncertain whether it was delivered into thy hands or no, we thought good to write the questions over again, and send them to thee, that it might not be long of us that thou dost not read them.' Odd and unceremonious as this mode of addressing the Pope was, and simple as their grave remark is, that they 'never received or heard any answer to them,' George Fox appears in none of his writings to such advantage as in these questions. None of them are out of date, and the first may profitably be repeated at the present time: 'How comes it to pass that the Pope and cardinals grant not to the Protestants living in Spain, Italy, and at Rome, that liberty of meeting together for the right performing of divine worship which

* Solomon Eccles is still remembered as a musician by a composition which is preserved in the Beggar's Opera. He had three sons, who all inherited the family faculty of music. Of John Eccles, Dr. Burney says, he never remembers to have seen the slightest composition that was not stamped with some mark of genius. Henry was a performer on the violin in the King of France's band; and Thomas, 'who was more fond of drinking than either of good company or clean linen, was one of the last vagrant musicians who used to enquire at taverns if there were any gentlemen in the house who wished to hear music.'

ye yourselves enjoy in England, Holland, and other places, where the Protestants have the chief power ?

The extravagancies of the early quakers exasperated all sects against them. What they so coolly called speaking in the steeple-house against the priest, and which they persisted in for many years, would now be admitted by themselves to be as insufferable as it was then held to be by the magistrates and the people. Their peculiarities exposed them to ridicule : one who had gone over from the society, drew out from the writings of their founder what he called George Fox's Commandments.—Thou shalt not pay tythes. Thou shalt not marry with a priest. Thou shalt not put off thy hat in respect to thy superiors. Thou shalt not shut up thy shop on the world's holy-days. Thou shalt not pay toward the repair of parish churches, nor toward the trained-bands. Thou shalt not carry guns in thy ship. Thou shalt not wear lace, nor ribbons, nor skimming-dish hats, nor short aprons, nor slits on the waistcoat, nor long scarfs like flying colours, nor unnecessary buttons. Thou shalt call the days of the week first day, second day, third day ; and the months first month, second month, third month.—Their vague and rambling language exposed them to severer attacks. The principle upon which they preached was that they should take no thought as to what they should say, but deliver what the spirit prompted ; in plain English—whatever came uppermost. Their preachers are consequently to this day infinitely more nonsensical than those of any other community, and in their first ages their writings were mostly in the same style. Their great historian (and never had any people a more full or faithful one) says of George Fox, that 'his words were not always linked together by a neat grammatical connection, and that his speech sometimes seemed abrupt, as with a kind of gap.' But it was easy for controversial malice to give any meaning to that which in reality had none.

They themselves, though they perfectly observed their principle of non-resistance, could rail to admiration. 'O thou filthy beast,' says George Fox to one of his opponents, 'no prayers can we send to thee but for thy destruction. Thou man of sin and enemy of Christ. O thou impudent and brazenfaced, thou hypocrite and Pharisee, thou art damned openly. Thou art in the sorcery, in the witchcraft, and in the adultery, and in the corrupt seed whose blessings are cursed. Thou child of the devil ; the plagues of God are due to thee, and that is thy portion, thou blind sot, thou dark sot ; thy torment is but beginning, and so fare thee well.' Another of their champions calls Owen and Baxter, moles, tinkers, cow-dung, gimcracks and whirlygigs, viper-grinning dogs, and ragged torn threadbare tatterdemallions ; and this William Penn calls, 'allowing himself the freedom of the prophet Elijah against the prophets

of

of Baal.' The writer who annoyed them most was Francis Bugg, who had been four-and-twenty years of their persuasion. When friend Bugg forsook the society, the savouriest of people discovered that he had not the savouriest of names, and so they addressed him thus. 'Francis Bugg, such as is thy name, such thy nature, the dirtiest of the creeping things in the whole earth, they love the night, feeding upon filth and dung. Night is thy habitation. Woe and alas poor night-Bugg!'—This person was a coarse, uncharitable writer; one of his blows, however, is well aimed. He copies a list of quaker sufferings from 1668 to 1675. One had suffered in having a chair, table and four joint stools taken; another in three yards and a quarter of Scotch cloth; a third in two pails, a pair of andirons and a pewter pot; a fourth in a bullock's hide and some beef, &c. And then he enumerates some of the sufferings in the old persecutions; one broken in a mortar; one fried in a pan; some burned at stakes; some hewn in pieces.

The quakers continue to this day faithfully to catalogue their sufferings in saucepans and spoons; and they retain their hatred of the Steeple House; but their extravagances have ceased, their peculiarities are softened down, and from being the Ishmaelites of the land, they now, in a far greater degree than any other body of separatists, enjoy the good word of all. The green apron and the broad beaver of their women have disappeared; and their men have accommodated themselves a little to the manners, and almost entirely to the spirit of the world. Their enthusiasm has burnt out; but their institutions still preserve them a separate, though probably a decreasing people, more generally prosperous than any other sect, and more active and zealous in their beneficence. In information, and especially in literature, they have been miserably deficient; this they are endeavouring to remedy; but as they have only one liberal profession, and follow none of those pursuits which rouse and quicken the intellectual faculties, they are likely to remain inferior in this important point.

Messrs. Bogue and Bennett touch scantily and insufficiently upon the Quakers, and they are not within the scope of Mr. Wilson's work; which was intended to comprize only the Three Denominations. Concerning these great divisions of the Dissenters, we may glean some amusing and interesting facts. Let us begin with the Independents. They carried with them to New England the principle that their government was to be considered as a theocracy. The gospel of Christ, they said, hath a right paramount to all rights in the world. This right carries liberty along with it for all such as profess the gospel 'to walk according to the faith and order of the gospel. That which is contrary to the gospel hath no right, and therefore should have no liberty.' 'My heart,' says the
simple

simple cobbler of Agawam, (Ward of Ipswich,) 'hath naturally detested four things—the standing of the Apocrypha in the bible; foreigners dwelling in my country to crowd out native subjects into the corners of the east; alchymized coins; and toleration of divers religions, or of one religion in segregant shapes. Polypietty is the greatest impiety in the world. To authorize an untruth by toleration of the state, is to build a scone against the walls of heaven to batter God out of his chair. He that is willing to tolerate any unsound opinion, that his own may be tolerated though never so sound, will for a need hang God's bible at the Devil's girdle. It is said that men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it; I can rather stand amazed than reply to this; it is an astonishment that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance.'

If ever a Welsh Fuller should write the Worthies of Wales, Roger Williams will deserve if not the first place, a place among the first, for he began the first civil government upon earth that gave equal liberty of conscience. This man whose name, if all men had their due, would stand as high as William Penn's, for that upon which Penn's fame is founded, wrote a book against what he called *The bloody tenet of persecution*; and the elder Cotton answered it by another, with this dreadful title, *The bloody tenet washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!* His grandson Cotton Mather's *History of New England* is one of the most singular books in this or in any other language. Its puns and its poems, its sermons and its anagrams, render it unique in its kind. The author not unfrequently reminds us of our own church historian Fuller; but circumstances counteracted the resemblance of their natural disposition. Fuller belonged to a mature establishment, and his opinions, perhaps, were still farther softened because he had been on the suffering side; in Mather there is the hardness and asperity of the sectarian spirit, and Fuller had the richer genius of the two; indeed with all his quaintness, there is a certain kind of excellence in which he stands alone.

In England the Independents have less reason to blush for their ancestors; though, if we would think of them with charity, we must not take their character from the Quakers. Cromwell curbed their zeal, and the most eminent of their preachers in Cromwell's time were men of distinguished liberality as well as learning. Among them John Howe stands in the highest rank. 'For the last three-score years,' says the *History of the Dissenters*, 'no books in divinity have uniformly sold for so large a sum as his two folio volumes. Not a bishop nor archbishop's writings, though there be a charm in titles, have been marked in catalogues at so high a price. Perhaps it may be considered as no unfair test of intellectual and spir-

ritual excellence, that a person can relish the writings of John Howe; if he does not, he may have reason to suspect that something in the head or heart is wrong. A young minister who wishes to attain eminence in his profession, if he has not the works of John Howe, and can procure them in no other way, should sell his coat and buy them; and if that will not suffice, let him sell his bed and lie on the floor; and if he spend his days in reading them, he will not complain that he lies hard at night.

We will make no comment upon the wit or liberality displayed upon the bishops in this passage, nor upon the obvious inaccuracy of supposing that the dearest book must therefore be the book most in request. Howe was an excellent man. At Cambridge he was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More. Having left the university, he settled after a while at Great Torrington in Devonshire, and performed with exemplary zeal the hard duty of the times. Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded scripture for about three quarters; prayed an hour; preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. The people then sung for a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment: he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half an hour. Robinson of Cambridge said to a demure minister, who told him that the ministry was the hardest work in the world, that ditching was much harder; but ditching is nothing to such ministry as this. It is marvellous that any minister could find breath, or any congregation patience for such duty.

He owed his preferment under the Protector to his physiognomy; for Cromwell, seeing him among the congregation at Whitehall, saw that his countenance was not that of an ordinary man, and ordered him to preach on the following Sunday; and after a second and third trial made him, not without reluctance, remove his family to Whitehall and reside there as his domestic chaplain. In that situation he made use of his influence to befriend all whom he thought deserving of it, but never to enrich himself, or his family. Many of the royalists and of the established clergy in their distress were indebted to his good offices; and how innocent he was of all unworthy means either for gaining or keeping the favour which he enjoyed, appeared by his preaching against the notion of a particular faith in prayer, a notion which Cromwell patronized, more probably for political purposes, than that he really entertained it. During the sermon the Protector listened with deep attention, frowning at times, and discovering great uneasiness, so that one who observed him told the preacher it would be difficult for him ever to make his peace. Mr. Howe answered that he had discharged his conscience,

conscience, and left the event with God. But Cromwell never manifested any displeasure, except that he seemed cooler towards him ever afterwards. Mr. Howe continued after his death to reside as chaplain with Richard, and when Richard was set aside, returned to his Devonshire living, from which he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity. He lived to a good old age, and suffered less than most of his nonconforming brethren, because he submitted to be silent, and because in those days of bitter animosity, he had made many men his friends and none his enemies. Sherlock and Tillotson knew and loved him. In his last illness Richard Cromwell, then an old man himself, and like him also beloved and respected wherever he was known, came to make him a visit, and take leave of him before he died. Tears, as may well be supposed, were freely shed on both sides, for they had not seen each other since Richard was Protector, and they were not to meet again till it should be in a better world, a world to which both might look on with as calm an expectation as any who ever put off mortality in faith, after a life well spent.

Messrs. Bogue and Bennett say a little too much when they affirm that Cromwell's chaplains were 'the most able and faithful men that England, or any other country, has ever known.' Such men are rare in any age or in any church; but no church and no age is without such. Of Owen, they say in allusion to their former recommendation of Howe's writings, 'if the theological student should part with his coat or his bed to procure the works of Howe, he that would not sell his shirt to procure those of John Owen, and especially his Exposition, of which every sentence is precious, shews too much regard to his body and too little for his immortal mind.' The name of Owen, they say in another place, has been 'raised to imperial dignity in the theological world.'

Thomas Vincent, an ejected minister of the same persuasion as Owen, and like him of Christ Church, resumed during the plague those duties from which the act of conformity had suspended him; served in some of the forsaken churches every sabbath day, where multitudes followed him, crowding to receive religious comfort when there were few to give it, and visited without fear all that sent for him. It is but justice to the joint historians to give their own comment upon this fact.

'The world has its heroes, whom it holds up to universal admiration in the page of history. Here the church of Christ presents to us one of hers. The world calls us particularly to admire them as they advance to some arduous enterprize, where perils and death stare them in the face, but advancing with tranquillity of mind, with firmness of step, and determined either to conquer or to die. But which of them can be compared to this man! He sees the inhabitants of a city, from which he

had been cast out as unworthy of the name of a minister of Christ, dying by the pestilence which was augmenting its destructive fury from day to day; and he cannot be restrained from rushing into the midst of them to rescue their immortal souls from miseries infinitely greater. He hastens into churches from which he was driven out, and proclaims to listening thousands the glad tidings of salvation, in pulpits, for entering which the law of the land dooms him to a dungeon; but a stronger law, the law of love to God and man, constrains him to publish the mercy of the Gospel to souls on the very brink of eternity. He goes into the house of pestilence, and the chambers of mortal disease, wherever the voice of misery invites him. His exhortations, his counsels, and his prayers, are ever at their call; and they ever flow from a compassionate heart, tenderly sympathising in their distress, and burning with zeal for their salvation. Great was the success of his labours; and during the plague a harvest of souls was reaped, exceeding what results from the painful exertions of many a faithful minister during the course of a long life of zeal.

Facts like these are the glory and beauty of ecclesiastical history. While the man of taste selects his beautiful passages from Demosthenes, Cicero, and Virgil, and reads them with transport, the admirer of spiritual beauty will mark down this page of moral heroism, and read it, and read it again with admiration and delight. One leaf of such writing is worth more than scores of volumes of the disputes of ambitious prelates which glare forth in every century, and the bitter controversies of angry doctors. As long as Christ has a church on earth, and disciples animated with zeal for the glory of his name, Thomas Vincent will live, and let him have a distinguished niche in the temple of God. His writings all breathe forth the most affectionate ardour for the salvation of immortal souls; they savour of the minister who, for months, preached to congregations infected with the plague: they display the man of God: his conduct in the time of the pestilence proclaims him to be still more, if a more exalted name can possibly be given.*—pp. 55, 56.

This is one of the evils of the sectarian spirit, that even from a circumstance like this, which ought to excite no feelings but those of admiration, it extracts food for splenetic remark and party virulence. Facts like these are, indeed, as these writers say, the glory and beauty of ecclesiastical history; but they are found in all ecclesiastical history, and it is to the honour of human nature that they are not, and they cannot be, confined to that of any church or country. The clergy of the establishment who at that time remained at their post,—the Bishop of Marseilles, and this Thomas Vincent, with those of his non-conforming brethren who followed his example, were brethren in Christ;—but there is as little wisdom as there

* His example was followed by his non-conforming brethren Messrs. Chester, Janeway, Turner, Grimes, Franklin, and some others. Drs. Walker, Horton, and Meriton, and a few others of the conforming clergy remained at their post, but the generality fled.

is decorum in railing against the church establishment, because it could not include them all. The plague of 1665 was distinguished by an example of civic heroism, which has never been exceeded: the lord mayor, Sir John Lawrence, not only, as his duty required, remained at his post, to enforce and see to the execution of the wisest regulations which were then known, but expended his own fortune in supporting above forty thousand servants, who, in that season of distress, had been dismissed and turned into the streets to perish. Sir John Lawrence supported them all, as well as the needy who were sick, at his own means and risk, till subscriptions could be gathered in from all parts of the kingdom. It is a disgrace to the city of London that no public monument should have been erected to the memory of such a magistrate. His virtues perhaps would have been more fully recorded if he had gone to meeting instead of to church.

Of John Flavel we are told that 'one of those auspicious omens which are frequently supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nest close to the window of the chamber where his mother lay-in, and with their delicious notes sang the birth of him whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which give songs in the night.' Something more extraordinary is related of this writer. 'His treatise on the Soul of Man, contains a remarkable anecdote of a minister, which is usually supposed to be a modest imitation of the apostle Paul, who related his own exalted honour and delights in the third person. From this relation, it appears that Mr. Flavel spent a day in such intercourse with heaven, as overwhelmed the powers of nature, and seemed for a time to bring him to the verge of the grave. Many years after he used to call that one of the days of heaven, and declared he learned from it more of the heavenly life than from any books or discourses.'

The state which Flavel describes in 'modest imitation of the apostle Paul,' as Messrs. Bogue and Bennett express themselves, might be supposed to be one of those pious day-dreams which, in the language of the mystics, are called rapt or ecstasies, according to their degree, for the scale of devotion is curiously graduated. But in the Nonconformists' Memorial, the material circumstance appears which explains the miracle.

'His intimate and delightful intercourse with heaven,' says Dr. Calamy, 'is manifest from a remarkable story which he relates in his *Pneumatologia*, though with great modesty, using the third person as the apostle Paul did when speaking of his extraordinary Revelations. The following is the substance of the narrative. Being on a journey he set himself to improve the time by meditation, when his mind grew intent, till at length he had such ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such

full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world and all its concerns, so that for hours he knew not where he was. At last perceiving himself faint through a great loss of blood from his nose, he alighted from his horse and sat down at a spring, where he washed and refreshed himself, earnestly desiring if it were the will of God, that he might then leave the world. His spirits recovering he finished his journey in the same delightful frame. He passed all that night without a wink of sleep, the joy of the Lord still overflowing him, so that he seemed an inhabitant of the other world. After this a heavenly serenity and sweet peace long continued with him; and for many years he called that day one of the days of heaven, and professed he understood more of the life of heaven by it, than by all the discourses he had heard, or the books he ever read.

This is one of those facts, common in Romish biography, and not unfrequent in that of our own enthusiasts, which clearly belong to nosology. That Flavel himself should not have perceived how wonderfully he recovered from a fit of apoplexy is not extraordinary; but it is remarkable that Calamy, and his modern editor, should relate the case without suspecting its real nature, and that the joint historians should entirely omit so very material a part of the relation. Flavel appears in his portrait to have been a short-necked plethoric subject, and he died suddenly.

Flavel was very anxious to effect a union between the Independents and Presbyterians; Joseph Jacob on the contrary, chusing to be independent even of independency, made a church of his own at Turners Hall, Philpot-lane, of which he himself was pope or patriarch. All periwigs were discarded from this double-refined church,—no slight stretch of authority in a time which the wig-makers may look back upon as their golden age. Mr. Jacob issued an order for the regulation of the women's garb; and set the men an example of wearing mustachios. The members of his congregation were not allowed to attend public worship at any other place, not even when their business led them to a distance, and the alternative was not to attend it at all; nor were they suffered to intermarry with other churches; the relations of life could be filled up only from their own perfect society, and no person but Joseph Jacob himself could be safely employed to tie the marriage knot. This crazy congregation was dispersed at the death of its crazy founder, who so completely monopolized all authority to himself, that it necessarily died with him.

Daniel Burgess, well known in his day, was an oddity of a different description; he was one of those men whose grotesque humour shows itself on every occasion, and who are not the less serious because they express themselves in a jest. That is the best key, he used to say, which fits the lock and opens the door, though it be not a silver or gold one. There is a portrait of him

him in Dr. Williams's* library in Redcross-street, and in spite of his gown and band, and wig in full buckle, the old gentleman looks as if a joke were on the tip of his tongue ready to be let fly as soon as his lips were unscrewed. In one of his sermons he told the congregation 'that if they wanted a suit for a year they might go to Mr. Doyley; if they wanted a suit for life they might go into Chancery; but if they would have one to last for ever, they must go to Christ and get the robe of righteousness to clothe them.' Truths divine did not to be sure come mended from Daniel Burgess's tongue, but no doubt many of his arrows went home to the mark, which would neither have gone so true nor pierced so deep, if it had not been for the goose-feather which winged them. He was a good old man, composed of better materials, both moral and intellectual, than some of those who affected to despise him and held him up to ridicule. In his last illness he said that if he must work no more he would rather be idle under ground than idle above ground. Burgess was one of those Dissenters who were staunch friends of the revolution. He gave it as a reason why the people of God who descended from Jacob were called Israelites, that it was because God did not chuse his people should be called Jacobites.

Of all their preachers Thomas Bradbury was the most conspicuous for the ardour with which he engaged in politics: and Mr. Wilson ventures to say, that few persons had a greater share in promoting the succession of the House of Hanover. He had wrought himself up to a belief that a new age of intolerance was at hand. Bishop Burnett, passing one day in his carriage through Smithfield, observed him walking pensively along, called to him, and inquired the reason of his great thoughtfulness. 'I am thinking,' replied Bradbury, 'whether I shall have the constancy of that noble company of martyrs who suffered in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see times of similar violence and persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause.' Queen Anne happened at that time to be upon her death-bed: Burnett told him that every hour was expected to be her last, that he himself was then going to Court, and would send him the earliest intelligence of her death, and that if he should chance to be performing divine service, the messenger should drop a handkerchief from the gallery. He happened to be in the pulpit, and the handkerchief was dropt. Bradbury restrained his feelings during the sermon, but in

* No public library in England is so liberally conducted as this. Books are lent from it at the discretion of the trustees to any part of the country. The Advocates Library at Edinburgh, and many upon the Continent, offer the same accommodation to men of literary research; but in England this example of the Dissenters has not yet been followed.

his concluding prayer he returned thanks to God for the deliverance of this kingdom from the evil counsels and designs of their enemies, and implored the divine blessing upon his Majesty King George and the House of Hanover. Queen Anne did not call him bold Bradbury without reason. He is said soon afterwards to have preached upon this text, 'Go see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter.' The fact is as likely from the temper of the times as the man. Bradbury always preached on the 5th of November, then dined with some friends at a tavern, and after dinner sang the roast beef of old England. Mr. Wilson says that he has seen some curious letters which passed between him and Whitfield on this subject; that reformer having seriously remonstrated with him upon his conduct in this particular.

A remarkable instance of the feeling of at least a large part of the community, upon Queen Anne's death, is related by Crosby. A number of old English gentlemen obtained an order from the lords of the regency for their admission into the grand cavalcade at the king's public entry. They proposed to ride on white horses, in their own grey hair, and in white camlet cloaks, 'with a nosegay in their right hands, composed of an orange inclosed with laurel; the orange in remembrance of the great Nassau, who left us this thrice happy legacy; the laurel in commemoration of the always victorious John Duke of Marlborough, who, by his sword, rather obtained than preserved for us the possession of this entail which is the bulwark of the Protestant religion.' They meant to have marched in twelve companies of twenty-four gentlemen, with a captain to each; their servants in liveries following on foot, with music in the front, centre, and rear; but they were slow in their preparations, and George I. arrived before they were ready.

There is in the Somers Tracts a congratulatory speech delivered in 1667, by Dr. Bates to Charles II. in the name of the dissenting ministers in and about London, which, for baseness of adulation, far exceeds the language of James the First's parliament, when they declared that they did, 'on the knees of their hearts, agnize his royal goodness.' 'We live,' said the orator, 'in an age of degenerate wickedness, wherein are numberless numbers of resolved looseness, who, by their bold impieties, defy the supreme majesty of heaven. These, we hope, by your authority and influence, may be restrained, if not truly reformed: for whereas other princes assume an infamous prerogative to live as they list, to satisfy their vicious appetites without controul, your majesty exhibits such excellent virtues in your practice, as may be a persuasive pattern and commandingly exemplary to your subjects.' The immediate object of this address was to request that Arians and Socinians

cinians might not be allowed to make their opinions public through the press, and the style of the petition was worthy of the object. The Stuarts were ready enough to persecute any person whose religious notions were opposite to their policy; they cared nothing for disputes concerning the Creed, but they mortally hated non-conformity. For this hatred, it must be acknowledged, they had some reason; but it prevailed over honour, gratitude, justice, and even common humanity. Jenkyn, the Presbyterian, was one of those London ministers who signed the remonstrance against bringing Charles I. to trial; he had been suspended from his living for refusing to observe the form of thanksgiving appointed by the parliament after the event of that trial; and he had been imprisoned in the Tower for his share in Love's plot for restoring the prince. These things gave him a claim, at least for indulgence upon the house of Stuart. At the age of seventy-two, he was apprehended at a private meeting in Moorfields, and committed to Newgate under the Oxford act. He presented a petition, backed by the statement of his physician, that the air of the prison would infallibly kill him: the only answer which James vouchsafed was this, 'Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives.' The physician's opinion was verified in about four months, and one of the last things which the sufferer said was, that a man might be as effectually put to death in Newgate as at Tyburn. His daughter, a high spirited woman, gave mourning rings at the funeral, inscribed 'Mr. William Jenkyn murdered in Newgate.'

James was emphatically a hard-hearted man. Kiffin, a wealthy Baptist, who used to say that he had saved £30,000 by making Charles II. a present of ten when he wanted to borrow forty, had two grandsons, the one in the twentieth, the other in his twenty-first year, condemned for joining Monmouth. Their sister presented a petition in their behalf: when she was waiting to present it, Marlborough, then Lord Churchill, said to her that he heartily wished she might succeed, but dared not flatter her with hopes, 'for this marble,' said he, touching the chimney-piece 'is as capable of feeling compassion as the king's breast.' The youths were of course put to death, for James was never known to shew mercy. A little while afterwards, when he was tempting the non-conformists to join him against the church, he sent for Kiffin, and told him that he had put him down for an alderman in his new charter. Sire, replied Mr. Kiffin, I am a very old man, and have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair to your Majesty, or to the city. Besides, Sire, he continued, and the tears streamed down his cheeks while he spake, the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart, which is still bleeding, and never will close but

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in the grave. James is said to have shewn some emotion at this—a foretaste of what he was soon to feel when he applied to the father of Lord Russell in his distress. The history of the Baptists affords another instance of James's cruelty in the execution of Mrs. Gaunt, which, all circumstances considered, is the foulest murder that was ever perpetrated under the forms of law. A man who had taken part in Monmouth's rebellion, and who was a stranger to her, went to her for shelter, knowing that her life was spent in works of charity; she took him in, and waited for an opportunity of sending him out of the kingdom. This fellow, hearing the king had declared he would sooner pardon the rebels than those who harboured them, relying upon the declaration, went and accused her of high treason for having sheltered him: there was no witness to prove that she knew he was a rebel but himself; her maid could only give in evidence that he was entertained at her house; and on this evidence, and for this crime, James signed the sentence for burning her alive! 'She died,' says Burnet, 'with a constancy even to a cheerfulness that struck all who saw it. She said charity was a part of her religion as well as faith; this, at worst, was the feeding of an enemy; so she hoped she had her reward with him for whose sake she did this service, how unworthy soever the person was that made so ill a return for it. She rejoiced that God had honoured her to be the first that suffered by fire in this reign, and that her suffering was a martyrdom for that religion which was all love. Penn the Quaker told me he saw her die: she laid the straw about her for burning her speedily, and behaved herself in such a manner that all the spectators melted in tears.'

The sufferer naturally enough wished to consider her fate as a martyrdom, and the historian of her communion is willing to give it something of that colouring; but it was a political, not a religious, murder. The Baptists were indeed a peculiarly obnoxious sect for the sake of John of Leyden, with whose frenzies they had as little to do as the modern Jews with the spoiling of the Egyptians, for which some of the Turkish governors are said to have sometimes exacted an account. It is amusing to see the language which was used, and the ridiculous charges which were brought against them, for a peculiarity which, if not very wise, is certainly very harmless. Wall, speaking of their origin in England, says that 'having framed so many devices to deny infant baptism, they were confounded in themselves how to begin baptizing adult persons in their own way, till at length one John Smith, *being more desperately wicked than others*, baptized himself, and then he baptized others.' Baxter, a man rather remarkable for a native gentleness, which even Presbyterianism could not sour, than for any indulgence of asperity in polemical disputes, inveighed against their practice of dipping as

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breaking both the sixth and seventh commandments: to prove the first charge, he gave a long list of the mortal diseases which dipping in cold water would produce; and to prove the second, he charged them with dipping naked, 'or next to naked,' which a little inquiry, or even reflection, might have shewn him was a gross calumny. On the other hand the old Baptist historian prides himself not a little upon the opinion of Sir John Floyer the physician, who, waving the theological question, declared that 'they who first introduced the alteration of the truly ancient ceremony of immersion, did great injury to their own children and all posterity, and were the occasion of a degenerate, sickly, tender race ever since. A man of eighty, he said, whose father well remembered when immersion was the ordinary practice, told him that parents used always, at the baptism of their children, to desire the priest to dip that part very well in which any disease used to afflict themselves, to prevent its being hereditary. And it had long been a proverbial saying among old people, if any one complained of a pain in his limbs, "surely that limb had never been dipped in the font." Crosby seems well disposed to believe this himself; and to this day the Baptists affirm, with great seriousness, that no person was ever known to receive injury from their mode of baptism, though it sometimes happens that women chuse to undergo it in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

The silliest superstitions may lead to evil consequences. The Baptist historian records miracles wrought against the Quakers in favour of his own sect; and relates how one Anne Clemens, a baker's wife at Chipping Norton, for being an enemy to the Dissenters, fell under a grievous judgment of having an appetite to eat as much as would satisfy two or three people. This sort of spirit hardens the heart beyond all others: a better instance cannot be adduced than the account how 'it pleased God to shew his displeasure against apostacy, by pouring forth the vials of his wrath upon one Mr. John Child, a preacher of long standing among the Baptists.' This poor man had conformed, and then wrote 'a cursed book.' The book, which is distinguished by this gentle epithet, and which 'did afterwards fill him with so great horror of soul,' was called 'A second Argument for a more full and firm Union amongst all good Protestants,' and the chief crime of which he is accused, seems to be that of making it an argument against the Baptists, that some of their ministers were uneducated and ignorant men. 'Quickly after this,' says Benjamin Keach, 'he fell under fearful desperation. I was one of the first men that he sent for, and I found him in a dismal state and condition, being filled with horror, saying he was damned, and crying out against himself for writing that book, saying he had touched the apple of God's eye.'

eye. His poor wife intimated to me that the very ends of the hairs of his head in the night season, did stand in drops, through the anguish of his soul. Thus he continued for several months under most fearful horror and desperation, until, to put an end to his miserable life, he hanged himself.' Keach, who relates this dreadful case of religious madness in this temper, concludes one of his books with the trial of Peccatum; Fiery Zeal of the town of Knowledge, Vehement Desire, Spiritual Indignation and Holy Revenge, appear among the gentlemen of the jury. Among other *aliases* Peccatum is indicted by the names of Heresy, Idolatry, and Unbelief: if Mr. Keach himself had been impannelled upon a trial for heresy, he would have brought with him the same dispositions as his own jurymen. The trial is the only amusing passage to be found in his two allegories. The first witness who is called is Adam, late of Paradise; after him, Mrs. Soul, and Mr. Body, both of Manshire, are called, and Madam Grace and all her daughters. Some of these daughters, as it appeared in evidence, had met with vile usage. Mrs. Patience had been turned out of doors—Mrs. Sobriety and Mrs. Temperance had both been knocked down, and Mrs. Chastity had been in such imminent danger, that the Judge was obliged to order her a cordial before she could be examined.

Keach was but a poor imitator of John Bunyan, the pride of the Baptists, a man indeed of whom every communion might boast. In his unregenerate days John was, by his own testimony, a 'town-sinner'; but nature had gifted him with strong feelings and a powerful imagination. He married a woman whose whole property consisted in 'the Practice of Piety,' and the 'Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven.' The latter of these books did not belie its title: he and his wife read them together, and John got into the way; but it was not the king's high-way—not what old Latimer calls the plain Dunstable road; he chose a bye-path, and joined the Baptists, the first pious persons with whom he fell in happening to be of that persuasion. He was soon invited to the ministry, tinker as he was, and under the cruel laws of that age was thrown into prison for non-conformity: the bill against him affirming 'that he did devilishly and perniciously abstain from coming to church to hear divine service, &c.' After twelve years confinement he was released by the interposition of Barlow, bishop of Lincoln.

Bedford jail was that den wherein Bunyan 'dreamed his dream': the Pilgrim's Progress, a book which the child and his grandmother read with equal delight, and which, more almost than any other work, may be said to be

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soners, supported his family by making tagged laces, and filled up his leisure by writing a considerable part of two folio volumes. The work by which he immortalized himself grew from a sudden thought which occurred while he was writing in a different strain. Its progress he relates oddly enough in his rhyming apology, but more curiously in some verses prefixed to the Holy War, which are unpardonably omitted in the latest and newest edition.

‘ It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled;
So to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.’

These curious verses conclude with an anagram, made in noble contempt of orthography.

‘ Witness my name; if anagram’d it be,
The letters make *Nu hony in a B.*’

Perhaps the most characteristic passage in his numerous writings is his defence against some charges of gallantry and incontinence. ‘ My foes,’ he says, ‘ have missed their mark in this their shooting at me. I am not the man: I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the face of heaven, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife. And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. Those know, and can also bear in witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman. The common salutation of women I abhor. It is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company alone I cannot away with. I seldom so much as touch a woman’s hand; for I think these things not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered, that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them it was not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked why they made baulks; why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill favoured go? Kisses, how laudable soever such things may have been in the eyes of others; they have been unseemly in my sight.’

The Baptists were the first sectarians who devised that system of finance, which is at this time carried to such an extent by the Methodists. At a general assembly in the year 1689, they recommended that a fund for the relief and rearing of the ministry should

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be raised by weekly subscriptions of from one halfpenny to sixpence each person in every congregation. Most of their ministers in former times carried on some trade or secular employment; of this there is a curious instance in their historian Crosby: in the midst of his history you come unexpectedly upon a notice that he was the preparer and vender of Dr. Roberts' tincture for the flux, and sugar plums for the worms, having inherited the receipts which his father-in-law Benjamin Keach had purchased of the original inventor. Some of their ministers are still engaged in trade; but they can no longer be reproached with the want of learning; they have among them men of distinguished talents; and their missionaries in the East, if it were only for their literary labours, are entitled to the grateful admiration of all literary men.

The late Sir John Danvers was one day asked what was the difference between a baptist and an anabaptist, and he replied, much the same as between a whiskey and a tim-whiskey. There is a more efficient distinction among those persons who are agreed upon the point of adult baptism by immersion; the strict Calvinists have separated themselves from the others under the title of Particular Baptists, and regard the General Baptists as very little better than other men. These latter indeed are few in number, and must daily become less; for it is scarcely possible that men who allow themselves any latitude of opinion should long continue to attach much importance to the mode of baptism. The more numerous body consider this as an essential point, and it occasioned last year a schism in the Evangelical Magazine. One of their most distinguished members said some years ago of the dissenters, that he feared the more they associated the more they would quarrel. Sectarianism, indeed, contains in itself the seeds of schism in infinite series, but the peculiar distinction of the baptists interposes an insuperable barrier between them and the other sects which call themselves orthodox. This was so well understood, that when after the revolution great efforts were made to bring about a union between the other two denominations, it seems that no attempt was made to include the anti-pædobaptists. The contracting parties upon this occasion gave themselves by implication the modest title of visible saints.

The Baptists and Independents have undergone little other alteration than that they have partaken of the character of the age. The Presbyterians have almost disappeared. At the end of Queen Anne's reign they were at least two-thirds of the whole dissenting body, at present they scarcely form a twentieth part of it. Arianism, which, according to Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, is an invention of the devil, found its way among them. Their view of its progress may best be given in their own words.

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‘ During this period, error was the destroying angel of dissenting congregations. Instances might be adduced in which a preacher of superior talents has attracted or retained a numerous congregation in the metropolis or other populous cities, though his sentiments have been far from the orthodox creed. But in the ordinary course of things, in proportion as dissenting ministers have departed from those religious principles which were held by the men ejected from the establishment for nonconformity, they have reduced the number of their audience. Whenever they have departed from what is called calvinism, the congregation has evidently felt the change; it has been arrested in its growth, and, after a time, visibly decayed.

‘ In whatever communions arminianism may have crowded places of worship, it never had this effect among dissenters; but almost without an exception, was the first stage of the congregational decline. Arianism may be called the second stage of the disease, and where it filled the pulpit, invariably emptied the pews. This was the case not only where a part of the congregation, alarmed by the sound of heresy, fled from the polluted house to a separate society; but where no opposition was made, and all remained without a murmur in the original place. In numerous instances, the preacher, full of the wisdom of the serpent, sought by hiding the monster from their view, to draw them over by stealth to the new theology, and unveiled his sentiments only as the people were able to bear them without a frown. Though, at last, his wishes were crowned with success, yet the decay began, and gradually consumed the growth, the strength, and the life of the society, till a large congregation was reduced to a handful. Where socinianism found an entrance, its operations were quicker than those of the arian creed, and more effectual; flourishing societies were reduced to a few families, which being animated with zeal for the new opinions, or indifferent about any, chose to continue to support the modes of worship to which, from education or use, they were attached. In many places, socinianism was the abomination of desolation, and consigned what had been formerly the house of prayer and of the assemblies of the saints, an undisturbed abode to the spiders and the bats.’—pp. 318, 319.

Of Scotland, to which the presbyterians may triumphantly appeal for the effect of their discipline upon a nation, though in reality the main cause is to be found in the parochial schools with which they have so wisely fenced their establishment, the joint historians speak in a manner which we may leave the Scotch to battle with them. Particular countries, say they, have their endemical diseases; and a malady of the soul, like the goitre of the Alpine nations, seems to be the curse of Scotland. ‘An excessive zeal for little things, like an enormous wen, has, with but perhaps one exception, disfigured every sect that has arisen in that country. To ascertain the cause would be important, as it might operate as a preventive in future; but it is certainly a striking peculiarity in the Scotch character, and if it could be purged by hellebore, the whole

whole produce of Anticyra could not be purchased at a price too high.' Mr. Wilson relates a curious anecdote of the founders of the seceders, which shows, that with respect to them at least this censure is not undeserved. When Whitfield went to Scotland in 1741, his first exhibition was in the Meeting-house of the Messrs. Erskine's at Dumferline. Great persuasions were used to detain him there, and to prevent him from visiting and preaching for a Mr. Wardlaw, who had been colleague to Ralph Erskine for more than twenty years, but was considered as perjured for not adhering to the solemn league and covenant. As this was not very intelligible to Whitfield, the members of the associate presbytery were convened to instruct him upon the subject. Whitfield, a little surprised at seeing them assembled in synod, inquired the cause of the meeting, and was told that they were assembled to set him right about church government and the solemn league and covenant. He replied they might save themselves the trouble, for he had no scruples about either the one or the other; settling the church government and preaching about the solemn league and covenant were not his office, and he had never made the subject his study, being too busy about matters of greater importance. Upon this he was gravely reminded that every pin of the tabernacle was precious. He replied, that in every building there must be both outside and inside workmen employed: he was one of the inside workmen, and if they thought themselves called to work on the outside, they might proceed in their own way, and he would proceed in his; and he then asked them solemnly what they would have him do. The answer was, that he was not desired to subscribe immediately to the solemn league and covenant, but to preach only for them till he had further light. And why only for them? Ralph Erskine said, because they were the Lord's people. Whitfield then asked, were there no other Lord's people but themselves? if not, they who were the devil's people had more need to be preached to; for his part all places were alike to him, and if the Pope himself would lend him his pulpit, he would gladly proclaim in it the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

From the scanty materials which relate to Scotland in these various works we will glean one anecdote more for its striking singularity. The Sandemanians derive their name from Robert Sandeman, but his father-in-law John Glas was their founder. Their distinguishing opinion is well expressed in Sandeman's epitaph, where 'the ancient faith,' for which he 'long and boldly contended,' is said to be 'that the bare work of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners: faith, according to them, being neither more nor less than a simple assent to the divine testimony concerning the Redeemer.

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George Glas, who wrote the History of the Canary Islands, a very interesting book, which has not attained the estimation that it deserves, was the son of this sectarian. The son was an extraordinary man: his great object was to open a trade from this country to the interior of Africa, and government encouraged him to form a settlement on the coast for that purpose; but going to the Canaries to procure corn for his little colony, the Spaniards threw him and his wife and daughter into prison, and the settlement was ruined. It was a wicked act, originating in the blundering information of the Spanish minister in London, and the cruel policy of the Spanish court. After some years imprisonment he found means, by inclosing a bit of paper in a loaf of bread, to inform the British Consul of his situation; our government of course interfered and he was set at liberty. He took his passage with his family in a vessel bound to London: unhappily there was much treasure on board; some of the crew conspired to seize her, and in the massacre which they committed, Glas was run through the body and his wife and daughter thrown overboard. The murderers got to shore in Ireland, buried their treasure in the sand, went to an ale-house, and conducted themselves so as soon to bring upon themselves their deserved fate. Meantime the newspapers had announced the arrival of the ship in the Irish Channell, and old Glas was daily expecting to see his son. When the news of the murder arrived, his friends knew not how to communicate it to him; at last one of them took the paper, and pointed to the paragraph in silence. The old man bore the shock with a firmness which Epictetus himself might have admired: to the astonishment of all, he attended the church assembly the same evening; and when intelligence came that the assassins had been executed, he remarked, that it would be a glorious instance of divine mercy if George Glas and his murderers should meet together in heaven. This was not insensibility; but thus to have subdued the natural feeling, requires a longer and severer moral discipline than that which enables a martyr to stand unflinching in the flames.

The Sandemanians are reproached for the common arrogance of all young sects in unchurching the whole world except themselves, an intolerance of feeling which seems strangely inconsistent with a doctrine so remote from all enthusiasm as that by which they are distinguished. They have drawn over several ministers from the Independents. In dissenting congregations, indeed, it is no uncommon thing for the preacher to change his opinions, an event which always disturbs and frequently divides the meeting. The dissenting 'church' at Cambridge split into four parts in the course of six years; a fact which even so able a man as Robert Robinson, whom the dissenters may boast of as one of their brightest ornaments, contrasts, in ridiculous triumph, with 'the dull unifery

mity of the establishment!' It is not long since a man who had preached for some years in a large provincial town, told his congregation he had discovered that he had been all that time under a delusion: now that his eyes were opened he must preach a doctrine widely differing from what he had before entertained; and all who would be saved must change with him.' The population of this town consists of between seven and eight thousand persons, and the leaven of schism has been so actively at work there among the sectarians that it contains at this time no fewer than seventeen sects.

This evil grows out of the principle of dissent. The minister of an establishment has no temptation from vanity, or the love of singularity, or any more worldly motive, to labour, as Jeremy Taylor expresses it, in the mine of insignificant distinctions: but among Dissenters the right of private judgment is so injudiciously inculcated that the men who are trained among them learn not unfrequently to despise all judgment except their own. Many of their students seem almost to have considered it a proof of weakness if they should believe as they were taught; as if theology, like chemistry, were a science in which every generation ought to make some discovery beyond its predecessor. Thus the Presbyterian seminaries produced Arians; the Arian school brought forth Socinian pupils, and when the Socinian college was established, they who had sat at Gamaliel's feet came away unbelievers, and throwing chart and compass overboard, youth at the prow and presumption at the helm, set sail upon the sea of error. The consequence of this has been that the English Presbyterians are rapidly disappearing, and Arianism is so nearly extinguished, that we believe at this time a minister cannot be found for the last congregation in which it lingers. It is not a little remarkable that a mode of belief which was once the dominant doctrine, and which long divided the Christian world, should in our own days be the only heresy which finds no followers.

Meantime the orthodox Dissenters have received a great increase of numbers by the accession of the Calvinistic Methodists, who have fallen imperceptibly into the discipline of the Independents, and assimilated to them so nearly, that there is little distinction but in name. Of that mightier body the Wesleyan Methodists, Messrs. Bogue and Bennett give a full and fair account. Upon this subject we need not touch. What little space can farther be afforded must be allotted to a brief view of the effects which non-conformity produces upon the mind and manners of the dissenting body; and for this the work of the joint historians might alone suffice to furnish materials.

There is a spirit of dissent, as well as a spirit of christianity. The points of difference become the life of the non-conformist's theology.

ology. When those points relate to doctrine, men are too prone to forget what Warburton has remarked concerning obscurities in Scripture, that 'the very obscurities are a sufficient evidence that the subject of them can never be matter of faith necessary to salvation:' and when they relate to discipline, the strictest disciplinarian may well doubt whether any difference is of sufficient moment to counterbalance the inconveniences of separation, which if there be not sufficient reason for it, even the writers before us pronounce to be a heinous crime. Between the Romish and Reformed Churches the difference is wide as east and west: they are far as the poles asunder; the points of discrepancy are vital; a re-union is as impossible as it would be to unite with the synagogue or the mosque; and the benefits of the Reformation are so great, that great as is the price which it cost us, we are abundantly overpaid. But it is humiliating to recollect what has been suffered for no weightier ground of dispute in the beginning, than the surplice and the sign of the cross in baptism! Schism which originated in no better cause could have no good effect.

When the poet coupled with 'the Quaker sly, the Presbyterian sour,' in describing the latter he applied that epithet which he thought most characteristic of the generic Dissenter. Many causes rendered it so. Men who laid claim collectively to the title of Visible Saints were likely, in no little degree, to partake as individuals of the spiritual pride of the community. In our days they continue to call themselves Professors; but they who profess to be better than their neighbours cannot be said to excel them in the Christian virtue of humility. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett say the term has gained admittance into the language of a considerable part of the religious world, and that they themselves adopt it for its brevity. By a Professor, they add, is meant one who has the worship of God in his family, who sanctifies the Lord's Day, and who is persuaded of the necessity of conversion in order to the salvation of the soul; and they modestly observe, 'some consideration at least is due to the assertion which has been made that there are more professors of religion out of the established church than within its pale.' Upon this it will suffice to hint to these historians that some consideration is also due to the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy.'

This spirit of profession necessarily produces a system of gloomy and ungracious manners. Some instances of the temper of the Professors have been noticed on a former occasion. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett also afford us a rich example: these joint-historians, taking a novel course in history, introduce into the body of their work a dialogue between 'a Dissenter of the primitive stock'

and 'a decent old Lady.'—'Pray, sir,' says the decent old Lady, 'what harm can there be in cards, or an assembly, or in the theatre? I keep to my church; and the sacrament, and prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays; and if I spend two or three hours in an evening at the card-table, and carry my nephew and niece with me to our monthly assembly, and eight or ten times a-year we go together to the play—you are a rigid man if you blame our conduct. Shew me where such things are forbidden in the word of God!' To this the Professor makes a long reply, in the course of which the following curious passage occurs. 'What would be your sensations, if on taking up a morning newspaper you were to read the following paragraph—Last night the Apostle Paul and the Evangelist Timothy were at the assembly. St. Paul played all the evening with two old matrons and a middle-aged gentleman at cards. Timothy danced with the young ladies, and charmed them all with his elegance, his wit and his mirth. Would you not be shocked at the intelligence as containing something abhorrent to the ideas which you had formed of these holy men? But is there more than one rule for the disciples of Christ? Is there a strict formulary and a lax one designed for different classes of mankind? No, there is but one, and all should observe it in all its precepts; and you and I, and every person professing Christianity, should be as good and holy as the apostles and evangelists, as Paul and Timothy were.' The Hutchinsonians, who would have no physical philosophy but what is found in the Bible, are reasonable when compared with these men who would have us do nothing in private life which might not be written in the Acts of the Apostles! 'Would you like,' the Professor proceeds, 'to die at the card-table, in the midst of a dance, or in a box at the theatre? You would not: the idea shocks you. But why? There must be something wrong that excites such emotions in your breast. If you shudder at the thoughts of dying in your beloved amusements, it must be more than improper to live in them.' What a pity that these writers should not have read *Tristram Shandy*!

The spirit of dissent is as little favourable to literature as to manners; the Muses as well as the Graces are heathenish, and therefore an abomination to the Professors. George Fox was an enemy to human learning; and a choice piece of his logic against it is preserved by Sewel. Entering into discourse with the person whom Cromwell had appointed to establish his intended college at Durham, George told him 'that to teach men Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and the seven arts, was not the way to make them ministers of Christ; for the languages began at Babel; and to the Greeks that spake Greek as their mother tongue, the preaching of the cross of Christ was foolishness; and to the Jews that spake Hebrew as their

their mother tongue, Christ was a stumbling-block. And as for the Romans who spake Latin, they persecuted the Christians; and Pilate set Hebrew, Greek and Latin a-top of Christ when he crucified him. Thus the languages which began at Babel, had been set above Christ, the Word: and John the Divine, who preached the Word that was in the beginning, said that the beast and the whore had power over tongues and languages, and they were as waters, and in this mystery, Babylon. Dost thou then think,' he continued, 'to make ministers of Christ by these natural confused languages, which sprang from Babel, are admired in Babylon, and set a-top of Christ, the life, by a persecutor?' Sewel is simple enough to say that the man was puzzled by this, 'which had such effect upon him, that he became very loving, and having considered the matter farther never set up his intended college.' But it was the Restoration, and not Quaker-logic, which prevented Durham from being the University of the north.

South has remarked, in his pointed manner, 'that God has no need of any man's parts or learning, but certainly he has much less need of his ignorance and ill behaviour.' Some of the wilder Professors still object to human learning, and say that those who are educated in dissenting seminaries are *man-made* ministers,—to which Messrs. Bogue and Bennett properly reply, by asking whether self-made ministers are a whit better? Concerning these seminaries, they tell us that Homerton, 'which is the dissenting Oxford, is considered to be now in a more flourishing state than it has been for many years. It contains near twenty students, and an eminent professor of elocution gives lectures.' Very like Oxford indeed!

Their academies, they tell us, being formed for 'theological studies rather than for classical or philosophical learning, have supplied the churches with some such pastors as will shine among those who have turned many to righteousness, while many a scholar has proved a wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.' Gilbert Wakefield, having been bred in a better school, regretted the want of classical knowledge among those whom he had joined. This, they thought, was like sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. For, say they, 'a want of classical knowledge is not to be attributed to the defects of the seminaries, but to the system which demands a previous Christian character, and therefore forbids to educate boys for the ministry at grammar schools. In the regret which Gilbert Wakefield expressed at the inferior attention paid to this object in dissenting academies, those who take a more serious and enlarged view will not participate. Unless the time devoted to education for the ministry were enormously extended, the delicacies of classical literature could not be acquired, but by

the sacrifice of more important objects. But the Greek Testament and the Septuagint may be well understood by those who are unequal to Pindar or the Greek tragedians.' They tell us also, that 'instead of being youths from school, as formerly, a great part of the students have been engaged in secular callings till their own change of heart, and consequent desire for the ministry, induced them to seek emancipation from business, in order to enter the study and the pulpit. Unfavourable as this in many instances certainly is to the hope of literary eminence, it affords the best prospect of sacred decision of character. Instead of the prepossessions of friends, or the caprice of children, the choice of God now supplies the churches with pastors.' No better proof can be required than these passages afford that the dissenting seminaries have little pretension to sound, whatever they may have to orthodox, learning.

In another age, perhaps, the *literæ humaniores* may find favour among them. Their present temper upon this point may be estimated by the following tirade of the joint-historians.

'The worship of talent was the prevailing idolatry of this period, of which Shakspeare and Pope were *dii majorum gentium*. Literary clubs were formed, where nightly sacrifices of conviviality were offered to the vanity of prostituted intellect. When Johnson became the hierophant to these literary heathens, they may almost be said to have been evangelised; for though he spent his evenings among them, in such a way as made him blush, and would have made an enlightened Christian shudder, yet it may be reckoned a felicity that he became their saint, to supply the salt of grace to the wits, among whose productions his periodical papers are pre-eminent, as well for purity of morals as for dignity of thought and expression. In prose he has happily taken the precedence of Addison, whose Spectator has much to pollute as well as to divert and instruct; but in poetry he has not eclipsed the fatal glory of the Cato, where suicide becomes a splendid sin, and thus is likely to be preferred to a *sombre* virtue. The poetic fame of Pope, however, has been the bane of religion; for independent of the seductive lustre which he has given to the demonology of Homer, and the unblushing deism of his Essay on Man, pure heathenism, in spite of a few solitary truths introduced for the sake of the rhyme, ever feeds his lamp and scents his works, which paganise the taste of thousands.

'Garriek, the Roscius of this age, infected it with a dramatic mania, which, in proportion as it transported men into the visionary scenes of the theatre, rendered the sober realities of eternity gloomy or disgusting. While the play-house was crowded to the neglect of the church, and Shakspeare, edited by the first scholars, was studied more than the Bible, need it be asked what was the state of the public mind?'—p. 40.

After this it is not a little amusing to observe the complacency with which these gentlemen say 'it may indeed be safely affirmed that all the most popular productions of the British press were writ-

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ten by Dissenters!' And to prove this they instance the *Paradise Lost*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the works of *Dr. Watts*! Blind reasoners, who do not see that it is to their intellect, not to their principles of dissent, that *Milton*, and *Bunyan*, and *De Foe*, owe their immortality; strange company, we confess, but each incomparable in his way. With some of their other worthies the world is not so well acquainted, and many of our readers will confess their ignorance of such luminaries as 'the famous *Mr. Wm. Benn* of *Dorchester*; that celebrated *Professor Dr. Ebenezer Latham*, who presided over a respectable seminary at *Findern* in *Derbyshire*: the equally celebrated *Mr. Timothy Jollie*, who had an academy at *Attercliffe* in *Yorkshire*, and the no less celebrated *Mr. John Woodhouse*, under whose care were educated, among other eminent persons, *Mr. Benjamin Bennet*, of *Newcastle upon Tyne*, author of the *Christian Oratory*; *Mr. John Ratcliffe* of *Rotherhithe*; *Mr. Matthew Clarke* of *Miles's Lane*; *Mr. Benjamin Robinson* of *Little St. Helen's*; and *Mr. John Newman* of *Salter's Hall*;—each of them celebrated,'—'So are they all,—all celebrated men!'

Their silly animadversions upon the Liturgy may be past over in silence. We only admire the modesty of the assertion that 'there is no place of worship in England in which extemporary prayer is used, though the minister should have the poorest abilities, where there are so many repetitions as in the morning service of the Church of England,—and we know who has said, when ye pray, use not vain repetitions.'

Their chapter upon the state of religious liberty is of greater importance. The American war may now be spoken of without asperity on either side; the generation which entered into its feelings is almost gone by; the actors have almost all disappeared from the stage; and the tragedy may be dispassionately considered in the closet. These writers observe well, as one of the unhappy effects of that war, that it completely destroyed the national harmony which had till then for many years subsisted between all denominations in England. The Jacobites had died a natural death, the church was perfectly tolerant, the Dissenters were contented with complete toleration, and the Roman Catholics were then not heard of. But the American war introduced a dangerous change of feeling in this country. It placed a portion of the English people in mental alliance with the enemies of England. 'The Dissenters in general adopted the cause of the Americans, and reprobated the measures of the ministry as impolitic and unjust.' 'They were attached to the Americans,' say these writers, 'by the peculiar ties of religious union. Many of the colonists in almost every state maintained the same doctrines of faith, and the same system

of government as themselves; and in the northern states they formed almost the mass of the people. A constant and extensive intercourse was kept up between them; mutual assistance was given in whatever related to the advancement of the cause of religion; and they considered themselves as members of the same body.' How greatly this and the temper with which the opposition to the measures of government was carried on, tended first to occasion an appeal to arms, and finally to produce that result which America has as much reason as England to regret, is indicated in the American Life of Washington, and will one day, perhaps, be known more fully. In that Life we are told that very many persons would have reluctantly engaged in the measures which were adopted if they had really believed that those measures would have terminated in war; that a great portion of the popular leaders expected, by persisting in their resistance, to make the mother country recede from her pretensions, and thus to restore that harmony and free intercourse between the two countries, which they sincerely believed to be advantageous to both; that 'this opinion derived strength from the communications made to them by many of their zealous friends in England. The divisions and discontents of that country had been represented as much greater than the fact would justify, and the exhortations transmitted to them to persevere in the honourable course which had been commenced with so much glory, had generally been accompanied with assurances that success must yet crown their patriotic labours.' These are the words of Chief Justice Marshall, and he, it must be remembered, was writing from Washington's papers. In the same work it appears that during the war there was a secret committee in America, who had agents abroad to procure military stores, and who were 'empowered to correspond with their friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world.' And among the grounds of hope by which Washington was encouraged to bear up against difficulties and discouragements which else, perhaps, might have dismayed him, he enumerates 'Irish claims and English disturbances.'

Upon later times the historians of the Dissenters are more explicit. The only mode, they say, of accounting for Mr. Burke's latter writings, without blasting his character for ever as a man of integrity, is by supposing that he was insane *quoad* the French revolution. Their audacious falsehood in asserting that Burke stood forward as 'the panegyrist of arbitrary rule,' may be forgiven them for the sincerity with which they speak of that revolution in its effect upon themselves.

'It was no ordinary season of the exertion of the human faculties. The vigour, with which they fixed on objects, was uncommon, and there
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had been nothing like it since the era of the reformation. There was an enthusiasm of ardour for the cause of liberty which exalted the mind far above its ordinary level, and gave that sublimity of feeling which those only who entered into it can conceive. In such a temper they spurned at the idea of being dragooned into the renunciation of principles which they believed to be good, and pregnant with happiness to the human race. Hearing the cause of liberty spoken of as evil, and seeing Britain leagued with foreign powers to re-establish despotism in France, they felt themselves impelled to conclude that there was a conspiracy against the liberties of mankind; and that the ministry, by the harsh measures which they pursued, were seeking the destruction of that which was England's glory and its strength.

‘As the spirit of philanthropy had been imbibed in conjunction with a zeal for liberty, the horrors of the general war in Europe, the rivers of blood which were shed, and the miseries which were extended far and wide through the world, excited unutterable anguish in their breasts, and increased their aversion to the measures which were pursued. Those among the friends of liberty who were Christians, were more deeply affected than the rest with the state of things both at home and abroad, and with the gloomy prospect before them. Their minds took a wider range, and they viewed liberty in its connection with religion, and its influence on the propagation of the Gospel. When, therefore, they looked around, and saw a combination against the cause of liberty, they viewed it with unutterable horror, as a conspiracy against the Lord and his anointed, to spread the triumphs of superstition and priestcraft, to bind the consciences of mankind in adamantine fetters, to prevent the propagation of divine truth, and, in short,—to put the great clock of Europe back five hundred years.’—p. 200.

They proceed to trace the effects of the French revolution in Great Britain as connected with religious liberty and the cause of dissent.

‘In this point of view there are two which merit particular notice; they have continued to the present time, they promise to be durable, and they have been attended with benefit.

‘One of these effects is the decay, and in many instances the entire removal of the undue influence of titles and office on the mind. Before the French revolution, if a person was decorated with the names and ensigns of nobility, whatever his character and conduct might be, he was looked up to as a being of a superior order. An office of dignity had a similar charm; and however destitute of talents and virtue the man might be who filled it, the splendid robes concealed every defect, and he was supposed to be both wise and upright. Ecclesiastical vestments had a talisman of equal potency wrought into their woof. Though gifts and graces might be sought for under them in vain, the highest honours were given to the wearer because he was a priest.

‘But the French revolution taught tens of thousands to reason who never reasoned before; and though, in many things, like young beginners,

ners, they argued falsely, in others they judged rightly: and one instance of this was in their concluding that unless a man was wise and good, though the order of society required that he should be treated with external respect, he was not entitled to the esteem and veneration of the heart. In consequence of this, stars, garters, and coronets lost considerably of their value. Ermine could no longer conceal from view a defect of talents and virtue, or procure the homage of the soul without them. The clergyman's gown and cassock, the presbyterian minister's Geneva cloak, and the methodist preacher's unpowdered head and lank hair lost more than nine-tenths of their former worth: the episcopal mitre, apron, and lawn sleeves suffered an equal depreciation. But this furnishes no cause for regret; for to seek to procure respect to a defect of excellence, by external ornaments, is an imposition on mankind.'—p. 202.

'The other effect of the French revolution on the minds of vast multitudes of the people of England, is the diminution or extinction of bigotry to a sect. In the mass of the population of Europe, the strength of attachment to the established religion of the country was only equalled by the violence of their prejudices against every party which was separated from its communion. Of this spirit, the people of this land could boast almost an equal share with any of their neighbours. The effects of this bigotry were felt by the dissenters and methodists, when they opened a house for worship in a town or village where there had been none before. In many places few comparatively would attend; and of those who did, a part was disposed to excite disturbance and insult the preacher. But the French revolution has performed wonders in this respect. The partialities and prejudices especially of the inferior classes in society have dwindled almost to nothing. It is now a more common idea among them, that it is reasonable every one should judge for himself in matters of religion. Where no prohibition is issued by the nobleman or the squire, they now more readily go to hear a minister of a different denomination from their own; they are sensible of the impropriety of behaving amiss; they hear with greater candour; and if they approve of the preacher and his doctrine, they feel less reluctance to become dissenters or methodists.'—p. 204.

Of all the effects of non-conformity the most baneful is that sort of moral expatriation which it produces. Messrs. Bogue and Bennett deliver it as their opinion that the French revolution has produced good in England, because they think it has lessened the attachment of the people to the civil and religious institutions of their fathers! Their book represents but too well the general temper of those to whom it is addressed; but this is more peculiarly the feeling of the dissenting clergy, and it results from the unfavourable and cheerless circumstances in which they are placed. Had the Dissenters been as liberal as they are opulent, their colleges would have vied with ours; their endowments would have been (comparatively to their numbers) as rich; their education as complete; their

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their degrees as honourable; the rivalry arising out of such a state of things would have been beneficial to all parties; they would have excited us while they softened themselves. But the spirit of sectarianism is narrow and sullen; it starves its own cause; and the dissenting clergy are now, as they ever have been, soured by their situation, like plants which grow in the shade.

While we make these allowances, and feel this compassion for men thus situated, and thus suffering from the very nature of their situation, it is not in the spirit of ungenerous triumph over them, but in that of humble thankfulness and acknowledgment for the blessings which we ourselves enjoy, that we exclaim—Happy are they who grow up in the institutions of their country, and share like brethren in the feelings of the great body of their countrymen! The village spire is that point amid the landscape to which their eye reverts oftenest and upon which it reposes longest and with most delight. They love the music of the Sabbath bells, and walk in cheerfulness along the church path which their fathers trod before them. They are not soured by the sight of flourishing institutions which they think evil, and therefore wish to overthrow; neither are they tempted to seek in the sullen consolations of spiritual pride a recompense, for the advantages from which their own error excludes them. Their ways are in light and in sunshine, their paths are pleasantness and peace!

ART. VI. *Collections from the Greek Anthology, and from the Pastoral, Elegiac, and Dramatic Poets of Greece.* By the Rev. R. Bland, and others. 8vo. pp. 525. London, Murray. 1813.

THE greater part of those small poems, which, though often arbitrarily abridged and mutilated by the taste or whim of their editors, have on the whole been transmitted from the hands of Polemo and Meleager to those of Brunck and Jacobs, with tolerable fidelity, seem hitherto to have met with no counterpart in the literature of any country. The word epigram (properly an inscription) has been almost exclusively applied in the Latin, as well as in the living languages, to that species of trifle, generally compressed within the space of a few distichs, the beauty of which consisted in some happy play of words, or conceit of thought. Very different was the epigram of the Greeks: without any of the aids by which the greater poets of antiquity embellished their works, with no development of character, no condensation of descriptive images, no agreeable fictions recommended to the imagination by what is at least the most poetical of all the systems of theology, they have

have contrived to infuse into their brief compositions a charm at once sober and pleasing. Most of the common-places of poetry may be traced to the anthology, and as the acknowledgment of obligations is rarely punctual in the world of letters, public estimation has not unfrequently been very disproportioned to the real pretensions of the literary borrower.

Whoever wishes to see the tenderness of real passion expressed forcibly, and in words which, being most natural, come most home to the heart, should seek it among the Greek epigrammatists. They seem to have had the art of the Dervise, who could throw his soul into the body of another man, and at once possess himself of his sentiments, adopt his passions, and assume all the functions and feelings of his situation. We are the more sensible of this excellence, because it has so rarely been our fate to meet with that delicate tenderness which is the highest beauty of amatory poetry. Perhaps Guarini and Metastasio alone, among the moderns, have found this secret path to the heart, and even their approach is by a rather more dressed and ornamented road, than that adopted by the epigrammatists. We still remember our pleasure at finding, on the first perusal of Pastor Fido, many of those elegant pieces of poetry which had so often delighted us as detached songs; and our gratification was augmented by the associations which the charms of music had connected with them;—of music in the perfection of its best powers, simple, expressive, unaffected. The merit of the similes scattered throughout the scenes of Metastasio, has been justly appreciated, and too much cannot be said in praise of their variety and exactness, or of the fertility of that genius which could furnish endless novelty of ornament to so many dramas so nearly similar in character and situation. At the same time we know not whether the whole range of Italian poetry, so eminently fitted by its polish and softness for the language of love, can furnish anything more beautiful, than the following six words of Theocritus, quoted by the present translators. No passage shews more forcibly the advantage which the Greek language possesses over every other, by its conciseness.—Οἱ δὲ τοῦτοντες ἐν ἡματι γρησκούουσιν.

‘Chi ama, e chi desia, in un giorno s’invecchia,’

as Salvini has accurately, but somewhat diffusely, rendered it.

But the chief merit of the Italian writers is, that their embellishments are seldom out of place, their imagery is natural and appropriate; and if this is an excellence, surely the simplicity of the Greek epigrammatists, which rendered them independent of ornamental aids, is a virtue of a much higher order. With the latter the argument is not considered as a mere niche, in which

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the picture may be conveniently placed, but the image is made an auxiliary, and illustrates the subject; nor need we wonder if the distinct and well arranged thought, the appropriate epithet, and the familiar expression of the Greek epigram, have a more pleasing effect than the florid and melodious delicacy of the Italian canzonet, or the more vivacious trifling of the French madrigal. The virtue of simplicity has never been sufficiently studied by the poets of our own country; and those of the present day, whose pretensions to it are most ostentatious, have given us an imitation which differs as much from the original, as Cowper's languid version from the majesty and spirit of Homer; or the vulgar travesties of the *Æneid* from the unequalled delicacy of the Mantuan poet.

Conciseness is another pre-eminent beauty of the anthology. The affectation of it which is created by the desire of expressing a common idea with sententious and oracular brevity, is of a very different nature from that nicety of judgment, which prunes away every word that interrupts or encumbers the sentence, yet removes none of the links which formed the original chain of connection in the mind, and suffers every thing to remain distinct, intelligible, and well defined. There is no kind of writing less understood than this: the imitation of Montesquieu has been fatal to many who could not perceive that his genius enabled him to make his way through chaos without being much encumbered or retarded in his progress; or that conciseness can never atone for obscurity, and is only pleasing when it leaves nothing to be misunderstood. It was an aim at conciseness which occasioned so many perplexing inversions of language, and such a want of lucid arrangement in Mr. Campbell's last exquisite poem; and we cannot refrain from once more expressing our regret, that the author should have ever forgotten that his readers were not possessed of the same train of ideas which filled his own mind, and that his conceptions must be distinctly embodied in language, before their character and value could be duly appreciated. Fortunately, however, good sense is of all countries and ages; so that, even in the most tasteless times, it may not be too late to recollect that the homage due to our literary predecessors is paid as properly by avoiding their errors, as by imitating their beauties. Genius is a raw material too precious to be worked up into articles of a slight and perishable nature; and we shall best consult the extension and perpetuity of our own fame, by conforming to acknowledged excellence, and by using the models of antiquity not servilely, but freely, and with discrimination.

It must not be overlooked that the conciseness for which we have commended the poets of the anthology, is usually the product of a state which has not yet seen its Augustan age. We are told that the simplicity and purity which the chaste manners of elder

Rome

Rome presented, are not to be expected among the dregs of Romulus: but the greater part of the poems in this volume, were composed either immediately before, or during the worst days of that calamitous period in the history of literature, so emphatically termed its dark age. It is impossible to make a proper estimate of the efforts which produced these compositions, without considering the difficulty of substituting strength for softness, and legitimate ornament for conceit, at a time when true taste was nearly extinct, and talent chilled by the repulsive indifference of ignorant barbarians.

Nor is there less matter for surprise in the favorite subjects of this collection. The writers of a country on the decline are apt to overlook the common-places of poetry, and to seek a more distant field for ideas than is presented by the brief existence allotted to beauty and virtue, by remembrances of the accidents of human life, 'the ills of age, sickness or poverty, neglected love, or forsaken friendship.' Yet whoever expects to meet with amusement in this volume, must be contented to derive it from the representation of unlaboured and obvious sentiments; and if he has not sufficient delicacy of taste to feel that it is to such a representation the best beauties of poetry belong, he must be ignorant of its greatest charm.

With such claims on the attention of every literary man, it may be a reasonable cause of wonder that, while most of the other classics have been presented to us again and again in an English dress, scarcely a single scholar should have hitherto called upon us to admire these smaller relics of antiquity. The success of Cowley, Prior, and Cumberland in whatever they have chosen to translate, is well known, and their full share of merit is allowed to them in this volume. Many of their versions are admitted into it, and the air of originality which pervades them, leaves us only to regret, that they who could do so well, should have done so little, and that their success should not have sooner excited others to similar efforts. Before we proceed to Mr. Bland, we will say a few words on each of these writers, and our readers will then be better able to judge what pretensions the present translators have to rank with those whose praise, for as much as they have undertaken, is already so universal.

The ruling passion of Cowley, as far as it is to be collected from his writings, was the love of retirement. He spent the most active part of his life in a fatiguing attendance on the formalities of a court, and, as commonly happens to men familiar with greatness, he was thoroughly disgusted with the heartlessness of what is truly called public life. His essays in prose and verse are full of the pleasures of retirement, and the country; it was this predilection which

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which led him to Virgil's 'O fortunati nimium,'—Horace's 'Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,' and the fable of the country mouse,—Claudian's 'Old man of Verona,'—Martial's 'Vitam quæ faciant beatiorem,' and 'Vis fieri liber.' It is the same feeling which pervades the 'Epitaphium vivi auctoris,' so well known by its own classical beauty of sentiment and expression, and by Addison's admirable translation. The air of stiffness and restraint more or less perceivable in all Cowley's writings, is partly owing to the unsettled state of the language, and partly to a style which not unfrequently has more of the Latin, than of the English idiom. But the characteristic merit of his translations, which leads Mr. Bland to place him at the head of all the imitators of Anacreon, is their original spirit. Sir John Denham alludes to this excellence in some very beautiful lines 'on the death of Cowley.'

'To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote, was all his own, &c.
—Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate:
And when like them he would appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear.'

Prior's mind was of a very different cast. Born in the days of the gayest court which England ever saw, and at a time when language was cultivated only as a mode of elegance, he easily accommodated himself to the levity of his age, and was fortunate enough to be enabled, like Camilla in the *Æneid*, to skim along the surface without sinking. The bigotry and superstition which had degraded religion in the preceding times, had driven the gay courtiers of Charles II. with a libertine monarch at their head, into the opposite extremes of atheism and sensuality. Courage was their only virtue, liveliness their only merit. It was with them, as with the French at a later period, always jour de fête; they were bred up in the school of affliction, and when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave a loose to pleasure. But fortunately for the world, this is the artificial, not the natural state of society; the disorder was not incurable, and not very contagious; for it soon appeared that immorality had its cant, as well as enthusiasm, and that the airy gaiety and carelessness of scepticism, though adapted to the light heartedness of youth, were not qualities calculated to animate the decline of life, and sooth the dimness and infirmities of our later years. This is the fiend that 'expects its evening prey,' and exacts a terrible recompense for the moments of ease and merriment bestowed under the form of pleasure. Such was the character of this period—a few words yet remain to be said concerning its productions. The French early acquired a tone of refinement and elegance which was long neglected by other nations; their

their writers of course adopted a style suitable to the high cultivation which prevailed, and the delicacy and correctness of their productions were well calculated at once to gratify the nicety of a refined taste, and to atone for a certain deficiency of genius and energy. On the contrary the licentiousness of the court of Charles was fatal to purity and elegance; and the rich vein of genius, which, however obscured by the false taste, or corrupted by the profligacy of the times, still perhaps remains unequalled, gives full scope to the imagination to conceive what might have been produced by the same talent, under happier auspices, and in a better age. Point and wit were the chief objects of attention in every branch of literature, and that labour which the writers would have expended profitably in correcting the looseness and extravagance of their productions, was consumed in an endless search for low conceits, and artificial prettinesses. With all these faults,—faults for which scarcely any vigor of conception or execution can atone,—there is a raciness and spirit, a richness and variety of expression pervading the writings of the age, which must delight every reader. Prior had the good sense to avoid many of the grosser faults, and to make many of the beauties of his age more peculiarly his own. He has not been less happy in catching the manner of Fontaine, than Fontaine himself in embellishing the tales of Boccace, Poggio, and Ariosto, with natural strokes and archness of humour. His translations are chiefly of such poems as relate to love and gallantry, and no one has surpassed him in ease, and vivacious, though not always strictly delicate, point. Nearly all his versions might be classed under the title of epigram, as the word is used by Martial, and every English writer; nor has he, so far as we recollect, attempted a translation of any of those moral and serious poems which are the chief ornaments of the Greek anthology.

Prior has detained our attention so long, that our remarks on Cumberland must be very brief. It is well known that the latter author grew at once into notice as a scholar, and established his claim to the title, by the admirable essays on the fragments of the Greek drama published in the *Observer*. The excellence of these observations subjected Cumberland to a singular suspicion: when they first came out, he was better known by his relationship to Bentley, than by his learning, and it was hinted that he might have taken the substance of the essays, or the essays themselves, from manuscripts of his grandfather which had fallen into his possession. This is a charge of which the character of Bentley himself does not stand quite clear, and we have many anecdotes to prove that literary honesty is not always the accompaniment of learning; but Cumberland was a man of no common talent or cultivation of mind, who, if he had written less hastily, would have been inimitable.

ble. Several of his versions from the dramatic authors are admitted into the volume before us, and we have been greatly struck with the mixed force and feeling which they display. There is a rare combination of sententiousness and poetical ornament in the following couplets, which leaves nothing for regret, except the smallness of their number. We have not compared them with the originals, but they are exactly in the spirit and manner of those guomic lines which so frequently occur in the ancient drama, and though condemned by some judges as unseasonable, are generally to be ranked among the most valuable relics which time has left us.

CRATES.

Old Age.

'These shrivelled sinews and this bending frame,
The workmanship of time's strong hand proclaim;
Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straight:
Hard choice for man, to die — or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see.
Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last ling'ring day;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.'

PHERECRATES.

The same Subject.

'Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain and care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays:
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.'—p. 226.

We now turn to the book which has given rise to the preceding remarks, and which we scarcely know whether we are to call a new edition, or a new work. It has not altogether a right to this latter title, for a volume was published five or six years ago, on the same plan, the materials of which were furnished, we believe, by the same authors. We do not know how much of its predecessor has been incorporated into the new volume, and it is not noticed in the title-page or the preface, but if our memory is correct, the relationship between them, is nearly what the foundation of a building bears to its superstructure. The name of Mr. Bland appears singly on the title-page, but there are various signatures affixed to the translations, and in the preface the following passage occurs:

'It will doubtless appear strange, that, of the two principal authors, he who has contributed the least portion of the body of the work,

should be most prominent to the public. While he regrets the necessity, he has been compelled to yield to the instances of his associate; and has, at the same time, been induced, by the representations of their publisher, who objected to the plan of a book entirely anonymous, to suffer his own name to appear in a place to which it is entitled no otherwise than by participation.

Mr. Bland's share of the work appears to be marked by the initial B, and we have heard names assigned to most of the other contributions; but as there has evidently been a wish for at least a partial concealment, we do not think it fair to withdraw the veil, whatever may be the motives, professional or domestic, which have led to its adoption.

We naturally expected in a miscellaneous collection like the present, to meet with great inequality in the closeness of the translations. This is a point of considerable delicacy; something of the expectations of the reader must be conceded to the difficulty of transfusing with fidelity the spirit of one language into the idioms of another; and much must be left to the taste of the translator—he will sometimes judge wisely in imitating as nearly as our language will permit, the unornamented simplicity of the original; sometimes will neglect or soften an image unsuited to modern associations; sometimes qualify or refine expressions which are too harsh and farfetched. Every one who is acquainted with the poems of the Greek anthology, knows that passages occasionally occur which are liable to the charge of extravagance. The contemporaneous taste of the times is more or less discoverable in the productions of every country, and a love of conceits was the prevailing fault, the most prominent feature of the ages in which the epigrammatists flourished. Besides, the more obvious and natural thoughts, always most pleasing to true taste, were pre-occupied, and if novelty was to be attempted, the choice lay among materials of a baser kind; if a new garland was to be entwined, it must have been of flowers which Virgil and Horace and Catullus had already rejected. The first poem in the collection, entitled 'the Lover's Message,' from Meleager, affords an instance of the fault of which we have been speaking. The passage is omitted in the translation, but is thus noticed in the Illustrations.

"The sixth line in the original has caused much dispute. Its literal interpretation is, "Expect me not as a sailor, but as one who travels on foot to behold you;" a hyperbolical expression, implying, (says Jacobs,) "The desire of seeing you will support me over the seas, even without the aid of a ship."—p. 41.

We must remark, however, that while the translator has avoided in one instance the fault of the original, he has in the very next couplet fallen into one equally great.

Go,

'Go, heralds of my soul! to Phanion's ear,
On all your shrouds the tender accents bear.'—p. 1.

What can be more affected than the expression, 'heralds of the soul,' applied to vessels passing and repassing the Hellespont? And it is the more inexcusable, since, on turning to the original, we find no trace of it whatever. The following stanzas have a tone of arch gallantry about them, which at first sight would lead us to attribute them to the romantic days of France, rather than to the sixth century: they have, however, the merit of being a very faithful translation.

PAULUS, 8. iii. 78. (73.)

Love not extinguished by Age. B.

'For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smother face!
I'd rather fold thee in my arms
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.

'To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious than their vernal rose,
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent as thy winter glows.'—p. 3.

The following effusion has all the gallantry of Waller, with none of his conceits; and all the warmth and poetry of Moore, with none of his indelicacy. The thoughts are borrowed with sufficient fidelity from the Greek, but the elegance and plaintiveness breathed over the whole, belong exclusively to the translator. To our taste the original is meagre and uninteresting.

AGATHIAS, 23. iii. 41.

Maiden Passion. M.

'Go, idle amorous boys,
What are your cares and joys,
To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?
A flame half hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best!

'Haply you well may find
(Proud privilege of your kind)
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your smart.

'Whilst we, poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.'—p. 10.

We were much pleased with the translation of the well known stanza of Horace lamenting 'the decay of his old flame.'

'Quo fugit Venus? Heu, quove color decens?

Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius

Quæ spirabat amores,

Quæ me surpuerat mihi?

'Where is the bloom, the power to move,

And warm a frozen heart to love?

Oh where those earlier graces, fraught

With all that could a lover sway,

That waken'd every tender thought,

And stole me from myself away?' B.—p. 51.

Among those pieces to which the title of 'Moral' is prefixed, are four from Palladas on the trite subject of 'the shortness and evils of life.' We were obliged to turn to the original to understand the last.

PALLADAS, 129. ii. 434. M.

'O transitory joys of life! ye mourn

Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.

We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,

Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,

His hateful race against our wretched state,

And bears the unconquerable will of fate.'—p. 108.

There appears to be something defective in the third line, but how tame and spiritless is the whole, compared with the original, which furnishes a beautiful specimen of that simple and touching harmony of expression by which the ancients recommended the commonest thoughts.

ὦ τῆς βραχυίας ἡδονῆς τῆς τε βίῃ.

τῶν ὀξυτάτων τε χρόνων πινησάτων.

ἡμεῖς καθιζομένη καὶ κοιμώμεθα,

μοχθῶντες ἢ τρυφῶντες· ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρεῖται,

τρεῖται καὶ ἡμῶν τῶν ταλαιπωρῶν βροτῶν,

φίγων ἑκάστῳ τῇ βίῃ κατατροφῇ.

Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the Rambler the beauties of a short Hymn to Health, by Ariphron of Sicyon; 'in which,' says he, 'the power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his breast, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture.' It loses nothing in its new poetical dress.

BY ARIPHON OF SICYON, 23 Scol. i. 159.

Address to Health. B.

'Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest!

For the short time by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest!

For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in regal state
That makes men covet to be great;

'Whatever sweet we hope to find

In love's delightful snare,

Whatever good by heaven assign'd,

Whatever pause from care,

All flourish at thy smile divine,

The spring of loveliness is thine,

And every joy that warms our hearts

With thee approaches and departs.'—p. 120.

When will the danger of quoting from memory be sufficiently known? We find the following observation, p. 153. "Suavius est tui meminisse, quam cum aliis versari," is, possibly, the very tenderest expression that ever heart conceived, or tongue uttered. How much stronger is the sentiment in its genuine form! 'Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!' It is correctly quoted by Lord Byron, and prefixed to some very beautiful stanzas nearly at the end of the volume which contains his *Childe Harold*. We wish we could make room for the three original pieces by a friend, 'To Estrella;' there is a force and spirit in them which is the best charm of lyric poetry: the first and third appear to us decidedly superior to the second, which has less beauty and tenderness, and is little less exceptionable than Moore's poem on the same subject. We are always concerned to see warmth and indelicacy confounded; they are feelings as distinct as the love of Adam, and the passion of the Giaour for Leila.

We have already observed, that the commonest subjects are usually the most pleasing, when they are judiciously treated. Nothing can be more natural and interesting than the following little poem, though the subject is one of the most hacknied on which verse is employed.

PAULUS, 83. iii. 102.

On a Daughter who died young. B.

'Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought

To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;

But thou hast left a being fraught

With wiles and toils and anxious fear.

For us remains a journey drear,
 For thee a blest eternal prime,
 Uniting in thy short career,
 Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.'—p. 286.

Bion and Shakespear have immortalised the loves of Venus and Adonis, and we were therefore rather surprised to find this acknowledged favourite of the goddess omitted in the following stanza, which in other respects may be placed in the same page with Prior's numerous jeux d'esprit on the same subject. In the Greek, the 'flint-hearted boy' takes his proper station with Anchises and Paris.

UNCERTAIN, 247. iii. 200.

Exclamation of Venus on seeing her Statue by Praxiteles. M.

'My naked charms! The Phrygian swain,
 And Dardan boy—to those I've shown them,
 And only those, of mortal strain.
 How should Praxiteles have known them?'—p. 372.

At p. 403 is a note on the god of sleep, where the age, under which this divinity has been usually represented by the ancients, is discussed. The distinction made between Somnus and Morpheus seems rather fanciful. It is supposed that Morpheus, always represented as an old man, 'is alone the proper image of the sleep of the living;' and that Somnus, figured under the character 'of a boy, or rather of a beautiful youth,' is 'le sommeil éternel, image du sommeil, ou de la mort.' We cannot reconcile this appropriation of the duties assigned to the two deities with the following passage in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, where Morpheus is sent by Somnus, at the suggestion of Juno, to inform Hecyone of the fate of Ceyx.

'Pater e populo natorum mille suorum
 Excitat artificem simulatoremque figuræ
 Morpheæ. Non illo jussos solertius alter
 Exprimit incessus, vultumque modumque loquendi.
 Adicit et vestes, et consuetissima cuique
 Verba, sed hic solos homines imitatur; &c.
 — Præterit hos senior: cunctisque e fratribus unum
 Morpheæ, qui peragat Theumantidos edita, Somnus
 Eligit.'—Lib. ii. 633.

Here Morpheus is distinctly described as acting under Somnus, and assuming different appearances as the occasion required. However this may be, there is a mistake in the punctuation of a passage quoted to shew the youth of Somnus, of some importance, as it affects part of the proof adduced in support of the distinction, and entirely destroys the *parallelism* of the passage. After charging Addison with having fallen into 'an error from which his own reference

ference to Statius ought to have secured him,' the writer of the note thus quotes the lines alluded to.

'Crimine quo merui, *juvenis* placidissime Divum,
Quove errore, miser, donis ut solus egerem,
Somne, tuis?'

We have always read the passage thus;

'Crimine quo merui *juvenis*, placidissime Divum,' &c.

By this punctuation *juvenis* acquires a very peculiar force, and the spirit of the passage is greatly improved.—'What have I done, that I, though still young, at that season of life when cares are least likely to obstruct repose, am denied the gifts of sleep?' The beauties of this exquisite little poem are fresh in the memory of every classical reader, and we agree with the remark in the Illustrations, that Mr. Hodgson 'has, if possible, added to the calm repose and sweetness of the original description.'

'Now every field, and every herd is thine,
And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.'—p. 408.

It is thus we should wish to express our feelings on viewing the tranquillity and softness of one of Claude's night-pieces.

The least interesting division of the volume is the last, entitled 'Satirical and Humorous.' A part at least of the pleasure which we derive from humour, arises from the unexpected manner in which incongruous thoughts are combined by some apparent similarity. It follows that our pleasure is lessened in proportion to our surprise, and that which appears good on the first reading, loses something of its beauty at every succeeding perusal. Besides, the subjects which afforded matter of ridicule to the ancients, are not altogether such as now strike us in the same light; and in general every age has its own objects of entertainment, its peculiar cast of humour, which will not be readily exchanged for any other. But this is a point on which we touch with considerable tenderness for the feelings and opinions of others. We may, however, venture to observe, that true wit has no more connection with extravagant images, than the comedy of Terence, of Fontenelle, and occasionally of Molière, has with *plays of character*, in which simple avarice or extravagance are drawn, instead of the covetous, or the extravagant man; or with Spanish plots, which deceive a man through his senses, not through his passions and affections. The emotion of pleasure must be retained, as well as excited; the gratified feeling must be as inseparable from the idea which gave rise to it, when it is familiar, as when it was new Notwithstanding

ing what we have said on this point, we will still venture to quote one specimen of this part of the work, in which a favourite subject of all epigrammatists is well displayed.

AGATHIAS, 67. iii. 56.

On a Lawyer. M.

' A plaintiff thus explained his cause
To counsel learned in the laws :
" My bond-maid lately ran away,
And in her flight was met by A,
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
Espous'd her to his servant B.
The issue of this marriage, pray,
Do they belong to me, or A ?"
The lawyer, true to his vocation,
Gave sign of deepest cogitation,
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hemm'd, and said, " your case is clear.
Those children, so begot by B
Upon your handmaid must, you see,
Be your's, or A's.—Now, this I say :
They can't be your's, if they to A
Belong—it follows then, of course,
That if they are not his, they're your's.
Therefore—by my advice—in short,
You'll take the opinion of the court."—p. 451.

We are not much dissatisfied with the following observations prefixed to some ' extracts from the Grecian drama.

' Notwithstanding the success with which Potter's faithful and animated translations of the great fathers of the Grecian drama, have deservedly been attended, it has always appeared to me that the true spirit of their poetry might be more nearly attained, by adopting the sonorous and majestic couplet, which Dryden wished to introduce on the English stage, in imitation of Corneille and Racine ; and which, however unsuitable to the purpose of representing violent and sudden emotions, is peculiarly well adapted as the vehicle both of declamatory passion, and of pathetic sweetness."

The extracts which follow are from the most touching and tender scenes of the Greek tragedy ; the thoughts such as are most in unison with those domestic feelings which come home to every heart, and the classical allusions so natural and intelligible as not to be displeasing even to the English reader who seeks only for beauty of poetry, and has no additional source of gratification in meeting with a spirited version of his favorite passages. yet we should say that the attempt had decidedly failed, if the truth of the doctrine depended on the detached specimens before us. We must, however, make two exceptions ; the first in favor of the translation

translation of a chorus in the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the other the address of a daughter to her father, conjuring him to spare her life; and both of singular beauty.

ADDRESS OF THE CHORUS TO ALCESTIS. M.

- ' Daughter of Pelias! peaceful sleep
 In Pluto's mansions cold and deep,
 Where the bright sun can enter never!
 And may the gloomy monarch know,
 And he, the steersman old and slow,
 By whom the ghosts are wafted o'er,
 To that uncomfortable shore,
 No spirit half so lovely ever,
 Nor half so pure, his boat did take
 On the dark bosom of the Stygian lake.
 Thy name preserved in sweetest lays,
 The sacred bards of future days
 The seven-string'd lyre shall tune to thee,
 Waking its mountain-melody;
 Or in harmonious notes shall sing,
 What time the rosy-bosom'd spring
 Bedews with April showers
 Fair Sparta's walls, and all the night,
 The full moon pours her silver light
 On Athens' heav'n-loved towers.
 ' Oh! could the power of verse recall
 Thy ghost from Pluto's dreary hall,
 And dark Cocytus' spectred wave!
 Oh! could it bid thy spirit stray
 Back to the cheerful light of day,
 And break the darkness of the grave!
 ' Most lov'd, most honour'd shade, farewell!
 We know not what the gods below
 Will measure out of bliss or woe;
 Yet may thy gentle spirit dwell,
 In those dark realms to which it fled,
 Most blest among the peaceful dead!
 ' Nor thou, afflicted husband, mourn
 That voyage whence is no return,
 And which we all are doom'd to try:
 The gods' great offspring, battle-slain,
 'Mid common heroes press the plain,
 And undistinguish'd die.
 ' But she who nobly died, to save
 A husband from the cheerless grave,
 Though seen no more by mortal eye,
 Shines, a bright power, above the sky.
 Hail, lovely light of Pheræ's vale!
 Blest guardian of the wand'ring stranger, hail!'—p. 243.

FROM

FROM THE IPHIGENIA IN AULIS OF EURIPIDES.

Iphigenia to Agamemnon.

' Had I the voice of Orpheus, that my song
 The unbending strength of rocks might lead along,
 Melt the rude soul, and make the stubborn bow,
 That voice might heaven inspire to aid me now.
 But now, ungifted as I am, untaught
 To pour the plaint of sorrow as I ought,
 Tears, the last refuge of a suppliant's prayer,
 Tears yet are mine, and those I need not spare.
 Father, to thee I bow, and low on earth
 Clasp the dear knees of him who gave me birth—
 Have mercy on my youth! oh, think how sweet
 To view the light, and glow with vital heat!
 Let me not quit this cheerful scene, to brave
 The dark uncertain horrors of the grave!

I was the first on whom you fondly smiled,
 And straining to your bosom, called, ' My child!'
 Canst thou forget how on thy neck I hung,
 And lisp'd, ' My father!' with an infant tongue?
 How 'midst the interchange of holy bliss,
 The child's caresses, and the parent's kiss,
 ' And shall I see my daughter,' wouldst thou say,
 ' Blooming in charms among the fair and gay?
 Of some illustrious youth the worthy bride,
 The beauty of his palace and the pride?
 ' Perhaps,' I answer'd with a playful air,
 ' And dares my father hope admittance there,
 Or think his prosperous child will e'er repay
 His cares, and wipe the tears of age away
 Then, round that dearest neck I clung, which yet
 I bathe in tears—I never can forget;
 —But thou remember'st not how then I smiled—
 'Tis vanish'd all—and thou wilt slay thy child.

Oh! slay me not! respect a mother's throes,
 And spare her age unutterable woes!
 Oh, slay me not!—or—if it be decreed—
 (Great God avert it!) if thy child must bleed,
 At least look on her, kiss her, let her have
 Some record of her father in the grave!
 Oh come, my brother! join with me in prayer!
 Lift up thy little hands, and bid him spare!
 Thou wouldst not lose thy sister! e'en in thee,
 Poor child, exists some sense of misery—
 —Look, father, look! his silence pleads for me.
 We both intreat thee—I, with virgin fears,
 He, with the eloquence of infant tears.

Oh, what a dreadful thought it is, to die!
 To leave the freshness of this upper sky,

For

For the cold horrors of the funeral rite,
 The land of ghosts, and everlasting night!
 Oh, slay me not! the weariest life that pain,
 The fever of disgrace, the lengthen'd chain
 Of slavery, can impose on mortal breath,
 Is real bliss "to what we fear of death."—p. 264.

Frequent use has been made of the stores of French literature lately opened to us. We suspect that Mr. Bland has a great predilection for the French wits. He seems to be familiar with the productions of Du Fresnoy, and Baraton, and Chardon, and Moncrif, and does not hesitate to avail himself of the miscellaneous nature of the illustrations, by introducing them in an English dress, as often as any similitude of thought or subject allows. Two valuable recent publications have contributed whatever was wanting to make us thoroughly acquainted with the taste in writing and conversation which prevailed among the Parisian beaux esprits of the last century. The anonymous treatise *De la Littérature Française pendant le 18me Siècle*, describes the result of their hours of seriousness and study; and Baron Grimm's more desultory work has supplied all that remained to be learned respecting their movements in private life, when no part was to be acted, no character to be kept up; in their jests and quarrels, in their parties and retirements.

'Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
 Ejiciuntur, et eripitur persona, manet res.'

From this source Mr. Bland has gleaned two or three happily expressed trifles which are not above the level of what we expected from the heartlessness and frivolity which characterised what was called the société of the French metropolis. The following are favourable specimens of the peculiar character of French sprightliness. The original of the portrait in the first is to be seen in every circle of all societies.

'Avoir l'esprit bas et vulgaire,
 Manger, dormir, et ne rien faire,
 Ne rien savoir, n'apprendre rien;
 C'est le naturel d' Isabelle,
 Qui semble pour tout entretien,
 Dire seulement—Je suis belle.'

'To have a talent base and low,
 To live in state of vegetation,
 To eat, drink, nothing learn, nor know,
 Such is the genius of Miss Kitty,
 Who seems, for all her conversation,
 To say—Look at me, I am pretty.' B.—p. 174.

' Le premier jour du mois de Mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie ;
Le beau dessein que je formai
Le premier jour du mois de Mai,
Je vous vis, et je vous aimai.
Si ce dessein vous plut, Silvie,
Le premier jour du mois de Mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie.'

' The morning of the first of May
To me was happier far than any ;
I thought on that which made me gay,
The morning of the first of May.
I saw and loved thee on that day :
If what I thought on pleased thee, Fanny,
The morning of the first of May
To me was happier far than any.'—B.—p. 376.

On a Statue of Cupid.

' D'aucun Dieu l'on n'a dit tant de mal et de bien.
Le plus grand des malheurs est de n'en dire rien.'

' Of all the deities that shed
On earth their influence from above,
So much has never yet been said,
Both good and evil, as of love.

' Yet, for whatever joy we bless,
Or for whatever pain we flout him,
His is the worst unhappiness
Who knows not what to say about him.' M.—p. 401.

We have noticed several instances where, in our opinion, the sense of the original has been misconceived.

' And thou
O lamp, bear'st witness to her alter'd vow,'—p. 7.
conveys to the English reader no idea of the turn in the Greek.

' λυχνι, συ δ' ἐς κόλποις αὐτῆς ἵσταται.'

The idea in the last line of the following stanza is very poetical, but in our conception very different from that conveyed by the original.

UNCERTAIN, 443, (444.) iii. 245.

Death the universal Lot. B.

' The bath, obsequious beauty's smile,
Wine, fragrance, music's heavenly breath,
Can but our hastening hours beguile,
And slope the path that leads to death.

' Οἶνος καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ καὶ ἡ περὶ Κυπρίου ἡρώς,
ἐξυτίζει πᾶσι τὴν ὁδὸν εἰς Αἰδον.'

Allusion

Allusion has been made to the immortality of Cleombrotus the Ambraciot, from the time of Cicero to that of Milton. The force of the celebrated epigram of Callimachus on this subject, is quite lost in the paraphrastic translation of the concluding line.

—αλλα Πλατωνος
 ἐν, το περι ψυχης, γραμμ' αναλαμβανεις.

But Plato's reason caught his youthful eye,
 And fix'd his soul on immortality.—p. 113.

The desultory and miscellaneous nature of the notes which form so large a part of this volume, opens a wide field for remark, but our extracts have been already so considerable that we cannot venture upon them. Briefly, however, we may observe, that amidst much ingenious and amusing criticism, there are to be found in them a laborious trifling which occasionally fatigues us, and an effort altogether disproportioned to the effect meant to be produced. Were this part of the work reduced to half its present bulk, (and we hope that opportunities will not be wanting,) we might then expect to receive a volume of which the Illustrations should not be unworthy of the text.

ART. VII. *An Inquiry into the State of National Subsistence, as connected with the Progress of Wealth and Population.* By W. T. Comber. London: Cadell and Davies. 1808. 8vo. pp. 382.

IN calling the attention of our readers to a work which was published five years ago, we are aware that we deviate from our usual practice: but the deviation is, we hope, excusable; because that work has derived, from very recent circumstances, a degree of importance which it did not possess when it was first presented to the public. A select committee of the House of Commons, appointed at an early period of the last session, 'to inquire into the Corn Trade of the united kingdom,' have, in their report to the House, proposed the repeal of the existing system of laws for the control of the importation and exportation of corn, and in lieu of such system, the chairman of that committee has proposed to the House a series of resolutions, of which the object is to secure to this country a corn-trade unfettered by regulations, but subject to duties, so graduated, as to protect the British growers and consumers, against those great and sudden variations in the price of grain, which have hitherto been occasioned by correspondent fluctuations in the supply and demand. Thus far, the opinions of the chairman of the committee exactly coincide with those of Mr. Comber, whose inquiry we will now proceed to examine.

The

The author designates himself, in his preface, as a 'practical writer,' and laments that his habits (commercial habits we presume) 'have been adverse to the cultivation of the higher attainments of literature;' yet he appears to have studied, with much attention, the best writers on political economy; and we think that the diligence with which he has collected a large stock of useful materials, and the candour and good sense with which he uses them, afford a full compensation for the few faults of his style; which, perhaps, is sometimes too diffuse, and rather too much laboured, but never so far as to become perplexed or unintelligible. His 'Inquiry,' indeed, is carried to a length which many of his readers may be inclined to think excessive; but he excuses himself by alleging the necessity of combating the many strange and contradictory theories which some modern writers have endeavoured to substitute for the wise and sober doctrines of Dr. Smith:—

'Writers, (says he,) from the bias of their own minds, have given a latitude and universality to principles, evidently secondary in their nature, and limited in their operation, which form the basis of particular theories. Some, with Mr. Malthus, deduce all the political and moral evils which exist in society, from an excess of population, inferring a deficiency of the means of subsistence, and the decay of our wealth and prosperity, from this cause; and, as a practical result, recommend discouragements to the further increase of the species. Others, viewing population as a means of increasing wealth, consider depopulation and decline as synonymous; they regard the actual production of subsistence as already superabundant, which, by enabling every order in the state to consume an increased quantity, generates luxury; and consider this as inevitably producing a decay of industry, which will be followed by depopulation and decline. While some trace all our riches to our commerce, and triumphantly produce the imports and exports as the barometer of national wealth, others as confidently deny that commerce is any means of increasing wealth, whatever it may be of distributing it. By some it has been contended, that the increase of taxes, by raising the price of our manufactures to the foreign consumer, has a tendency to occasion a decay of the employments of industry, and to increase the number of the poor; whilst others contend, that by prolonging the action of necessity, they stimulate to industry, and are one of the chief causes of national wealth.'

Instead of entangling himself in the labyrinth of theory, our author undertakes to trace, from the commencement of English history, the circumstances which have actually attended, in this country, the progress of wealth, population, and agriculture; occasionally commenting on the facts which he produces, and applying them to each of the conflicting systems above-mentioned; but particularly to that of Mr. Malthus, whom he justly considers as the most formidable of all the dissenters from the orthodox tenets of political

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political economy. Such a task, it is obvious, could not be completed within very narrow limits; but as only a small portion of Mr. Comber's Inquiry is immediately suited to our purpose, we must confine ourselves to a very short and imperfect sketch of that part of his agricultural history, which is antecedent to the establishment of any regular code of laws, for the encouragement of tillage.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that no degree of industry can enable an historian to glean, from the early annals of this country, a certain knowledge of the number of its inhabitants, or of the quantity of subsistence afforded by agriculture, at different remote periods. The first document of this kind, which our author has quoted, occurs in the reign of Edward III, at which time (i. e. in 1377) the population of England and Wales appears to have amounted to no more than two and a half millions of souls. The next estimate of the population is in 1575, during the reign of Elizabeth, when the number of inhabitants was found to be 4,600,000; by which it appears, that the population of England and Wales had doubled itself during the two last centuries; and lastly, the returns made to the legislature under the population act in 1801, have shewn, that after an interval of 225 years, the population had been once more doubled. These documents, though perhaps not strictly accurate, are sufficient to prove, that though the progress of population, and of subsistence in this country, may have been occasionally interrupted during some short intervals, yet during the last four hundred years at least, a great augmentation has taken place in the produce of each succeeding century; an augmentation which has lately proceeded with a uniformly accelerated rapidity. This increase, indeed, has been viewed, by some philosophers, as a just subject of alarm. Mr. Malthus, to whom we owe our thanks for the boldness with which he has opposed some errors of modern philanthropists, and for the just and popular arguments by which he has demonstrated the impossibility of supplying, from the contributions of the rich and idle, those means of subsistence which can only be secured by the labour of the industrious, has been grievously scared by this new phantom. Because mankind have a tendency to propagate their species, and to devour the fruits of the earth, whilst that earth does not possess a reciprocal power of increasing its own surface, he thinks that the limited quantity of provender in the whole world must, ultimately, be insufficient for the growing number of mouths; and hence he concludes that our only chance of retarding that starvation, which will be our inevitable lot, is to practise celibacy, and to employ as many as possible of our manufacturers (who are far too numerous, and frightfully prolific) in raising corn for exportation.

Our author replies, that this opinion, like some others inculcated
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by the ingenious essayist, is deduced, not from the simple and long established truth to which it is professedly a corollary, but from the mystical sense of the words in which he has enveloped his preliminary axiom. A man of plain sense, will probably be startled at being told that population and subsistence cannot possibly proceed at the same rate, the one always increasing in a geometrical, and the other in an arithmetical ratio. It would naturally occur to him, that the whole human race having been derived from two original parents; each generation must have found or created the means of subsistence; and he must, thence, be disposed to infer, that man and his food will continue their journey as amicably as heretofore; and he will not readily believe, that their nearer approach to their common goal, will be likely to disturb their harmony. It will, also, occur to him, that the power of reproduction implanted in all animated nature may be still left, without danger, under the control of the Author of nature, and that it is unnecessary to provide against its influence, by attempting to eradicate the natural propensities of our species, or to change the natural course of human industry.

If the project of Mr. Malthus were realized, such a change in the state of society would, in our author's opinion, produce effects exactly opposite to those so confidently anticipated. Supposing the class of manufacturers in this country to be in excess, it follows that these redundant members of the class must be fed, not from our home stock of provisions, but from that of some foreign nation which consumes the produce of their labour. The advantage of their residence here consists in their occasional supply of men for the exigencies of the state. Meanwhile, the remainder of their class, whom we suppose to be as numerous as the national produce can feed, being compelled to give for their food the largest equivalent that their powers of labour can afford, it seems clear that the agricultural class will acquire as great, and the manufacturing class as small a profit as possible, from their respective exertions.

But if, the population of the country remaining unaltered, the manufacturers now employed in working for the foreign demand, were suddenly transferred to tillage, it does not follow that a total change in the comparative comforts of the two classes, would be the only consequence. Those writers who, like Mr. Malthus, bestow great and extravagant eulogiums on the policy of exporting grain, seem to have forgotten that this is not necessarily practicable. Every trade is an exchange of equivalents: but if a superabundance of wheat were actually created in Great Britain, to what country could we send it, with the hope of exchanging it for an equivalent which should repay the expenses of the farmer?

When

When all our neighbours have been desolated by a war expressly waged against commerce and manufactures, a war which has swept away the accumulated capital of ages, and has left to the conquered, nothing but the privilege of extorting from their soil the first necessities of life, can the wealthiest nation in the world rationally undertake the task of providing Europe with those necessities, and neglect its natural advantages in pursuit of a trade to be carried on in competition with America, and Poland, from whose abundant supply we have so often found relief in times of very distressing necessity? It is expedient,—it is necessary, to call out all the resources which can be derived from our own soil, as a security against those evils, to which a series of untoward seasons may sometimes expose our numerous and growing population; and the means of attaining this security, are certainly within our reach. But why propose to ourselves a new and unnecessary object, which is inconsistent with our own circumstances, and with the actual situation of all our neighbours?

The present state of the continent, indeed, very nearly resembles that of England, during the reigns of our Norman line of kings; because that feudal system, which is the system of all conquerors, still subsists, with slight differences of modification, in the whole Turkish empire; in that of Russia; in Poland; and must, if Buonaparte should ultimately succeed in his efforts, be shortly established in Germany, as well as in Italy and France.

Our ancestors were, during some centuries, a nation of vassals and serfs doomed, alternately, to fight and to labour for the lords of the soil, and to supply those task-masters with the articles of raw produce which were exchanged for the manufactures of Flanders, and the more costly products of the East. For grain, however, there was no foreign market; because the agriculture of the Flemings kept pace with their industry; the commercial republics of Italy were amply fed by their own fertile territories; and the rest of Europe, portioned out, like England, into baronial districts, afforded a very precarious supply, to a very scanty stock of inhabitants. A strong proof of this occurs in our history, during the period which immediately followed the termination of the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster. We all know that the establishment of regal power on the ruins of feudal anarchy, was accompanied by the cession of numerous advantages to the people; whose industry, since this dawn of liberty, has been progressive. Yet all historians have agreed to point to this period, as remarkable for the sudden and general decline of tillage. This was not occasioned by the false policy of the government; on the contrary, the numerous enactments by Henry VII, Henry VIII,

Edward VI, Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth, (all of which are recited by Mr. Comber,) are obviously so many angry manifestos against the dangerous extension of pasturage. This extension was the spontaneous act of individuals, probably taking a very just view of their own interests. The population of the country was continually increasing; so that if any foreign demand for grain had existed, the demand for wool could not have occasioned any change in the object of our national agriculture. The Dutch, indeed, about this time, having shaken off the yoke of Spain, laid the foundations of their subsequent greatness; and gradually acquiring a population far beyond their own scanty means of subsistence, created a market for corn which tended to encourage a competition of supply amongst the agricultural nations. France, also, thought fit, for some time, to import large quantities of grain for the support of her numerous manufacturers; and Portugal, for the sake of encouraging her vineyards, has derived a great part of her subsistence from foreigners. In all these trades, England, from the time of the Stuarts, has attempted to share as largely as possible; insomuch that our usual exports of corn, a little before the middle of the last century, amounted to not less than one-tenth of our annual growth; but from the commencement of the war of 1756, they began to decline, and in 1767, ceased altogether. Since that period, the price of corn has been constantly higher in Great Britain than in France; in Holland; in the countries round the Baltic; or in America; and the consequence of this state of things has been a progressive importation, to an amount rather exceeding that of our former export.

It is evident that this great change in the state of our commercial relations, has been produced by a variety of conspiring causes. The peace of 1763, confirmed to Great Britain the possession of a vast empire in the East, of which the revenues, together with the profits of a most lucrative commerce, were annually poured into this country; it extended our dominion over the whole western coast of the Atlantic; it increased our possessions in the West Indies; and leaving us apparently without a rival, inspired the most perfect confidence in the power and stability of what now began to be called the British empire. But it is clear that, whatever might have been the previous disposition of the country, a vast and sudden influx of wealth could not fail of exciting, amongst that portion of the inhabitants to whom it was distributed, the habits of more profusion and expenditure; and the British being already a commercial and highly industrious nation, the distribution of this wealth was, therefore, most extensive. From this period wheat, which had formerly been considered in this, as it still is in almost every other country, to be a sort of luxury, began

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to supplant the inferior kinds of grain as an article of food for the poorer classes. The power of consuming it was increased; and the number of consumers was augmented by the multitude of foreign workmen and navigators, who were attracted by the demand of our manufactures and commerce. Consequently, it was scarcely possible that the national agriculture should continue to afford a surplus of grain for export: nor did it. 'The average annual produce of wheat, (says Mr. Comber, p. 180.) at the beginning of the reign of his present Majesty, was about 3,800,000 quarters, of which about 300,000 had been sent out of the kingdom, leaving about three and a half millions for home consumption. In 1773, the produce of wheat was stated to the House of Commons to be four millions, of which the whole, and above 100,000 imported, were consumed in the kingdom.' It seems, then, that the increase of the annual consumption, at the end of thirteen years, (ten of which were subsequent to the peace,) was 600,000 quarters, and the augment of our annual growth 200,000. The rise of price also, as might be expected, was considerable; and the effect produced by the change in the market, on the interests of our corn growers was, that instead of selling to the exporter 300,000 quarters at 33s. 6d., they supplied their own countrymen with 500,000, at 45s. 6d., these being the average prices of the 10 years which preceded, and of the ten which followed 1764. Thus far, it is plain that British agriculture participated largely in the general prosperity.

This prosperity, however, was now suddenly interrupted by the revolution in America, which commenced with the seizure of the tea at Boston, in December 1773, and was followed by the appointment of a congress at Philadelphia in 1774, and in 1775 by a declaration of war. During the whole progress of that most disastrous conflict, the agricultural, as well as the commercial classes in Great Britain, could not fail to suffer most severely, although our cultivators were little injured by foreign competition. The annual excess of import, on an average of the ten years preceding the peace of 1783, did not amount to 72,000 quarters; but the general distress of the country kept down the price, and the capital which could be spared for the improvement of cultivation was so small, that land was frequently sold, towards the close of the war, at twenty-two, and even twenty years purchase.

The ten years of peace, which elapsed between the treaty of Paris, and the war into which we were driven by the French revolution, restored our finances, revived our commerce and manufactures, and almost obliterated the recollection of the losses so lately sustained. Never, probably, was the improvement of Great Britain in all the useful arts, so conspicuous as during this short and

happy interval. The annual consumption of wheat advanced, in consequence of our increasing wealth and population, to six millions of quarters, of which only 182,000 were imported; so that the annual produce of 1793 exceeded that of 1773 by not less than 1,820,000 quarters.

From 1793 to the present moment, with the exception of the short and feverish respite produced by the treaty of Amiens, every year has been passed in a repetition of efforts the most exhausting, and amidst dangers which immediately threatened our existence. Yet we have the consolation to know that the main sinews of our strength, the numbers of a free and brave people, and ample internal means of feeding them, have not yet begun to fail us. A comparison of the returns to the population acts in 1801 and 1811, indicates an increase of the inhabitants of Great Britain, during that interval, of more than 1,400,000; and although the progress of population in Ireland is supposed to have been still more rapid, we learn from the report of the late committee on corn, that

‘When the continental system put an end to all commercial intercourse with those countries from which corn is usually imported into Great Britain, except through the means of licences, and thus imposed great difficulties upon the importation of foreign corn; though the prices continued to advance, the quantity of corn grown in consequence of this advance in price, and of the steadiness of the price, particularly in Ireland, has been so much greater than it was before for many years, that the supply, in the last year, was equal to the consumption.’

From these facts it appears, that although the actual internal supply of corn has been uniformly inferior to the demand, and has consequently occasioned a regular excess of importation, yet the power of raising an increased quantity of produce, fully proportionate to the increasing population of the country, has never been deficient. It follows, that the expansion of that power which has now been so unexpectedly displayed, must have been hitherto counteracted by some powerful obstacle; and because the corn trade has long been subjected to a system of regulations, it may be presumed that, in this system, the obstacle will be found. The history of these laws may be comprised in a very few words; but the spirit in which they were enacted, and their practical tendency, have been the subject of much litigation.

Though the extension of tillage was an object of constant anxiety to the princes of the House of Tudor, and though the exportation of grain, as an encouragement to such extension, was promoted by them as far as possible, it was not till the accession of the Stuarts that the corn trade, in consequence of a foreign demand, began to acquire some importance; and that the laws for the

the regulation of it were matured into a system. Indeed, the domestic trade, in every article, must precede the foreign trade: and a free internal commerce of grain had been hitherto opposed, both by the jealousy of government and by popular prejudice. The dread of encouraging any intervention between the grower and consumer of corn had even survived the commonwealth, and the statute of the 15th Charles II. (1663) is cited as the first law which gave a permission to 'buy in an open market, and lay up and keep in granary, and sell again' such corn as shall have been bought under certain prices therein mentioned. The same statute permits the exportation of corn which by 12th Charles II. had been previously allowed at the price of 40s. whenever wheat shall not exceed 48s. the quarter; and even this limitation was taken off by 22d Charles II. in consideration of a small, and indeed merely a nominal tax, whilst, on the other hand, imported wheat is subjected to a duty of 16s. whenever the price of the home-market shall not exceed 53s. 4d.;—of 8s. when the price shall not exceed 80s.;—and of 5s. 4d. at all higher prices.

The 1st Will. s. 1. c. 12. gave a bounty of 5s. on every quarter of wheat exported, so long as the price was at or below 48s. the quarter. This statute continued in force till the year 1773; but exportation was suspended in 1699, 1709, 1741, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773, in which year a new law was passed, with a view to prevent the necessity of such frequent interference on the part of the legislature in contravention to a permanent statute.

By this law the bounty on export was confirmed, but restricted to prices below 44s. the quarter of wheat; from that price till it reached 48s. exportation was simply permitted; at 48s. exportation was prohibited; and an import for home consumption was permitted at the low duty of 6d. a quarter. If, from a fall of price, such foreign wheat should be debarred from consumption, it might be landed duty free, and lodged in the king's warehouses, from whence, on giving bond that it should not be reloaded, it might be again exported; or if the price at home should again render it admissible at our market, might be delivered out for consumption on paying the duty.

In 1774, 1781, and 1789, acts were passed prescribing the mode of regulating the average prices on which the importation and exportation of corn, and a claim to bounty must depend; and these explanatory acts were consolidated, with some alterations, in the laws of 1791 and 1804. The general result is that England and Wales are divided into twelve, and Scotland into four districts; that in each district inspectors are appointed, who receive weekly returns of prices from all the principal market towns within their

fore, a free trade in foreign corn were permitted, and a free access to all the European markets restored to our vessels, it may be presumed that a supply, sufficient to meet any probable deficiency in our home produce, might be procured; but an immediate and unqualified adoption of the policy successfully pursued by the Dutch might, perhaps, be accompanied by inconveniences not inferior to those which result from our actual system.

The principal objections to our existing corn laws are these. In the first place the price which regulates importation requires, in consequence of the changing value of money, a frequent revision and alteration; and however frequently it may be revised and altered it cannot, compatibly with the other regulations of the law, produce the intended effect of limiting the foreign competition:—it can only tend to cause an excessive fluctuation of prices, and to force the expenditure of the annual stock of grain. To prove this, let us suppose that the average of the quarter preceding the 15th of May is so high as to open the ports, which will then continue open till the 15th of August. These three months are the season of the greatest activity in the Baltic, and as the foreign growers or holders of wheat must be anxious to send their stocks to our market within the limited time, their shipment will probably be as great as the extent of freight and the utmost attainable quantity of corn will allow. This influx of grain may cause the ports to close either in August, or, perhaps, not till November, and this uncertainty will alternately raise and depress the markets both in England and in the ports of the Baltic. The holders of English corn will not venture to keep much stock in hand, because the import of foreign corn, though limited in point of time, is unlimited as to quantity; and because, when it arrives, it probably must, on account of the warehouse duty imposed in 1784, be brought at once into the market. Hence, through the operation of our laws, the very necessary trade of the corn dealer is, notoriously, a trade of constant hazard; and an alteration of sudden gluts, and critical suspensions of supply, accompanied by corresponding fluctuations of prices, is produced by a foreign importation, which scarcely bears a sensible proportion to the great extent of our general produce and consumption.

On the other hand, a law which should put an end to these inconveniences, by establishing a perfectly free trade in corn, would be open to two very formidable, and apparently, insurmountable objections.

‘The general diffusion of wealth,’ says Mr. Comber, pp. 193 and 194, ‘which was the consequence of that extension of industry which we have observed, was attended not only with an increased consumption, and almost general substitution of wheat and other grain, but by a

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more extended, and almost universal use of animal food. The improvements which were made in this branch of farming were attended with considerable profit, not merely from the natural consequences of these progressive improvements, but from the continually increasing demand and increased ability of the consumers. It naturally requires a larger extent of territory to support the same number of persons on animal food, than on vegetable food; and when the mode of raising and feeding cattle on rich and fertile lands became general, it occasioned a very serious competition in the employment of land for tillage. To these advantages in favour of grazing was to be added the greater certainty attending it than tillage, the fewer labourers required than were necessary in tillage, and the exemption from tithes.

‘ From a combination of all these circumstances, we find that a very great proportion of the cultivated lands of England and Wales are employed in depasturing cattle and raising food for their support. (App, xxv.) That employed for pasture alone, has been estimated at seventeen millions and a half of acres, besides upwards of five millions employed in the growth of oats, beans, clover, artificial grasses, turnips, cabbages, &c. for feeding them. There is also six millions of common and waste land, which, if used at all, is employed for feeding cattle, and which have been considered equal to a million and a half of cultivated land, making a total of twenty-four millions of acres, for raising food for animals, for pleasure, labour and food. The quantity of land employed in the cultivation of wheat in England and Wales, is estimated at 3,160,000; and for raising every other vegetable food for man, 938,000, consequently not much exceeding four millions of acres, and about one sixth of that employed in raising food for animals.

‘ Without examining what proportion of these animals are used for pleasure, labour, or food, it is very obvious that when the disproportion is so great, a very small additional encouragement to the raising of animals might occasion a very serious diminution of the lands employed in the cultivation of wheat.’

The second objection arises out of the present comparative state of this country, and of the rest of Europe.

The French government having, from the beginning of their revolution, adopted the principle of considering a state of war as their natural state; of converting their own population, and that of every country subjugated by their arms, into instruments of future conquests; and having, hitherto, subsisted on plunder collected, almost indifferently, from their own industrious or wealthy subjects, or, from those of their vassal nations; have successively relinquished to us almost every branch of industrious labour, excepting that which is employed in agriculture. This conduct of our enemy, enabled us, so long as foreign commerce was unimpaired, to support, with less distress, the enormous expenditure required by our own exertions; but the constantly increasing load of taxes, which had, already, greatly enhanced the money-price of every article,

fore, a free trade in foreign corn were permitted, and a free access to all the European markets restored to our vessels, it may be presumed that a supply, sufficient to meet any probable deficiency in our home produce, might be procured; but an immediate and unqualified adoption of the policy successfully pursued by the Dutch might, perhaps, be accompanied by inconveniences not inferior to those which result from our actual system.

The principal objections to our existing corn laws are these. In the first place the price which regulates importation requires, in consequence of the changing value of money, a frequent revision and alteration; and however frequently it may be revised and altered it cannot, compatibly with the other regulations of the law, produce the intended effect of limiting the foreign competition:—it can only tend to cause an excessive fluctuation of prices, and to force the expenditure of the annual stock of grain. To prove this, let us suppose that the average of the quarter preceding the 15th of May is so high as to open the ports, which will then continue open till the 15th of August. These three months are the season of the greatest activity in the Baltic, and as the foreign growers or holders of wheat must be anxious to send their stocks to our market within the limited time, their shipment will probably be as great as the extent of freight and the utmost attainable quantity of corn will allow. This influx of grain may cause the ports to close either in August, or, perhaps, not till November, and this uncertainty will alternately raise and depress the markets both in England and in the ports of the Baltic. The holders of English corn will not venture to keep much stock in hand, because the import of foreign corn, though limited in point of time, is unlimited as to quantity; and because, when it arrives, it probably must, on account of the warehouse duty imposed in 1784, be brought at once into the market. Hence, through the operation of our laws, the very necessary trade of the corn dealer is, notoriously, a trade of constant hazard; and an alteration of sudden gluts, and critical suspensions of supply, accompanied by corresponding fluctuations of prices, is produced by a foreign importation, which scarcely bears a sensible proportion to the great extent of our general produce and consumption.

On the other hand, a law which should put an end to these inconveniences, by establishing a perfectly free trade in corn, would be open to two very formidable, and apparently, insurmountable objections.

‘The general diffusion of wealth,’ says Mr. Comber, pp. 193 and 194, ‘which was the consequence of that extension of industry which we have observed, was attended not only with an increased consumption, and almost general substitution of wheat and other grain, but by a

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more extended, and almost universal use of animal food. The improvements which were made in this branch of farming were attended with considerable profit, not merely from the natural consequences of these progressive improvements, but from the continually increasing demand and increased ability of the consumers. It naturally requires a larger extent of territory to support the same number of persons on animal food, than on vegetable food; and when the mode of raising and feeding cattle on rich and fertile lands became general, it occasioned a very serious competition in the employment of land for tillage. To these advantages in favour of grazing was to be added the greater certainty attending it than tillage, the fewer labourers required than were necessary in tillage, and the exemption from tithes.

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ticle, whether of luxurious, or of necessary consumption, has unfortunately survived that commerce, and produced (no matter whether with or without the concurrence of other causes) an unexampled depreciation of money. Never, certainly, was the immediate produce of human labour so dear, as it must be in Great Britain, on the return of peace; never so cheap, as it is likely to become on the continent. The effect of a free competition of the foreign grower of corn must, under such circumstances, be fatal to the British farmer, and, consequently, to the landholder. It must operate, exactly, as the free importation of colonial produce, from our conquests in the West Indies, has operated on our own colonists, until a continually glutted market shall occasion, as it has done in our colonies, a diminution of tillage. Meanwhile, the sovereigns of Europe would, probably, be induced to adopt the conduct of which the king of Prussia, in 1800, set them the example, by taxing, to any convenient amount, the export of a necessary article of which we should have rendered the cultivation, at home, utterly impracticable.

Since, therefore, it appears, on the one hand, that the present mode of limiting the competition of the foreign grower is most injurious; and, on the other, that a free trade, without which our subsistence would be insecure, cannot be unconditionally permitted, our author infers that,

‘The only object within the reach of regulation is, to counterbalance the difference between the expences of production in this country, and in the other growing countries. The obvious means of effecting this, would be by imposing duties, which should increase with the decline of the average below 66s.—(pp. 193 and 194.)

‘The average prices of the twelve maritime districts are now published weekly in the Gazette, and it would therefore be extremely practicable to determine the duties by this weekly average, and when it should be 66s. to subject foreign wheat sold in the country, as at present, to a duty of 6d.; when it declined to 65s. 1s.; 64s. 1s. 6d.; the duty increasing 6d. for every shilling which the average price declined below 66s. Should the average, therefore, decline to 54s. the rate mentioned in the former act, the foreigner, in selling at this price, would be obliged to pay 6s. 6d. duty, and would consequently receive for his wheat only 47s. 6d.; whereas, the English grower would receive for his 54s. This would operate as a sufficient check on the foreigner, to prevent him from precipitating the decline of the English prices. In the present system, no medium exists between an absolute prohibition, and an unlimited competition; and which competition extends not only to the reduction of our prices, when they are low, but to the enhancement of them when they are high.—(pp. 247 and 248.)

To this project, however, it is easy to suggest one important objection,

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objection, which is, that a designation of a fixed money price, as the point at which the scale of graduated duties shall commence, must be subject to the same inconvenience as the former attempts to fix an importation price. The progressive depreciation of money must, as we have already observed, necessitate a frequent alteration in the most essential enactment of a law, which was intended to be permanent and immutable.

This difficulty appears to have escaped the attention of the last Committee of the House of Commons; but it is obviated in the subsequent Resolutions brought forward by their chairman Sir John Parnell. The seventh of these Resolutions directs, that the importation of foreign corn shall always be permitted, though always subject to a duty, which, when at the minimum, shall be one shilling for each quarter of corn; and that this minimum shall take place whenever the gazette prices of corn throughout the united kingdom, shall exceed the medium price of the preceding *twenty years* in Great Britain and Wales, *augmented by one fifth*. It is apparently assumed that this rule, if it furnish an equitable assessment of the duty at the present moment, will always continue to do so, by accommodating itself to all the fluctuations of the market; and that it will consequently render unnecessary any future intervention of legislative authority; but we apprehend that the obscure and complicated mode of expressing the formula is likely to awaken distrust, and that the principle on which it is constructed will not be admitted without much opposition.

The intended operation of the rule, we are told is, that supposing the average market price of wheat, on the 15th of November of the present year, to be as high as 95s. wheat shall be imported at the low duty of one shilling; but that, below this, every diminution of price, shall be accompanied by an augmentation of duty, shilling for shilling, on importation. Now it is perfectly credible that 95s. may be, at the present moment, the lowest price at which the British farmer can, without loss, engage in a free competition with the foreign grower; and, it is matter of fact, that the medium price of wheat in our markets, on an average of the last twenty years, has fallen short of 95s. by about one fifth: but the natural inference from these premises seems to be, that the interval of twenty years is ill chosen.

The obvious advantage of recurring to some average is that, whereas the market price of any article, on any day, expresses the actual compromise agreed to by the buyers and sellers on that day, the mean of all the market prices during a year, or a term of years, is likely to afford a fair compromise between the same parties, during a similar term; supposing the circumstances which affect
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the demand and supply to continue also similar. This last consideration plainly requires, that the duration of the term should not be indefinitely extended; but, if it were asked what precise limits ought to be assigned to it, the most obvious answer would be a reference to usual custom. In leases of land, the term which has been generally supposed to reconcile, as nearly as possible, the interests of the landlord and tenant, has been seven years; and, as the rent of land depends on the estimated value and quantity of the corn which it produces, on an average of prices and seasons, the plain rule of analogy would lead to the adoption of the same term, for the purpose of deducing from it an average price intended to satisfy the conditions of the problem. This would be very nearly effected, by the average of the last seven years, as stated in the Report of the Committee.

To this mode of settling the price which shall determine at all times the minimum of duty, there is but one intelligible objection. It is notorious that during the last seven years, various causes have conspired to advance the price of grain; that the medium price of wheat on an average of 1810, 11, and 12, was 108s. 4d. whereas that of the four preceding years was only 81s. 6d.; and consequently that all the future averages, being affected by the properties of the first, must necessarily rise far beyond the limit originally intended by the legislature. The practical inconvenience of these successive augments would, indeed, become utterly intolerable in the course of the long period recommended in the Resolutions; and, though much diminished by the abridgment of the term, would still be too great to be overlooked. A very abundant harvest may, certainly, reduce the market price of wheat a good deal below the price of least duty; but in general, these two prices may be expected to coincide very nearly, because good and bad seasons will counterbalance each other; and the fluctuations hitherto occasioned by the unequal competition between the foreign and the home grower will be limited, in future, by the counteraction of the duty. Now, supposing this to take place, and the minimum duty to be first deduced from the average price of the seven years ending with 1812, viz. 93s. 3d.; the successive similar averages would be 95s. 3d.—98s. 5d.—101s. 2d.—102s.—101s. 4d.—102s. 4d. &c. after which the variations would be trifling. The simplest mode of remedying this inconvenience would be to enact that the price of least duty, being once settled from the medium market price of some preceding period, should continue unaltered till the expiration of a similar period; after which the mode of deriving it annually from successive terms of years might be finally established.

We have hitherto assumed that the point, at which it is proposed that

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that the graduated scale of duties on imported foreign corn shall commence, has been chosen after an impartial consideration of the interests of the growers and consumers of corn at the present moment; or, at least, that this point cannot fail to be fairly settled during a parliamentary discussion of the Resolutions: and we therefore confine our objection to that single enactment, which must entail on us an indefinite augmentation of the low duty price, notwithstanding the probable return of peace at no distant period, and the consequent renewal of our commercial relations with every part of Europe. By the removal of this defect in a system which is in all other respects equally wise and liberal, every ground of opposition will, we think, be done away.

We are perfectly aware that the select committee on the corn trade have declared their opinion that 'if the regulating price for allowing importation be *made a very high one*, it is the best possible protection the grower can have;' but to this opinion we cannot assent, because we conceive that the *protection* of the grower is derived solely from the duty, in consequence of which the foreigner cannot, in any state of the market, come into competition with him upon perfectly equal terms; and that the degree of protection will, consequently, be proportionate to the amount of the minimum duty. But the price at which this takes place will become the standard, the measure, of what may be called the natural price of corn; a standard annually corrected by a reference to the mean prices of some average of years. To *make this very high* would be, not to protect the grower, but to give him a very undue and short-lived profit, by depreciating all the articles in which he receives an equivalent for his produce. This advantage over the consumer having ceased, as it must shortly do, the farmer would find that the difficulty of exporting with profit, and the necessity of opposing further obstacles to importation, were not a little enhanced by the increased excess of our standard compared with that of other countries.

Leaving the further discussion of this topic to wiser heads than our own, we will now conclude our article with a few remarks on the general subject of subsistence and population.

It has been generally supposed that about one quarter of wheat, convertible into about 480lbs. of bread, is sufficient for the annual sustenance of an individual, on an average of all ages. If this were true, it would evidently be easy to ascertain, in any country of which the extent and population were accurately known, the average annual consumption and reproduction of food, to estimate the degree of comfort enjoyed by the inhabitants of such country, &c. But the number and variety of articles really employed for the purpose of food are so great as to throw considerable doubts on the truth of this approximation, and it is perhaps impossible to furnish
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any which shall be free from considerable error; yet it may be of some advantage to know the attempts which have been made elsewhere to solve this intricate problem, and we shall therefore here state the supposed proportion of animal and vegetable food consumed in the French metropolis about the time of the revolution, as tolerably applicable to Great Britain.

The data for such a calculation were very numerous in France, where every province has been accurately surveyed, the population of every district regularly registered, and the consumption of the towns minutely ascertained, by means of the entrance duty collected at the gates. The calculators, amongst whom were Lavoisier and La Grange, were men of undoubted science, and the result of their labours is, that the annual food of each inhabitant, as deduced from the population of Paris, amounts to 642 French pounds, (693 English,) of which the vegetable food; including corn, potatoes, fruit, and garden esculents of all sorts, forms 435lbs. (469 English,) and the animal food, comprehending meat, fish, butter, eggs, cheese, &c. 207lbs. (224 English.) Now, if it be considered that the extent of pasture land in Great Britain is, at least, ten times as great as that of wheat land; that this pasture is, from the moisture of our climate, remarkably fertile, and that our insular situation must supply us with a much larger portion of fish than our French neighbours can easily attain, it may reasonably be presumed that the estimate which allots a quarter of wheat to the subsistence of each person, probably exaggerates, by about one-third, the real consumption of grain in this country, and reduces, in the same degree, the amount of our whole annual sustenance.

This proportion will, of course, vary in different districts, in different classes, and in different seasons; but, in general, there is reason to hope and believe that the ratio of the more nutritious to the less valuable species of food, is still increasing in the general consumption; that wheat continues to supplant the inferior sorts of grain, and that the comforts of the poor are more widely diffused. Of wheat, indeed, it is impossible to state with accuracy the annual produce, but the inference may be indirectly proved by the augmented consumption of the food afforded to us by our colonial agriculture. On an average of ten years, ending in 1801, the mean annual consumption of sugar was between 177 and 178 millions of pounds, which, divided by the amount of the population, (10,942,646) gives 16lbs. as the consumption of each individual in Great Britain. By a similar calculation on the next ten years, we find the consumption augmented to between 19 and 20lbs. for each person, the annual average being 240,800,000lbs., and the population 12,352,144. This is exclusive of the distilleries, and of the export to Ireland; and as it appears from experiment,

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periment, that a hundred weight of sugar is equal, in point of nutriment, to a quarter of barley, or $\frac{1}{4}$ of a quarter of wheat, it seems to follow that the coarser kinds of grain, formerly in general use for the manufacture of bread, are daily giving way to more palatable articles of nutriment.

With regard to animal food, the abundance of which has been at all times the peculiar boast of the British islands, we know, by the direct evidence of the markets in the metropolis, that the quantity consumed is regularly increasing. This, indeed, as we have seen, has been considered by many writers as a proof that our tillage has not improved in a degree at all proportionate to our pasture lands; but in truth it is the peculiar advantage of the modern husbandry, that the quantity of winter and summer provender for cattle, yielded by the plough, greatly exceeds the annual produce of grass and hay from the same quantity of land. If, however, this were not notoriously true, there can be no doubt that our fisheries might, for centuries to come, effectually supply the deficiencies of our agriculture. There are, indeed, no bounds to the possible accumulation of animal food; and its efficiency as a resource, in the failure of other nutriment, is only limited by its very perishable nature; an inconvenience, however, very easily remedied, so that we may perhaps be justified in expressing our belief, that if the proposed imposition of a duty on foreign grain were accompanied by a repeal of the tax on salt, the growing population of these islands might be supported, for centuries to come, in the enjoyment of increasing abundance.

ART. VIII. *A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the years 1809 and 1810.* By J. C. Hobhouse. Cawthorn. 1813. pp. 1152.

AFTER the complaints, which we have been accustomed to hear, of the indolence of our travelled countrymen in communicating their observations to the world, and their unwillingness to expose themselves to the censure of our literary tribunals, we begin to think it not a little probable, that the current of opinion will shortly set in a contrary direction, and the dread of repletion succeed to the sufferings of a spare diet. The last and present year have been abundant, at least, in accounts of the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean; and some additions have been made to the stock of original information. On many points, indeed, much novelty is not to be expected. It would not, for instance, be very

very easy to make discoveries respecting the Turks, a people whose general character and external appearance might be as correctly taken from the earliest, as from the latest writers. We do not, indeed, mean to say, that the Turks will be found existing, in the present day, in the exact state described by Busbequius; but we believe that the changes which have taken place, will be found to have been chiefly political, and that in the gradual decay of their empire, their individual character has remained unaltered. Their manner of living has varied but little, and that little has been in general for the worse. Their baths are less magnificent, their houses more mean, their intercourse with strangers less free, their story-tellers less entertaining; they no longer allow the infidels to reside in the city of Faith, and carefully exclude them from the female slave-market. Yet the vivacity of a recent description may give charms to the recital of what was before known; and the scepticism of the modern may induce him to search more closely into the evidence of some stories, which have enjoyed a prescriptive character for truth, though originally, perhaps, the invention of some talkative dragoman. Besides all this, we like to be assured of the fact, though nothing more be gained by it, that the distant world is still going on as it did twenty years ago; that the Bosphorus of Thrace, in spite of the reveries of politicians, and the prophecies of divines, is still inhabited by men in green and white turbans, and that the Dardanelles, though not impervious during war to a British fleet, are since the peace hermetically sealed against every stranger, without the special permission of the Grand Signor himself. We like also to be informed, for we all love to speculate, as to the probability of a change in the situation of the Greeks; we anxiously catch at the idea, we were about to say of the renovation of such a people, but at all events, at the prospect of a restoration of their country, if not to independence, at least to quiet and prosperity. In the same course of feeling we cannot be indifferent to the possible fate of that lesser Asia, which contained, in the period of its glory, so many trophies of art and learning, and which still presents to the enraptured view, a country rivalled only by that garden formed by the sovereign Planter,

‘when he fram’d
All things for man’s delightful use.’

Lastly, the hopes of finding fresh specimens of ancient art rescued from the destruction that awaits them in the land of barbarism and ignorance, or new positions ascertained or established in ancient geography, afford additional motives to the reader, and give a liberal interest to the descriptions of the latest traveller.

Upon all these points, both the general reader and the scholar may look for no small portion of information and amusement, from the

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the present volume. It is written in a style entirely free from pedantry, but erring on the side of ease; and from the dread of falling into the poised sentences and ten syllabled words of later writers, sometimes sinking below what the epistolary form of the composition might be thought to justify. It is eminently successful in the description of natural scenery, of which we would willingly produce not a few specimens; but the contents of the book are so multifarious that we must confine our remarks to a part of it, referring to the work itself for the confirmation of our judgment on its excellencies and defects. Among the latter we reckon a want of condensation and arrangement, which, though common to travellers in general, we must not overlook, when the main excuse for it is, that, except the account of Albania, 'the journey was sent page by page to the press, and not previously collected in one entire manuscript volume, so as to enable the author to revise and polish the whole work by a collation and comparison of the several parts.' As critics we must protest against this excuse; because, however justly it may be urged by an author who writes upon the spur of the moment, because his dinner, perhaps, depends upon the printing of the next sheet, it is wholly inadmissible in a work of considerable research, containing references to a variety of other works, and which, as far at least as we are informed, there existed no absolute or imperious necessity for publishing in April, May, or June, 1813, rather than in the same months of the year following. We suspect, indeed, that the work grew and assumed a new form under the hands of the builder; that what was originally intended for an account of Albania, has been added to it till it reached its present bulk, as a gentleman's house in the hands of a skilful architect, from a plain cottage in the estimate, becomes, in the execution, a chateau, or a palace. We mention this, not as a discouragement to those who are inclined to read the work, but in the hope that, in a future edition, the author himself will take the pains of reducing his materials a little more into order; and we doubt not that an opportunity will be afforded him of so doing, while he yet retains much of the freshness of his recollection, and the distinctness of his conceptions with regard to the countries through which he passed.

As it would be vain to attempt the complete analysis of a work of this extent in the compass of an article, we shall lay before our readers, what appears to us upon the whole most interesting and novel; and under this head, the account of Albania undoubtedly claims the first place.

Of this country, which stretches along the coast of the Adriatic, from the gulf of Arta, in the 39° of latitude, to the ancient Venetian provinces in the 42°, and about a degree further to the north

within land, but no where exceeding eighty miles in breadth, Mr. Hobhouse's is the first detailed account presented to English readers. Some information upon the subject has been before given to the readers of French, by Dr. Pouqueville, a physician attached to the expedition against Egypt under Buonaparte, who appended to his account of the Morea, the substance of the narrative of two French officers, detained for some time in Albania, during the war between France and Turkey, in 1798. From this Mr. Hobhouse professes to have taken, without scruple, whatever he found agreeing with his own observations or inquiries. The union of the two accounts, however, though probably sufficiently full as to the manners and character of the people, leaves much to be supplied as to the topography and political importance of the country; neither Mr. Hobhouse's observations, nor those of the persons from whom he derived assistance, extending with any degree of certainty or minuteness, beyond that part of the country under the dominion or influence of Ali Pashaw. Ali's power, except, perhaps, partially in Ocrida, has never extended northward, beyond the 41° of lat. and in the part of Albania, south of that line, he has not yet been able to make himself master of the Pashalik of Vallona, nor to reduce to entire subjection the inhabitants of the Chimæriot mountains; who, though at peace with him, and acknowledging him as their Lord, live in a state of constant warfare with one another, village against village, and district against district, with an independence truly feudal. The same may be observed of the more peaceable district of Philathi, to the south and south east of Butrinto. These, with the small town of Parga, opposite Corfu, in the possession of the French, all lying upon the coast, are no small obstacles to the advancement of Ali's power, by limiting in a great degree his communication with the Adriatic, and are therefore of importance to be remembered in our estimate of his influence and resources.

The general face of the country, diversified throughout with all the variety of extended plains and lofty mountains, and abounding in consequence with romantic scenery, must be already familiar to the readers of Childe Harold; the noble author of which was Mr. Hobhouse's companion throughout his travels. But that picturesque beauty, which so strongly recommends it to the notice both of the painter and the poet, is not its only praise. Though mountainous and wild, it readily yields itself to the wishes of the cultivator, and repays his toil with abundance, not only of the necessaries, but of many of the luxuries of life. While the hills produce the olive, the vine, and the dwarf oak of Vallona, the noble plains, of which they are the boundaries, display the varied fertility of the soil, in rich harvests of corn, rice, tobacco, maize,

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&c. while they maintain large flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of cattle and horses, as well as abundance of pigs and poultry. The best snuff in Turkey is made from the tobacco raised near Delvinaki, in Upper Albania; and the gardens of Ioannina are celebrated for the excellence of the otto of roses, manufactured from them. Add to these the timber which descends from the mountains, and which before the war supplied the dock-yards of Marseilles and Toulon, and we shall readily believe, that the natural productions of the country would be of themselves sufficient to sustain a valuable commerce, though from its situation it derives still further advantages from the transit of goods and merchandize through it. It is from the great fair held annually at Ioannina, that all the richer Turks and Greeks, not only of Albania, but of great part of the Morea and Roumelia, supply themselves with loose robes and pelisses for their winter dresses, the manufacture of France and Germany. It is from hence that the spun cottons of Triccala are distributed through the other parts of Turkey, and in part forwarded by land carriage to Germany; and it is here that are collected the annual droves of live stock and horses, the former for the supply of the islands of the Adriatic and Ionian seas, the latter for dispersion in the different districts of the country itself.

Of the city of Ioannina, the capital of Ali's dominions, little has, till of late years, been noticed but its existence. It has, indeed, been inserted in our maps, and the few who have given any attention to Romaic literature, may have observed its name in the title-page of some of their books; but of the city all that seems to have been known or suspected, was, that it was situated in the country of the most warlike and barbarous nation of European Turkey. Yet if we are to credit the relations of those who have lately visited it, it is, both from its romantic situation and the importance of the transactions carried on in it, very worthy of our regard; and if, as they assert, the Romaic muses have chosen Ioannina for their most favoured dwelling, we must allow from the following description, that the site is by no means unworthy of their preference.

‘Imagine to yourself a large sheet of water of ten or twelve miles in length, and at least three miles in breadth, enclosed on one side by green plains, an extensive city, and a long succession of groves and gardens, and on the other, by a chain of lofty mountains, that rise almost abruptly from its banks. Such is the appearance of the lake of Ioannina and its surrounding scenery.’—p. 59.

—‘The city stands on the western banks of the lake, at about two miles from its northern extremity. In its utmost length it may be, perhaps, two miles and a half, and in breadth, though in some places it is much narrower, nearly a mile. Immediately near the lake it stands on a flat, but the north and north western parts of it are built on slopes of rising and uneven ground. A triangular peninsula juts into the lake,

lake, and contains the residence of the Pashaw, being defended by a fortification and a tower at each angle. The entrance to this fortress is over a drawbridge. There is one street which runs nearly the whole length of the town, and another that cuts it at right angles, extending to the fortress. These are the principal streets.

The houses are many of them large and well-built, containing a court-yard, and having warehouses or stables on the ground, with an open gallery, and the apartments of the family above. A flight of wooden steps under cover of the pent of the gallery, connects the under and upper part of the houses. Though they have but a gloomy appearance from the street, having the windows very small, and latticed with cross bars of wood, and presenting the inhospitable shew of large folding doors, big enough to admit the horses and cattle of the family, but never left open, yet the yard, which is often furnished with orange and lemon trees, and in the best houses communicates with a garden, makes them very lively from within, and the galleries are sufficiently extensive to allow a scope for walking in rainy weather.

The bazar, or principal street, inhabited by tradesmen, has a showy appearance. The bizestein, or covered bazar, is of considerable size, and would put you in mind of Exeter 'Change.

Besides the palace in the fortress, and the two allotted to the sons of Ali, there is another summer residence of the vizir's, in the suburbs, at the north west end of the town. It is built in the midst of a garden in a wild and tangled state, when we saw it, but abounding in every kind of fruit trees that flourishes in this favoured climate—the orange, the lemon, the fig, and the pomegranate. It is in the form of a pavilion, and has one large saloon (I think an octagon), with small latticed apartments on every side. The floor is of marble, and in the middle of it there is a fountain, containing a pretty model, also in marble, of a fortress, mounted with small brass cannon, which, at a signal, spout forth jets of water, accompanied by a small organ in a recess, playing some Italian tunes. The small rooms are furnished with sofas of figured silk, and the lattices of the windows, as well the cornices, are gilt, highly polished. The shade of an olive grove protects the pavilion from the sun, and it is to this retreat that the vizir withdraws during the heats of summer, with the most favoured ladies of his harem, and indulged in the enjoyment of whatever accomplishments these fair ones can display for his gratification.—pp. 68, 69.

Beyond the pavilion, there are gardens belonging to the principal inhabitants of Ioannina, and as most of these have summer-houses they contribute much to the apparent extent of the city, of which they seem to form a part. It might be expected from the above description to contain a very large population. Every estimate upon this point must however be conjectural, neither Mahometan nor Christian keeping any register. It was variously stated to Mr. Hobhouse, some computing the number of houses at 8000, others the whole number of inhabitants at not more than 35,000. This he considers the lowest possible computation. We perceive

perceive that Pouqueville (p. 42) raises the number 'au-dessus de quarante mille,' and 36,000 is the number assigned in the table annexed to Palma's map, one of the best authorities with regard to the greater part of European Turkey.

The exact extent of the commercial dealings of Ioannina Mr. Hobhouse was unable to learn. They must, however, be considerable if it be true, that the vizir derives from them a revenue of 250,000 piasters; and this without ruining the merchant or giving any great check to the comforts and expensive style of living, in which, by all accounts, the traders of Ioannina far exceed those of the other cities of Greece. Many of these have passed

'three or four years in the merchant houses of Trieste, Genoa, Leghorn, Venice, and Vienna, which in addition to the education they can receive in the schools of their own city, where they may learn French and Italian, gives them a competent knowledge of the most diffused modern languages, and adds much to the ease and urbanity of their address. They have, indeed, introduced as much as they dare of the manners of Christendom, and once aspired for a moment to the establishment of a theatre for the performance of Italian operas.'

Of the advantages of this intercourse with strangers Ali is fully sensible, and encourages the temporary emigrations of his subjects, though as a security for their return he generally retains a part of their family; and though his fears of their escaping from him altogether, make him watchful of their conduct even when at home. Though he considers Ioannina as one of his 'good cities,' the wealthy merchants are not indulged with a ride into the country without a notification of their purpose. Nor need we be surprised that a man, generally enlightened upon subjects connected with his own interest, and very superior to all around him from whom he could take example, should occasionally mistake that interest, when we reflect how little progress the science of politics has yet made among the most favoured nations, and how many prejudices remain to be overcome even in our own. Though the main-spring of his actions be avarice, and the methods of his government harsh and oppressive, yet the regularity of the oppression, and the stability of his government have given many advantages to those, who are apparently more immediately under its influence. The merchant of Ioannina knows that what is left him by the vizir, is in no danger of being taken by some subordinate agent; nor does he live in the constant dread of that change of governors, which, as each must be conciliated by new presents, or enriched by fresh extortions, is one great source of the misery of other parts of the country. The indifference too of Ali upon points in which his avarice is not awakened, leaves them pretty much at liberty in their general conduct. While he feels himself secure from all outward danger,

he seems to have overcome the dread which torments the Turks of Asia and the capital, at the advancement of their subjects either in arts or literature. Psallida, the most learned inhabitant of the country, keeps a school for a hundred boys, who are instructed in the French, Italian, Latin and ancient Greek languages; while writing and reading the Romaic are taught at another school to three hundred boys, who pay nothing for their education. We would not be understood to insinuate, that the diffusion of useful knowledge keeps pace with the advancement of the nation in the arts of reading and writing. The want of books is severely felt, and the very name of science, or the 'dia mathesis,' is hardly known.

The improvement of the nation in the arts of life, though they are still so far behind hand, that there was no one in Ioannina who could mend an umbrella, and but one (an Italian) who could make a bedstead, naturally begins with those parts of Albania, which verge upon the more civilized portions of Greece, or border upon the ancient Venetian territories. Hence a line, which Mr. Hobhouse at one time seems to consider as imaginary, but which he afterwards speaks of as virtually existing, though not very clearly defined, divides the whole country into Upper and Lower Albania, or as they are sometimes called, Albania Proper and Improper. In the latter the inhabitants are mostly of the Greek church, have adopted the manners of the superior Greeks in the more improved parts of Turkey, and resemble in many points rather their brethren in faith than their brethren in country. On the other hand, the Christians of the Upper country agree in a common character with their Mahometan fellow-countrymen, and constitute together with them one nation; the difference of faith, in this district alone of all the conquests of the Turks, producing but little difference in the condition of the people.

Between the inhabitants of Lower and Upper Albania the difference of character and manners is so great, that Mr. Hobhouse hardly hesitates in considering them as distinct races. We cannot help dissenting from this opinion, which we think results rather from a forgetfulness of some of the circumstances which naturally operate in changing the character and manners of nations, than from any solid reason assigned in its support. To us a general similarity of character was visible among all the Albanians whom we met with in different parts of Greece, (for we had not the advantage of seeing them in their own country,) whether natives of Ioannina and the south, or turned out wild from the Upper country; whether peaceably inhabiting the country as traders, or engaged in the civil or military service of the Pashaws. Throughout we observed, even where the peculiarity of their situation might have

have been expected to produce the greatest change in their feelings, among the most polished and the best instructed, a wildness and a nationality, a love of their country and admiration of every thing connected with it, of which even the traces are hardly to be found among the other inhabitants of Turkey, whether Christian or Mahometan. We have seen one of Veli's physicians, educated in Italy, and who had so far lost his ardour for enterprise, that he dreaded the fatigue of a peaceable journey with the vizir, start up at the sound of an Albanian air, and throwing off his calpac, join in the dance with an animation wholly unattainable by a Moreote Greek. The natives of Ioannina, whom we occasionally met with, invariably spoke with utter contempt of the Greeks; and assumed to themselves no small consequence as Albanians. It seemed to us, that they, no less than the mountain soldiery, delighted in the glories of Ali, and thought themselves also entitled to share in the praise of their country's valour. Contrasted, as Mr. Hobhouse beheld them, we have no doubt that the difference of the two people appeared great and striking, but we think that this may be sufficiently accounted for, without the supposition of a distinct origin, by the marked difference of civilization and situation in respect of their Turkish governors. We have already noticed the progress allowed by Mr. Hobhouse to have taken place at Ioannina even towards the manners of Christendom; nor can we conceive it possible for any race of men to resist the blandishments of the lucrative commerce there carried on, or the tendency which it has to produce a great modification of the wildest national character.

But other circumstances have combined to operate a gradual change in the character of the Lower Albanian, while they produced but little effect upon the mountaineer. Of these it will be sufficient to notice the most remarkable; the difference of situation in reference to their Turkish masters. At the conquest of the country, the greater part of the inhabitants of the upper districts nominally embraced the religion of their conquerors. Though it was to this that the Turks attribute the peaceable submission to their sway which followed, yet it rendered the province less desirable to them than their other possessions; and the conquered being thus advanced to a par with their conquerors, were not harassed with the presence of the latter, but remained, with the exception of their change of faith, in a state little varying from that in which they had before existed. We have called their change of faith nominal, because though the Upper Albanians, according to circumstances, profess themselves either Christian or Mahometan, their profession of either religion is altogether without knowledge, and produces among themselves but little difference in the common intercourse of life. In the mean time the inhabitant of the Lower Albanian,

less pliant in his religious opinions, and, in the condition of a rayah, presenting a stronger temptation to the rapacity of the Turk, was kept in awe by the immediate presence of his conqueror in his towns and villages. Without the means of avoiding or resisting oppression possessed by the hardy peasantry of a mountainous and difficult country, and excluded from the society of his barbarian master, he naturally united himself more closely with the southern Greek with whom he agreed in obedience to the same religious code, and subjection upon the same terms to the same conqueror. The language common to them in their church, and not unknown from general proximity of situation, possessing the advantage of communication by writing, while the Albanian was only spoken, became a new bond of union; and from their constant intercourse with their fellow-subjects rather than their fellow-countrymen, we need not be surprised that their ancient customs should, in numberless instances, have given way to the manners of modern Greece.

But whatever opinion may be held upon the nature of the distinction observable between the Albanian of the Upper and Lower country, it unquestionably exists, and from the village of Delvinaki, about twenty-one hours N.W. of Ioannina, is very apparent. Till the arrival of our travellers at that place, the general condition and appearance of the people, with the exception of a certain wildness in the peasantry, who were universally armed, and presented a striking contrast to the fabled shepherds of Arcady, had been nearly such as have been again and again described: but from the moment of their leaving Delvinaki, every thing announced a freer air, and a more populous country; parties of travellers on the road, villages scattered on the hills, the plains every where cultivated, and the dress of the peasants changed from the loose brogues of the Greek to the cotton camisa or kilt of the Albanian. The Albanian language prevailed, and the tone even of the Christians became more elevated and manly. Stopping for the night at a village called Cesarades, they found every thing

‘on a different footing from what it had been in the Greek villages. We experienced a great deal of kindness from our host, but saw nothing in his face (though he was a Christian) of the cringing, downcast, timid look of the Greek peasant. His cottage was neatly plastered and white-washed, and contained a stable, and a small room below, and two floored chambers above, quite in a different style from what we had seen in Lower Albania.’—p. 100.

This was on their way from Ioannina to Tepellené, the birth-place and favourite residence of Ali, situated on the banks of a river, of some importance to judge from its breadth, which, at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, appeared to Mr. Hobhouse and his

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his companion as broad as the Thames at Westminster Bridge. It does not however appear from the narrative, that either this or any other river of Albania is used for the purposes of navigation. The streets of the town, which contains about four hundred ill-built houses, are extremely dirty; but every thing which had before attracted their attention was forgotten, when entering through a gateway in a tower, they found themselves in the courtyard of the palace of the Vizir.

‘The court at Tepellené, which was enclosed on two sides by the palace, and on the other two sides by a high wall, presented us, at our first entrance, with a sight something like what we might have, perhaps, beheld some hundred years ago in the castle-yard of a great feudal lord. Soldiers, with their arms piled against the wall near them, were assembled in different parts of the square: some of them pacing slowly backwards and forwards, and others sitting on the ground in groups. Several horses, completely caparisoned, were leading about, whilst others were neighing under the hands of the grooms. In the part furthest from the dwelling, preparations were making for the feast of the night; and several sheep and kids were being dressed by cooks who were themselves half-armed. Every thing wore a most martial look, though not exactly in the style of the head-quarters of a Christian general; for many of the soldiers were in the most common dress, without shoes, and having more wildness in their air and manner than the Albanians we had before seen.’—p. 106.

They were very comfortably lodged in the palace, and the Vizir, having apologized for not entertaining them at one of his meals, it being the time of the Ramazan, appointed the next day for an audience. In the evening they were visited by two of the physicians of his highness, (the style used by the Greeks in speaking of the vizirs or pashaws of three tails,) one of them, a native of Alsace, and in the Frank dress, the other a Greek, who spoke the German, Italian, French, Latin and Albanian languages. The next day about noon, they were summoned by his highness's white-stick to an audience, and a secretary of Ali's, who had attended them from Ioannina, having put on his worst cloak, that his appearance might not point him out as a fit object of extortion, they proceeded with him and their own dragoman to the presence-chamber. When ushered into the apartment, which was large and handsomely furnished, they found Ali himself, as if by accident, standing, according to the etiquette of Turkish politeness, which does not allow of rising from the seat to any but a superior and a Mussulman. As he seated himself, he desired them to sit down near him.

‘The Vizir was a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat, though not particularly corpulent. He had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity. His beard was long and white, and such a one as any other
Turk

Turk would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor smelling and stroking it, as is usually the practice of his countrymen, to fill up the pauses of conversation. He was not very magnificently dressed, except that his high turban, composed of many small rolls, seemed of fine gold muslin, and his attaghan, or long dagger, was studded with brilliants.

‘He was mightily civil; and said he considered us as his children. He showed us a mountain-howitzer, that was lying in his apartment, and took the opportunity of telling us that he had several large cannon. He turned round two or three times to look through an English telescope, and at last handed it to us, that we might look at a party of Turks on horseback, riding along the banks of the river towards Tepellené. He then said, “that man whom you see on the road is the chief minister of my enemy, Ibrahim Pashaw, and he is now coming over to me, having deserted his master, to take the strongest side.” He addressed this with a smile to the secretary, desiring him to interpret it to us.

‘We took pipes, coffee, and sweatmeats with him; but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good humour, and several times laughed aloud, which is very uncommon in a man of consequence; I never saw another instance of it in Turkey. Instead of having his room crowded with the officers of his court, which is very much the custom of the Pashaws and other great men, he was quite unattended, except by four or five young persons magnificently dressed in the Albanian habit, and having their hair flowing half way down their backs: these brought in the refreshments, and continued supplying us with pipes, which though perhaps not half emptied, were changed three times, as is the custom when particular honours are intended for a guest.

‘There are no common topics of discourse between a Turkish vizir and a traveller, which can discover the abilities of either party. However, a Frank may think his Turk above the common run, if he does not put any very foolish question to him, and Ali did not ask us any that betrayed his ignorance. His liveliness and ease gave us very favourable impressions of his natural capacity.’—p. 110.

Our travellers paid him two other visits, in one of which a long duck-gun was brought into the room; which they were informed was about to be sent to the Vizir’s army, then besieging Berat, and in want of *ordnance*. He appeared to be minutely acquainted with every road, offered them his services in any way that they could be made useful; and readily granted them permission to take an Albanian Christian, named Vasily, to attend them while in Turkey.

‘On being informed that he was at the chamber-door, he sent for him, and accordingly Vasily entered; and, though with every proper respect, still was not embarrassed, but, with his hand on his left breast, answered the Vizir’s questions in a firm fluent manner. Ali called him by his name, and asked him why, being at the door, he had not come in

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to see him; "for you know, Vasily," added he, "I should have been glad to see you." He then told him that he was to attend us, and see that we wanted nothing, and talked a good deal to him about the different stages of our route, summing all up by telling him in a jocose way, that if any accident happened to us, he would cut off his head, and that we were to write how he behaved.'

Ali was born at Tepellené, about the year 1750, but he carefully conceals his age, and notwithstanding a disorder which is considered incurable, has the appearance of a healthy middle aged man. Though the son of a Pashaw of two tails, he is said to boast of having begun the world with sixty paras and a musket; and Mr. Hobhouse's Albanian attendant, whose testimony was confirmed by the concurrent report of the whole country, remembered when, in a jacket out at elbows, he led the life of a nightly robber. By gradual advances, though not without encountering considerable reverses, he first amassed sufficient to buy a small pashalik, and afterwards by war or treachery obtained post after post in Albania, till having finally succeeded in making himself master of Ioannina, he was confirmed pashaw of that place by the imperial firman. In his early career he was sometimes so hardly pressed, that he did not even dare to stir from Tepellené; and Vasily, whom he acknowledged as an old acquaintance in his audience-room, had himself been of a party from a neighbouring village which insulted his house, and broke his windows with shot. Vasily's reply, upon being asked how Ali revenged himself on his assailants, is characteristic both of the general sentiments of the Albanians upon such subjects, and of the conduct of Ali himself. 'Well,' he was asked, 'and what did Ali do to the men of your village?—' *Nothing at all*: he made friends with our chief man, persuaded him to come to Tepellené, and there roasted him on a spit; after which we submitted (*προσχωρησαμεν*).—p. 115.

He afterwards poisoned Giaffar, pashaw of Vallona, by a cup of coffee, in a bath at Sophia; and was, at the time Mr. Hobhouse visited him, carrying on war against his brother and successor Ibrahim, to whose daughters he had formerly married his own two sons Mouctar and Veli, with a view of strengthening his influence in Albania. Thus, hesitating at nothing in the advancement of his fortunes, he has established a preponderating sway over the greater part of Greece; and is feared even in those parts of European Turkey, which are beyond the acknowledged limits of his power. The extent of his actual dominion is not very easily definable, his territories being intersected by independent and insulated districts, which still resist his arms; but with the exception of the provinces on the Adriatic, mentioned at the beginning of this article, the government of the Morea, lately in the hands of his son Veli, and those

those of Thebes, Athens and Lepanto, and the neighbourhood of Salonika, his authority or influence extends over the whole of the continent south of the 41° of latitude. Throughout this country, a great part of which we must remember has been by him for the first time reduced to subjection to the Turkish or indeed to any government, the signature or rather mark of Ali commands almost unlimited obedience; and should his further projects of aggrandizement succeed, the countries which anciently composed the southern Illyricum, the kingdom of Epirus, Macedonia, Thessaly, Eubœa and all the Grecian states will, as Mr. Hobhouse observes, be under the dominion of a barbarian who can neither write nor read.

He still keeps up appearances with the Porte, furnishing his contingent of men for the armies, and transmitting a part of the tribute, and will probably continue to do so, though he carefully avoids putting himself in its power, and has constantly refused the post of Grand Vizir, or any other employment which might carry him out of his present government. In Albania indeed is the strength of his empire; all the Albanians, even those who have not yet submitted to him, speaking with exultation and pride of their countryman. They frequently say, when talking of another pashaw, 'he is not such a one as Ali, he has not such a head.'

His treasures, like those of almost every oriental sovereign, are reported to be very great; of his revenue we have the following estimate.

'Of the tenth of all produce collected for the Porte, the Vizir has at least a fourth part; he has also near 400 villages his own property; and besides, claims from all towns and districts arbitrary sums for protection. I have seen a computation, which sets down his revenues as 6,000,000 piasters, independent of those casual levies, and the presents which are made to him by his Christian subjects. Add to this, that all his work is done gratis, and his kitchens and stables furnished by the towns where he has any establishment. He not only gives free quarter to himself and retinue in his numerous expeditions through his dominions, but his soldiers, who only receive about twelve piasters a month from him, are found in bread and meat wherever they go, by the inhabitants of the towns and villages; so that he is enabled to reserve much of his money for emergencies, for bribing the ministers of the Porte, and buying his neighbours' territories. He is not at much expense in purchasing the male or female slaves of his household, for with these he furnishes himself, from the families of the robbers whom he executes, or compels to fly. We overtook a man carrying to Tepellené a boy and girl, who had been just found in the cottage of a robber.'—p. 120.

His natural disposition, though represented under the most gloomy colours by the Greeks, and though, if we are to believe half the stories circulated of him, that of a man barbarously cruel, would probably be unjustly estimated from a mere consideration of the

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the facts alleged against him even if true. They must be taken in conjunction with the situation in which he found himself, and the people with whom he had to deal. Acts of violence perpetrated with a carelessness for the life of man, of which one who has never visited the country can have no conception, are of the ordinary methods of government in Turkey, and excite neither horror nor disgust. The severest measures must have been necessary to establish that security from robbers which is felt in the greater part of Ali's dominions. To the success of his system of terror in this respect Mr. Hobhouse bears witness, as well as to his efforts in the amelioration of the situation of his subjects in general.

'He has rendered many parts of Albania, and the contiguous country, perfectly accessible, that were before annually overrun with robbers; and consequently by opening the country to merchants, and securing their persons and goods, has not only increased his own revenues, but bettered the condition of his subjects. He has built bridges over the rivers, raised causeways across the marshes, laid out frequent roads, and adorned the country and the town with new buildings, and by many wholesome regulations has acted the part of a good and great prince, without perhaps a single other motive than that of his own aggrandizement.'—p. 118.

In this latter point he is only like other great princes; but we must now leave him and turn to the peculiar people, who are the main support of his power, and through whom he is enabled at once to extend his influence among his equals, and hold in respect even the Porte itself. It is necessary here, however, to premise that it is to the native Albanians, and not to their degenerate offspring who, speaking the same language, are dispersed as cultivators throughout Roumelia, that the following descriptions are intended to apply.

In person * the Albanians are generally of a middle stature, about five feet six inches in height. They are muscular and straight in their make, but not large; and they are particularly small round the loins, without any corpulency, which may be attributed to their active life, and also to the tight girdle they wear round their waists. Their chests are full and broad, and their necks long. Their faces are of an oval shape, with prominent cheek bones, and a flat, but raised forehead. The expression of their eyes, which are blue and hazel, but seldom quite black, is very lively. Their mouths are small, their teeth of a good colour, and well formed. Their noses are for the most part high and straight, with thin but open nostrils. Their eye-brows are arched. They wear no hair on the fore part of their heads, but suffer it to flow down in large quantities, from the top of the crown; it is generally in curls, but when straight and long is most admired. They have small mustachios on the upper lips, but shave off the whole of the beard at the same time that they perform that operation on the fore part of their crowns, which is about once a week.'—p. 133.

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'The dress of the men is well adapted to the life of a mountaineer, that of the common people is entirely white. The shirt is of cotton, as well as the drawers, but every other part of the habit of coarse woollen.'—p. 134.

The shirt is worn over the drawers, falling down and encircling the man like a Scotch kilt, and is closely girded round the loins with a coarse shawl, drawn tighter by the leathern strap or belt which contains their pistols, of which even the poorer people carry one as their constant companion, while the soldier is generally distinguished by his curved sabre, which is kept as sharp as a razor. Though generally bare-footed, they sometimes wear a sort of sandal, and a species of greave, which, with their girded loins and kilt, gives them much of the appearance of the old Roman soldier; especially when, as is the case with the Agas and those who can afford it, their two or three 'jackets of velvet, richly worked with inlaid gold or silver, give to the body of the dress the appearance, and almost the stiffness, of a coat of mail.'—p. 136. To this may be added, what seems to be the ancient sagum;—

'that which constitutes their chief defence against the weather, and forms their bed, whether in the cottage or the field, a large great coat or capote, with loose open sleeves, and a hood which hangs in a square piece behind, but, when put over head, is fastened into form by means of a long needle, or sometimes the ramrod of a pistol. This capote is of shaggy white woollen, or of black horse hair; and one might think it to be peculiar to this people, as our poet Spenser has given to one of his personages,

'A huge capoto Albanese-wise.'—p. 134.

The ordinary head dress is the little red scull cap of Barbary, to which those who can afford it add a shawl. They are dirty in their persons, seldom changing their linen, and suffer all the inconveniences that might be expected from the habit of sleeping on the floor in their thick woollen dress, so admirably adapted for a shelter to every species of vermin. The females do not appear more cleanly than the men; they are tall and strong, and not ill looking, but bear in their countenance all the marks of wretchedness, bad treatment, and hard labour. Indeed, in many parts of the country, the task of sowing and reaping the harvest is delegated to them, the men applying only to those labours which exceed the strength or the skill of the women. Like other borderers upon savage life,

'averse from every habit of industry, it is with less unwillingness that he wanders on the mountains or in the forests, with his flocks and herds; for the life of a shepherd is a life both of laziness and peril. But his supreme delight when unoccupied by the wars of his pashaw or of his village, is to bask in the sun-shine, to smoke, to eat, to drink, to

doze,

doze, or to stroll slowly round the garden of his cottage, tinkling his tuneless lute. Yet, though idle, he is still restless, and ready to seize his gun, and plunge into the woods at the first summons of his chief.—p. 141.

Their cottages, seldom consisting of more than one floor, having two rooms, and but little furniture, are well built, though of mud, perfectly dry, and generally very neat. Most of them have a garden attached, and they are frequently surrounded with a wall, not merely of separation but of defence, pierced with regular loop holes for the use of the gun. The villages have also a green, shaded with a large tree, for the holiday amusements of the peasants, a circumstance always grateful to remark, and impressing the mind with no unfavourable idea of the general security of the country, however at times disturbed by the discord of the neighbouring villages.

The principal food of the people is bread of wheat and various grain, cheese, eggs, butter, olives, and vegetables, with a small proportion of meat, which however is plentiful and indulged in on holidays. Both Mahometans and Christians drink wine, and an ardent spirit extracted from grape husks and barley. They are, however, generally temperate, living on a spare diet, not from virtue, but from the love of arms, finery, and trinkets, for which they save their money. They will eat voraciously of what is provided for them at the expense of another; but in the pursuit of riches, there is no toil, no danger, and no self-denial, that they do not willingly sustain. They retain, indeed, so much of whatever characterizes a savage state of society, both in their virtues and their vices, that we should be disposed to call them not 'half-civilized,' but a nation of barbarians into whose country some of the arts of civilization had penetrated. Living under no laws, and each man being the defender of his own rights, the redresser of his own wrongs, bloodshed and revenge are common among them; yet the effects ordinarily produced by the latter, are attributed by Mr. Hobhouse rather to the sudden impulse of passion, than to any malignancy of spirit.

Robbery is no disgrace; 'when I was a robber,' is a common expression among them. Robbery indeed, next to war, is the most effectual stimulant in calling forth the spirit of enterprize, and rousing the torpid savage from his inactivity. Accordingly, at the demand of the village or the chief, they readily take to the mountains, and pursue the robber's or the soldier's craft, with courage, cunning, and perseverance.

When their active services are uncalled for in their own country, the same impatience of repose carries them into the service of the different pashaws of Europe and Asia, of whom they constitute

stitute the most efficient force. Though detested by the Turks, they alone are appointed to guard the sacred banner from Mecca to Constantinople, and not a few of them have risen to the highest dignities of the Ottoman empire. Nor do they confine their enterprizes to service among the Ottomans; they have long been in the habit of enlisting in the service of the King of Naples, and of late have joined, in considerable numbers, the Greek regiments raising for our own service in the Ionian isles.

But all these mountaineers who enter into service abroad, depend upon a return to their own country. Those belonging to the Pashaw of the Morea, have more than once attempted to force the guard of the Isthmus: and some who were in our pay, on finding they were enlisted for life, raised a very serious disturbance in the garrison of Malta.

Nationality, indeed, a passion at all times stronger in mountaineers than in inhabitants of the plains, is most conspicuous in their character. If one of them is travelling from home and hears of a countryman resident near any place where he may pass, though he has never seen or heard of the man before, he will go out of his way to visit him. They are perpetually recurring to their mountains and their villages, making invidious comparisons between them and every thing in foreign countries. They consider all other men, whether Turks or Christians, as cowards, if opposed to their countrymen; and, in fact, as they have long been accounted the best soldiers in the Turkish empire, they have some reason for the pride which can be discerned in their poorest peasants. The strut of one of them, and the air of defiance which he puts on, with his hand on his sabre, and his red cap a little on one side over his forehead, are such as no one who has once seen them will ever forget.—p. 149.

Mr. Hobhouse rates the population of Albania at about one million two hundred thousand souls; but we do not exactly make out, whether that number is intended to include all the inhabitants of the country going under the name of Albania, or only those whom he designates as more properly Albanian, in their manners and mode of living. But independent of the consideration of their numbers, the warlike and active character of the people, and their geographical position, equally point them out as likely to make no small figure in the future revolutions of European Turkey. Accordingly, each of the two great nations between whom, till of late, the name of Christendom seemed so thoroughly divided, that the distinction of English and French had, especially in the Levant, swallowed up every other difference, have been at some pains to secure in its favour the dispositions of Ali. They each maintain a resident at his court, and pay him the compliments due only to an independent sovereign. To which of the two the Vizir or his people most incline, we shall not venture to decide; but of one thing we may be assured, that however his affections may incline,

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his interest will determine his conduct. While he kept up a communication with Corfu, and as far as the vigilance of our cruizers permitted, supplied its garrison with provisions, he acted as mediator in the negotiations preliminary to our peace with Turkey, and still carries on a lucrative trade with our Ionian possessions and Malta. As the benefits derived from this latter intercourse, are daily becoming more apparent, it is not probable that he will lightly endanger its interruption by any measure of hostility to England. The threats of Buonaparte, who, before the Russian war, talked of thundering down upon him from the Illyrian provinces, made but little impression upon Ali, who trusted to the obstacles presented to invasion by a country almost impassable for artillery, and the skill of his soldiery in all the evolutions of mountain warfare. In the present state of Europe, the exclusive favour of Ali has become less important to either party; and the continuance of a friendly intercourse, as far as we are concerned, seems to be secured on the basis of mutual advantage.

Before we leave Albania, we are bound to add, that its several modern divisions and various forms of government, are laid down at some length by Mr. Hobhouse, who has also exerted a very successful diligence in adjusting, as far as his means permitted it, its ancient geography. As this was an object of which the execution in its whole extent was rather desired than hoped for by Gibbon, and to which even D'Anville confessed himself unequal, the points established by Mr. Hobhouse on seemingly fair data, may be considered as acquisitions to our geographical knowledge. It is curious that he could find no traces, upon the spot, of Azio, in which D'Anville, not doubting the existence of such a town, thought the name of Actium was preserved.

On quitting Albania, Mr. Hobhouse and his friend pass through Carnia, the most desolate and least inhabited part of Ali's dominions. Of Natolico and Messalonge, two towns of the ancient Ætolia, which lay in their way, he speaks favourably; they are, he says, to be reckoned among the best in Roumelia. From the latter he crosses to Patrass, and thus expresses the satisfaction which he experienced at the change in the scene of his peregrinations.

‘ On arriving from Albania in the Morea, you quit a region little known at any time, for one, which the labours of ancients and moderns have equally contributed to illustrate; and after wandering in uncertainty, you acknowledge the aid of faithful guides, who direct every footstep of your journey. Pausanias alone, will enable you to feel at home in Greece; the exact conformity of present appearances with the minute descriptions of the Itinerary, is no less surprising than satisfactory. The temple and the statue, the theatre, the column, and the marble porch, have sunk and disappeared; but the vallies and the

mountains, and some not unfrequent fragments "of more value than all the rude and costly monuments of barbaric labour," these still remain, and remind the traveller that he treads the ground once trod by the heroes and sages of antiquity.

'To traverse the native country of those whose deeds and whose wisdom have been proposed to all the polished nations of every succeeding age, as the models which they must endeavour to imitate, but must never hope to equal, with no other emotions than would arise in passing through regions never civilized, is unnatural, is impossible. No one would roam with the same indifference through the sad solitudes of Greece, and the savage wilds of America; nor is the expression of feelings, which it is the object and end of all liberal education to instil and encourage, to be derided as the unprofitable effusion of folly and affectation.'—p. 215.

Under the influence of such feelings, Mr. Hobhouse naturally dwells upon objects, in his delineations of which, though they are enlivened by anecdote and illustrated with considerable learning, we refrain from following him. Such are his remarks upon Delphi and Athens, which will be read with satisfaction even by those who are acquainted with the exact descriptions given of them by former travellers. Throughout, they will perceive an ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, combined with a degree of good sense, not always united with it, when applied to the remains of classical antiquity. To the repetition, however, of descriptions of a country so often visited, we shall prefer presenting our readers with the account of a natural curiosity, which, while detained at Keratia during an excursion to Cape Colonna, they were fortunate enough to visit, and from which, we may add, they were fortunate enough to escape. We allude to a vast cavern in the side of Mount Paoné, of which they had heard many wonderful stories, and which has not, we believe, been before described.

'We ascended for some time, and turning round the eastern extremity, came to the south side of the range. The clouds hanging on the side of the hills, retarded our progress; but after scrambling up some way in the mist, we again found ourselves in the light. The sun shone above head in a clear blue sky; and while the country below seemed like an expanse of white water, the ground where we stood, and the summits of other mountains, had the appearance of innumerable islands rising abruptly from the sea.

'Arriving with much difficulty, near the top of the range of hills, we came, after a long search, to the mouth of the cavern. A fragment of impending rock almost concealed the entrance. We leapt down on the first landing place, and there struck a light, and having each of us taken a pine torch in our hands, together with a supply of strips of the same wood, let ourselves down through a very narrow aperture, where there was a choice of two entrances, to the right or left. Creeping down still farther, we came at once into what appeared a large subterranean hall, arched

arched over head with high domes of chrystal, and divided into long aisles by columns of glittering spars, in some parts spread into wide horizontal chambers, in others terminated by the dark mouths of steep recesses, descending, as it seemed, into the bowels of the mountain.

The vast magnificence of nature was joined with the pleasing regularity of art. We wandered from one grotto to another, until we came to a fountain of pure water, supplied partly by a stream that trickled down the petrefactions depending from the roof, and partly by a spring bubbling up from the rock below. By the side of this basin we loitered some time, when, as our torches began to waste, we resolved to return; but after exploring the labyrinth for a few minutes, we found ourselves again at the fountain side, and began, not without reason, to be somewhat alarmed; for the guide here confessed that he had forgotten the intricacies of the caverns, and knew not how we should ever recover our path.

We were in this situation, roaming through ranges of the cavern, and now and then climbing up narrow apertures, totally ignorant of our position, for many minutes; and the last strip of fir was consuming, when we saw the light gleaming towards us, and directing our steps that way, we arrived at the mouth of the cave. Had our light been extinguished, there would have been but little, if any chance of our escape. The splendour and beauty of the scene would have vanished with the last blaze of our torch, and the fairy palace been at once converted into a dark inextricable cavern, a dungeon, and a tomb. The mind cannot easily picture to itself any "slow sudden" death, more terrible than that of him who should be buried in these subterranean solitudes, and after a succession of faint hopes and eager efforts, sink at last, subdued by weakness and despair.—p. 411.

In the course of his peregrinations in the vicinity of Athens, we have an interesting account of the state of Megaris, and of the policy of the Turks with regard to it. Unable, it seems, or unwilling to take upon themselves the guardianship of the mountainous country on the borders of the Isthmus of Corinth, they have constituted the whole Greek population of this district, inhabiting seven towns, hence called the Derveni Choria, an armed guard, to prevent the egress of unpermitted persons from the Morea. Freed in great measure from the payment of the haratch, entrusted with arms, and having but one Turk resident amongst them, called the Derveni Aga, the Derveniotes have with their freedom acquired the virtues which can only exist under its protection; and such is their vigilance, courage, and honesty, that even a snuff-box lost on their mountains, would probably be soon recovered. The institution has completely answered its end; their activity and knowledge of the country supplying the place of numbers, they have hitherto, though hardly exceeding three thousand warriors, successfully resisted every attempt to force the passage of the Isthmus. Of six thousand Albanian Turks, who some years ago, after plundering

the Morea, attempted a retreat through the Derveni country, scarcely any escaped destruction. Those whom the sword of their adversaries spared, were sent in chains to Tripolizza; and a similar fate has awaited the attempts of smaller bodies, which since that time have endeavoured to flee from the oppressions of the pashaws of the Morea.

The occasional specimens of amelioration of character in similar circumstances, though of rare occurrence under the Turkish yoke, tend to keep alive our hopes and strengthen our confidence in a more extensive improvement in the condition of the Greeks, than the view of their actual situation would otherwise encourage us to expect. We confess, indeed, that it is not with regard to the possible or even probable improvement and exaltation of the nation, considered as what it actually is, a heterogeneous mixture of a variety of races, not more pure than the 'Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman-English' of Defoe, that we feel disposed to be very sceptical. However debased by servitude and superstition, whether cringing under his barbarian master, or fawning upon the Frank whom he detests as a heretic, the unprejudiced observer will willingly refer the failings and the vices of the Greek, to the circumstances of his situation, and will observe in him the seeds of good, which a more favourable conjuncture of affairs would call into abundant produce. The modern Greek is every where acute and good humoured, patient of labour when occasion calls for it, and indefatigable in the pursuit of what he deems his interest. That he should for the most part see this in the accumulation of riches, that the desire of gain should thence occupy his soul, and produce that debasement of character which invariably follows, where the love of money is the principle of action, cannot be objected to his discernment, nor fairly brought forward as the evidence of that deterioration to which it so largely contributes. Debarred the hope of rising in the state, excluded even from the profession of a soldier, the law in the sole administration of his masters, his church in a state of degradation, both in its outward appearance and the persons of its ministers; what wonder that the passion which leads so many victims where the pursuits of ambition and honour are open, should be predominant, where it is the only one that has a chance of gratification? What wonder that the riches of the individual should be the scale by which his merits are estimated, that to have *πολλα, πολλα ασπρα*, should even be the criterion of an agreeable man, that 'poverty and folly should be convertible terms?'—p. 510. In all this a fair observer of the actual state of the nation, will see more to lament than to blame; while he will justify his hopes of better things, by the conduct of the emancipated Derveniotes, and the superiority of the traduced inhabitants

inhabitants of Maina over their acute but enslaved fellow countrymen.

Here we would, for the present, leave the question, had not a specious objection to the probability of the exaltation of the Greeks been stated, upon which we wish to bestow a few words. It is asserted then, and we believe with truth, both by Mr. Hobhouse, and by Dr. Pouqueville in the best part of his book, his account of the Morea, that the modern Greeks themselves have little idea of the benefits to be derived from their emancipation, beyond the establishment of their own corrupted form of Christianity; that the exaltation of their Church, and the bringing back the days of the good King Constantine, for they look no higher for their progenitors, is the only object of their prayers.

'S'ils parlent,' says the doctor, 'de la liberté, ils s'exaltent, de manière à faire croire qu'ils sont prêts à tout entreprendre, même à tout sacrifier pour l'obtenir, mais au fond cette indignation qu'ils manifestent contre leurs oppresseurs, provient moins de leur amour pour l'affranchissement, que de l'envie de voir dominer leur culte.—Les Grecs modernes, je ne balance pas de le dire, ne verraient dans une révolution que le triomphe de leur religion, sans s'embarrasser beaucoup de plus ou moins de liberté publique.'

From this the Doctor would infer, for we do not charge this conclusion on Mr. Hobhouse, that it is vain to give them what they would use to so little, or so bad a purpose. But granting the fact, we would ask him whether he would generally abstain from conferring all benefits, the objects of which in some measure mistook the nature, or underrated the extent, of the blessing? Undoubtedly it is not easy, for those who never felt or enjoyed it, to estimate the value of liberty, or even to conceive the benefits which it brings in its train; much less can such a people comprehend the connexion of those benefits with that liberty. Our ancestors, when they made a stand against the tyranny of the Popedom, little reflected perhaps on the ulterior advantages to be derived from the Reformation; and if none but those who looked further than to the rescue of their Church (though we would not be thought to undervalue that blessing) had been admitted to the benefit of the change, we fancy that the number, even among the best informed, would have been but small. As we therefore, perhaps unconsciously, have arrived at our present unlooked-for prosperity both external and domestic, we are not unwilling that others also should be cheated into happiness. In the mean time, our efforts should not be wanting to prepare the minds of the nation for such an eventual change. To this end we join with Mr. Hobhouse in thinking, that a well conducted Romaic newspaper, issuing from our Ionian possessions, might contribute a beneficial aid. To be able

to read the Romaic is by no means an uncommon accomplishment even on the continent of Greece; at all events there is in every village a papas, who, if not much skilled in divinity, could certainly expound the gazette to his flock, and would be glad to extend his influence by so doing, among a people still greedy of news. By degrees, a desire for further information would be excited, and the mass of the people moved to the acquisition of knowledge. Great, but we hope not unsurmountable, difficulties would indeed occur; the greatest perhaps of all would be the scarcity of books. We speak not of greater works, such as the translations of Thucydides, &c. which might be better spared; but of small elementary books of all kinds. These are entirely wanting to the Romaic, and these are of the greater importance, because, whether considered as an impure dialect of the ancient tongue, or as an independent language, it is the only mode by which knowledge or improvement of any kind can be communicated to the isles and continent of Greece, great part of Roumelia, and the coast of Asia Minor.

The importance of the Romaic in this point of view, and the contempt with which it is treated by those who study it merely for the sake of comparing it with the ancient tongue, induce us to offer a few remarks upon the subject. Compared with that, it does indeed fall lamentably short; and we agree with Mr. Hobhouse in his observation on a remark of Lord Kaimes upon its little variation from the parent language, that those who duly consider the state of the two must regret, that the variation had not been carried further; since the Italian, which differs more from the Latin than the Romaic from the Greek, finds itself amply compensated by the new beauties which it acquired in its subsequent refinement.

The fair way however of estimating the value of the Romaic, is not by comparison, but by considering its fitness in its present state for the purposes for which language itself was given. And here we find no deficiency in essentials; and, to adopt the language of Johnson, we believe that few ideas need be lost to the modern Greeks for want of proper expressions in the Romaic to convey them. That some of these would be nearly approaching to the Hellenic, while others could only be derived from distant and discordant tongues, is a matter we think of little importance. The great fault of the present language appears to us to be not in its structure and idiom, but in its pronunciation, which confounding in one common sound, and that the weak sound of the English *e*, three of its vowels, and three of its diphthongs, renders the comprehension of the spoken language difficult to an unpractised ear. Without going into the question of the right mode of pronouncing the ancient Greek, upon which Mr. Hobhouse is learned

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and diffuse, we may observe, that the present method is continually producing such errors in orthography, as must baffle the researches of those who endeavour, from the printed specimens in this country, to judge of the actual state of the language. Let us take for example, the word *βροῦν*, which occurs in Mr. Hobhouse. It is meant for the third person plural of a verb, in its usual form *εἰσὺν*, to know, here *εὐπῶ*; the third person plural of which would be *εὐπῶν*—the *υ* in this diphthong being pronounced like our *v*, and the *ε* lost in the rapidity of utterance, the writer has substituted the *β* which has the same sound, and all visible means of tracing the word to its classical origin are lost. What is most to be desired for the language in its present state, for its defect in enunciation is probably irremediable, is to fix in some degree its orthography and phraseology. The former is comparatively easy, but the latter is most difficult; not from any want of fit expressions, but of limitation to the introduction of new ones. It is still, though changed in idiom, too susceptible of unnecessary additions from the mother tongue. It suffers from that, precisely what the Turkish is daily suffering from the Arabic and Persian; the intrusion of which into the Turkish of the higher orders is so great and constant,—that it is one of the cares of our dragomen at the Porte, to watch the influx of new phrases, and to be prepared to clothe their sentiments, when before the Court, in the imported excellence of the last fortnight.

When to the affectation of learned improvement, are superadded the variations to be found in different parts of the country, and the adoption by the merchant and sailor of the terms familiar to them in the pursuit of their several employments, we shall seem to have almost yielded the point in dispute. But as we have before observed it is not for the purity of the Romaic, but for its practical utility and efficacy that we contend, and in spite of the causes which are continually operating against its improvement, we still think, that it is fully equal to the conveyance of whatever instruction it may be desirable to impart to the inhabitants of Greece and Anatolia. As we shall shortly have occasion to return to the subject of Romaic literature, we must content ourselves with merely referring to Mr. Hobhouse's work for his remarks on this head, as well as for his details on the ancient remains, and modern manners of Greece; as, though more diligence has seldom been shewn in procuring correct information on the one, or more spirit in conveying a lively idea of the other, our limits forbid us to venture upon a single extract from this part of his volume. For the same reason we abstain from quoting some very pleasing descriptions of Smyrna and its neighbourhood; at which place Mr. Hobhouse arrives from Athens in the *Pylades*, paying by the way a well

merited compliment to the hospitable accommodation so constantly and disinterestedly afforded to an English traveller by the naval officers of his own country.

The principal change that has taken place in Smyrna since it was described by former travellers, is for the worse, in the interruption of that social and happy intercourse among the European settlers, which procured to the Frank quarter at Smyrna, the name of *Petit Paris*. This, which had suffered but little from the incursions of former wars, has been wholly subverted by the malignity of Buonaparte, who suffers none of his subjects, whose conduct he can in any way influence, to hold communication good or bad with the tyrants of the seas or their allies. From this interdiction Athens and Salonika in the Levant alone are free.

From Smyrna Mr. Hobhouse proceeds in the *Salsette* to Constantinople. During the voyage, he takes occasion, while the absurd jealousy of the Turks detained the frigate at the Dardanelles, to visit the Troad, his account of which, and of his researches upon the subject occupy nearly 130 pages. The general result of his inquiries we shall state with little comment, in his own words, our late review of Dr. Clarke's theory having anticipated some of the remarks, which we might otherwise have here introduced. He has generally confined himself to the verification of the topography of the ancient geographers, particularly Strabo, and seems to have been unwillingly led into the question of the Homeric Troad. His researches with regard to the former are more satisfactory, but upon the latter tend rather, as might be expected, to confirm scepticism than to produce conviction. He inclines however to the sentiments of Bryant; and it is remarkable, how in the heat of pursuit, he is led to consider, in page 771, the arguments of Bryant for placing Troy near Lectum not to be got over, when he had in page 688 himself assigned, as a conclusive objection to that hypothesis, the rockiness of the whole southern shore. We confess ourselves much better pleased with the general scepticism of the following passage:

'It has been shewn, I believe, that the ancient topographers looked for the scene of the *Iliad* on the shores of the Straits; and that the present state of the country corresponds sufficiently with their accounts, to enable us not only to understand, but to form a judgment on the accuracy of their conclusions concerning the city of Priam and the plain of Troy. Whether the fable of the poet was founded on fact, or was altogether fiction, (a point which it has been my wish entirely to leave out of this inquiry,) I see no necessity for allowing, with Mr. Blackwell, that Homer, although he may have been acquainted with Phrygia, had a personal knowledge of the precise site of his war, or had fixed upon any distinct spot for the scene of his action. It is true indeed that an inimitable air of truth is to be found in his description; that he is simple,

ple, distinct, and every where consistent with himself; but this is a portion of his art, this is the characteristic of his genius: it is an excellence less likely perhaps to be found in a painter of real scenery, than in one who trusts altogether to his invention, and is not encumbered with the adjustment of actual localities; and the poet is equally minute, particular, and, it may be almost said, credible in his detail, when he conducts his delighted guests into the coral caves of the ocean, or the silver palaces of Olympus. It is hardly necessary to add, that he cannot be affected by any of the difficulties attendant upon the examination of the question, and that there is no confusion in the descriptions of the *Iliad*, except when they are compared with the topography of the Troad.

'The author of the *Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*, talking of Demetrius's commentary, says, "there he ascertained the real places of Homer's descriptions, and pointed out the scenes of the remarkable actions. He shewed where the Greeks had drawn up their ships; where Achilles encamped with his Myrmidons; where Hector drew up the Trojans; and from what country came the auxiliaries." It is astonishing with what boldness these things are said, and with what facility they are admitted. If any judgment is to be formed of Demetrius's whole work, from the allusions to, and extracts from it in Strabo, he destroyed rather than established the received opinions upon the subject, and as for the particular points abovementioned, we have no hint that he touched upon them at all.

'Those who have seen the plains near Cape Janissary, or even have looked at the map of the country, may, with Homer before them, be able to find objections to the supposed site of the war, which have escaped Mr. Bryant, and other inquirers, but they may, perhaps, be inclined to think, that if the Greeks of Phrygia were wrong in their conjectures, no such discovery will ever be made of the true positions, as shall be allowed on all hands to be unobjectionable. The present plain of the Mendere towards Cape Janissary is certainly the plain of Troy of those Greeks; but the only resemblance which a three weeks residence on the spot, with the poet in my hand, enabled me to find out between that plain and Homer's scene, was that which in the eyes of Fluellin, made the native country of Alexander so like the birth-place of Henry the Fifth. "There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth."—p. 781.

'It has been remarked as a singular fact, that the map which Mr. Pope composed, merely from the perusal of the *Iliad*, is no bad representation of the plain of the Mendere. It would be singular if it was a fact, but it is not. The fact is, that Mr. Pope's picture (for it is not a map) bears not the least resemblance to the spot in question.—p. 787.

After some further remarks upon the futility both of the praise and blame bestowed upon Pope by Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Hobhouse concludes, with no unjust asperity, that 'it may fairly move our spleen to behold the author of the English *Iliad*, the model of severe taste and just criticism, enlisted by a French enthusiast, to fight

fight under the banners of ignorance and presumption.' At the same time he pays a well-merited compliment to the integrity and correctness of delineation of the author of the *Topography of Troy*, and a gentleman, 'who has never called in his pencil to the aid of his pen, but with a candour and ingenuity very rarely to be met with, has in the fidelity of his representations furnished us with competent means of disproving his system.' After all, in spite of the very laudable pains bestowed upon this portion of his work, which may be considered as containing the refutation of every theory yet attempted, we cannot help thinking it the least interesting part of his volume; though our opinion may be rather unfairly influenced by the tedium which we acknowledge that we feel, in balancing arguments or rather conjectures upon a question so often brought before us, and from which we have so little hope of deriving any practical result or satisfactory conclusion.

Our travellers were detained for some time after the arrival of their firman, by the contrary winds, which for nine months in the year blow with no small violence out of the Straits. At length however they passed the Dardanelles and proceeded slowly up the sea of Marmora to Constantinople. Here Mr. Hobhouse was for some time in doubt whether to close his volume or proceed; assigning as a reason, his despair of telling us any thing not before too well known to require repetition. But he had read his Juvenal, and his publisher having handsomely engaged that there should be no lack of paper, he wisely decided that *clemency on his part would be folly*; and he accordingly proceeds to be very entertaining for 200 additional pages, upon Constantinople and Constantinopolitans. As we cannot give ourselves the same licence, we must of necessity curtail our observations, recommending in the mean time even this part of the Journey, as containing, besides what has indeed been often described, a very clear and interesting account of Selim's plans of reform, and of the late revolutions in the Turkish government, which have cut off the ablest and most efficient men from the state, and left the last of his race on the throne of the Ottomans.

There is also in the Appendix a good account of the expedition to the Dardanelles, written with a view to justify the ministry who planned it from any imputation in consequence of its failure. In this, though we should rather be inclined to throw the blame upon the admiral than the ambassador, we think he, in some measure, succeeds; but we apprehend that as far as the ministry are concerned, he mistakes the question at issue; which, in our view of it, is not whether they provided well for the success of the expedition, but whether the expedition itself was wise in its object. And here as we fully agree with him that its failure is not to be

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regretted, and that to have irritated the Turks by the destruction of their capital could have produced no equivalent advantages to ourselves; he will perhaps admit with us, that an expedition, the success of which was to be deprecated, could not have been very politic in its projection. Upon one point we are glad to have confirmed from him an opinion which we formerly stated, that nothing has been lost to the English character by the failure, and that every thing he could gather upon the spot induced him to suppose,

'that there was not an intelligent man in the empire, who thought that those who had burst through their redoubtable Dardanelles, were intimidated by the cannon on the mouldering walls of the Seraglio; or who attributed the safety of the capital to any other motive than forbearance, and a disinclination from having recourse to unjust extremities.'

Having thus given a sketch of the contents of this massive but entertaining volume, we have only to add our opinion, that should the defects of which we have already spoken, be corrected in a future edition, by a little more attention to the technicalities of book-making, and a revision of some parts of the style, which is at times perversely or provokingly careless, the work itself will have a standard place in all collections of voyages and travels; a place which it will fully merit, by the industry and ardour of research conspicuous throughout, as well as by the spirit, vivacity, and good sense of the general narrative.

ART. IX. 1. *The Speech of Doctor D. Antonio Joseph Ruiz de Padron, Deputy to the Cortes, from the Canary Islands, spoken in the Sitting of January 18, 1813, relative to the Inquisition.*

2. *Bread and Bulls, an Apologetical Oration, on the flourishing State of Spain, in the Reign of King Charles IV. Delivered in the Plaza de Toros, Madrid. By Don Gaspar Jovellanos. Mediterranean; printed on board His Majesty's Ship Caledonia, off Toulon. 1813.*

A SPEECH against the Inquisition, delivered in the sitting of the Cortes; and another on Bread and Bulls, on the degraded state of Spain, spoken in the great square of the capital, both the genuine production of native Spaniards, may be regarded among the unequivocal signs of the times.—But when we look at the spot whence these singular productions issue, in their present dress, we cannot consider them as any thing short of literary curiosities. They are translations by the officers of the Caledonia, undertaken, in all probability, to beguile the many tedious hours spent in watch-
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ing an enemy shut up in the port of Toulon. If the language be not always correct, nor the style highly polished, we have, at least, every reason to trust to the fidelity of the translation. But they were printed also on board this ship; and the type, the ink, the paper, and, indeed, the whole of the mechanical processes are so well conducted as to be by no means inferior to many of the best editions of the London press.

Doctor Antonio Joseph Ruiz de Padron undertakes to prove the three following propositions:

First, That the tribunal of the Inquisition is totally useless in the church of God, and contrary to the spirit of the gospel.

Secondly, That it is contrary to the wise and religious constitution which the state has sanctioned, and to which the people have sworn.

Thirdly, That it is prejudicial to the state.

It will not be necessary to go through all the proofs which he adduces to establish the first proposition. It is certain that no such tribunal as that which has arrogated to itself the title of 'holy,' entered into the plan of the Saviour of the World. It is equally so that nothing contained in the writings of the Evangelists, can be construed to sanction it, and that, of the ministers elected by divine authority for the promulgation of the gospel, none were inquisitors. 'Believe me, sir,' says the orator, 'that neither in the catalogue of the ministers of the faith, enumerated by St. Paul, nor in the council of Jerusalem, do I find one vacant place for an inquisitor.' It was not found necessary to erect a tribunal of inquisitors to punish Arius, when he denied the eternal generation of the Word—the divines of Nice were satisfied with condemning "the impious and detestable" doctrine, and with separating the author of the heresy from the communion of the faithful. The Nestorians, the Pelagians, and all the various sects, 'who moved hell itself to shake the faith of the Catholics,' shared the same fate—the Church of God trampled on all its enemies, and without the assistance of the 'holy office.' That it is not only useless but injurious to the Church of Rome, he illustrates, from his own experience, when at Philadelphia. Here, at the house of Benjamin Franklin, he used to join in the evening conversations where the ministers of the Protestant communion designated him by the appellation 'of the Papist.'

'Young as I then was,' says he, 'I was able to convince many of the supremacy which the Bishop of Rome obtains, by divine right, over the whole church—a supremacy of jurisdiction and not merely of honour—but I confess that when, all in a body, they beset me on the establishment of the Inquisition, I had not a word to say.'

Discussions of this nature, he tells us, also took place in the house

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house of George Washington, but he was never able to ascertain to what sect that celebrated General belonged. The Philosopher Franklin, however, was suspected to be an Arminian. On the challenge of Franklin, to give a public proof of his sincerity, he preached in the Catholic Church of Philadelphia against the Inquisition; his sermon was translated into English; it was then preached throughout the provinces of New York and Maryland; and so satisfied were the auditors that the Inquisition was the work of human policy, and despotism, that many of the Anglo-Americans changed their faith and became good Catholics. Since that time, the Doctor tells us, no less than five bishoprics have been established in places where, had the Inquisition extended its baneful authority, there would not have been one.

Secondly, To prove that the Inquisition is contrary to the constitution of the state, the Doctor says nothing more is necessary than to take in one hand the political system, and in the other the dark and fanatical code of this tribunal—the one breathes nothing but justice and humanity; the other is an outrage on all human laws, and human feelings—a code dark, dismal, and intricate as its own dungeons, made up of cavils, artifices, and the meanest tricks, and more adapted for hunting out supposed criminals than for ascertaining real crimes.

The Constitution says,

‘Within twenty-four hours the prisoner shall be made acquainted with the cause of his imprisonment, and the name of his accuser if he have one. They shall read to him, entire, all the documents, together with the names and depositions of the witnesses; and if from these he shall not comprehend them, they shall give him as much information as he may require, in order to discover who they are. That the process shall henceforward be public, in the manner and form determined by law. That neither torment nor compulsion shall be used towards him, neither shall he suffer confiscation. That no punishment imposed, whatever the crime may be, shall in any manner pass to the family of the delinquent, but shall take effect solely upon the person who committed the offence.’

But what says the code of the Holy Inquisition?

‘It admits,’ says the Doctor, ‘into its bosom, slander, calumny, accusation, and vengeance. It inspires, or rather orders, a blind obedience to its commands, as though it were infallible, and not responsible to any one for its actions. It orders inquiries, encourages informers, and protects spies, against all the laws of confidence and nature, imperiously commanding the dearest friends to accuse each other. It signifies not whether, under the pretext of preserving the faith, the father accuses the son, the son the father; the husband the wife, or the wife the husband. Brothers, parents, and friends, all, according to the spirit of this tribunal, are obliged to watch, to inform against, and
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accuse each other. A commissary of the holy office, accompanied by the alguazil, and his assistants, is authorised, with impunity, to enter houses with a mysterious silence, even at midnight, and snatch a father from the bosom of his family, in the midst of their terrors, without allowing him to take a last farewell of his wife or children, condemning them to endless misery, which is the only patrimony this unfortunate father can transmit to his posterity. Whole generations before they are born, are thus sentenced, not only to poverty and beggary, but to perpetual ignominy and disgrace.' Thus it is 'that the holy office deprives society of useful and industrious citizens, and buries them in its infectious dungeons. It does more. In the edict of faith, which this tribunal publishes every year, it invites every person to accuse himself, who expects to be accused by another; and to those who comply within a certain time, it promises pardon; but to those who neglect it, it has no mercy—they are arrested, their fortunes confiscated, and they suffer the utmost punishment of its laws.'

The scenes of horror which take place at the examination of supposed criminals have often been described in novels and romances, but here we have the facts truly and distinctly stated by a Spaniard well informed of all the proceedings of this dark and sanguinary tribunal. The punishment that follows confession, and even precedes conviction, is horrible to relate.

'In the first case,' says he, 'sentence is passed after a thousand mysterious questions; but in the second, besides the confinement in dark dungeons, destitute of all human consolation, they employ dreadful torments to extort confession. A pulley, suspended to the ceiling, through which is passed a thick rope, is the first spectacle which meets the eye of the unhappy victim. The attendants load him with fetters, and tie a hundred pounds of iron to his ancles; they then turn up his arms to his shoulders, and fasten them with a cord; they fasten the rope round his wrists, and having raised him from the ground, they let him fall suddenly, repeating this twelve times, with a force so great that it disjoins the most robust body. If he does not then confess what the inquisitors wish, other torture awaits him; having first bound him hands and feet, eight times does the sad victim suffer the rack; and if he persists without confessing, they compel him to swallow a quantity of water, to restore his respiration. But where this is not sufficient, the torment of the *brasero* completes the sanguinary scene; the slow fire of which cruelly roasts the naked feet, rubbed over with grease and secured in a block.'

The authority of this infernal tribunal extends even to the regions of the dead.

'How often have the inquisitors ordered graves to be opened for the remains of those whom they judged to have died in heresy, in order to commit them to the flames! Unhappy relics of the human race! Sad spoils of death! Respected shades of the departed, who, having died in innocence, have become the victims of calumny, malevolence, or

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vengeance, pardon the prejudice and barbarity of past ages! The Gentiles themselves respected the ashes of their dead; but it was reserved for the Inquisition to disturb your repose in the caverns of the earth.'

The speaker next adverts to the cunning and low policy which the 'Holy Office' has always employed to secure the court favour, by serving the government as the vile instrument of absolute power.

'Who,' says he, 'does not know that it has lent itself to the caprices and vengeance of the most infamous and voluptuous favourite (Godoy) to be found in our history? This tribunal, so overbearing in its power, so terrible to the weak and defenceless, had not the courage to exert its authority upon this impious wretch—this monster—a compound of every vice, without a single counterbalancing virtue; but it permitted, in the very face of a Catholic court and a Catholic king, not only panegyrics to be passed on him, but his loathsome image to be erected on the altar, by the side of the Cross of Jesus Christ.'

Thirdly, That the Inquisition is prejudicial to the prosperity of the state, the Doctor is of opinion, requires no other proof than the state of the Peninsula since the unfortunate epoch of its establishment—where all the useful sciences, the arts, agriculture, national industry, and commerce have disappeared—where a progressive decay and depopulation have left little more than ten millions and a half of inhabitants, the greater part of whom are poor and miserable; whereas, from the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the extent of the country, it is able to maintain more than double that number. He enumerates those men whose eminence for literature or piety has been the cause of their being buried in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and sacrificed to its unrelenting vengeance.

'Philosophers, theologians, historians, politicians, statesmen, orators, poets, labourers, artisans, merchants, even the industrious farmers, who are the support of the nation, could not escape their rod of iron—in a word, men and women, poor and rich, wise and ignorant, innocent and wicked, just and unjust—all classes of the state has this tribunal afflicted with the terrors of its power—it comprehends all—it persecutes all—it destroys all, under the pretext of religion and the support of the Gospel.'

The Second Article is an extraordinary production, and marks most strongly the altered opinion of the Spanish nation. Indeed we should have feared lest so fine a piece of irony on 'the flourishing state of Spain,' and so keen a satire on the depraved manners of his countrymen, would subject the orator to some inconvenience. But Jovellanos had already suffered the dungeon for freedom of speech, under the old order of things, and thought himself secure, amidst the recent changes, in indulging it to the utmost. At what precise time this speech was addressed to the Spanish people

people we are not told, but it was, obviously, since the period of the revolution. We shall give a few extracts from this singular and spirited production which, we think, will not be unacceptable to our readers, more especially as they are the effusions of a man who, by birth and education, by his acknowledged talents, and the high situation which he held in the state, is entitled to more than an ordinary degree of attention.

The orator sets out with the broad proposition that all nations of the world, following the steps of nature, have been weak in their infancy, ignorant in their childhood, warriors in their youth, philosophers in their manhood, legislators in their age, and, in their decrepitude, superstitious and tyrannical. These truths, proved, as he says, by all history, had induced him to conclude that Spain was arrived at the last stage of existence, and sinking rapidly into the grave; but his arrival in Madrid had happily removed all his doubts, and presented to him the most astonishing spectacle which the universe could afford.

‘It offered to my sight Spain, weak and infantine, without population, without industry, without riches, without a patriotic spirit, and even without any acknowledged government: some fields waste and without cultivation; some men dirty and indolent; some people miserable and immersed in ruin; some citizens mere tenants of their city; and a constitution, which might more properly be called, an olla of all constitutions.

‘It represented to me, Spain, as a child, without instruction, and without knowledge; a brutal mob; a nobility which makes a boast of its ignorance; some schools, without principles; some universities, the faithful depositories of the prejudices of barbarous ages; some teachers of the tenth century; and some rewards destined for the subjects of the Emperor Justinian, and of Pope Gregory the Ninth.

‘It offered to me Spain as a youth, to appearance, full of a martial spirit, of fire and bravery, a body of general officers, sufficient to command all the armies of the world; and, were there but soldiers in proportion, who might conquer all the regions of the universe; a multitude of regiments, which, although deficient in men, are inured to the military fatigues of curling their hair, bleaching their uniform, regulating their paces to the tune of a country-dance, expending powder in salutes in the meadows, and oppressing their fellow-citizens.

‘It has shewn me Spain as a man, wise, religious, and skilled in all the sciences—a metropolis, with more churches than houses; more priests than laymen; more altars than kitchens; nay, in the dirty gateways, and in the meanest wine-houses, pasteboard puppets, images of wax, fountains of holy water, and sacred lamps.’

In this manner he runs over the deplorable state of things in which he found ‘debauched young churchmen mounting the pulpit of the Divine Being,’ to teach sacred knowledge;—the inspired writings

writings translated through French versions; foreign languages studied by those who were ignorant of their own; preachers and lawyers without learning, whose briefs and sermons are fit only to wrap up pepper and spices; physicians whose wisdom is proved by the wealth of their apothecaries. He found Spain, 'old and peevish, quoting law upon every occasion.' The Castilian legislature, he tells us, recognizes for its origin an age 'in which the sword and the spear were the supreme law; in which bishops commanded armies, and, instead of sheep, nourished wolves and leopards;'—but it is to Philip the Great that the legislation of Spain owes 'the many inexhaustible springs, which, from day to day, have been enriching it with more judges than laws, and more laws than human actions;' it is to him that all the 'branches of government and justice are directed by one only hand, like the mules of a coach;'—to him, that 'a new law is enforced in the twinkling of an eye, whilst the observance of an old one costs the dispute of a century; to him it owes that extraordinary circumspection of tribunals which hang twenty citizens in a day, and afterwards debate on unharnessing the mules from a carriage.' To him Spain owes its finance, its monopolies, its customs and its excise; to him, that 'every village possesses its municipal code, its municipal contributions, and its statutes, which are the basis of public happiness.'

'It is certainly,' he continues, 'a great satisfaction to set out on a journey quite unconcerned, and proceed on the road until you meet a guard, stationed for collecting the toll; to arrive pierced with cold and wet, at an inn, and there to have to look for a dinner from the monopolizers of wine, oil, meat, salt, and other necessities of life; to lead your horse to a manger, and in addition to a payment for straw, to have to pay likewise for the right of tying him there; to procure a *fanega* of barley and to go to the corregidor to have it measured; to purchase a *pellejo* of wine, and to pay the price of a permit for taking it out of the town; not at all to know whether you shall sleep in your own bed or a gaol, because the *alcalde* has the power of making you pass a miserable night there, without assigning any reason.'

The decrepitude of Spain was presented to his view in the horrible superstitions by which the very souls and understandings of the people were chained down; in the degraded state of morality and religion;—

'But, checking himself suddenly, 'what,' he exclaims, 'am I about? how have I transformed my office of panegyrist into that of censor; and where I had purposed to defend my country, taxed it with the most abominable defects! No, my countrymen! it is not my desire to make you blush; I only wish to shew that Spain is, at the same time, in her infancy, her childhood, her youth, her manhood, and her old age. I well know your merit; and in this august amphitheatre, where alone

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the Spanish people celebrate their assemblies, I behold your exquisite taste, your delicate sensibility.'

'Bull-feasts are the links of our society; the food of our patriotism; the seminaries of our political manners. These feasts, which characterise us among all the nations of the earth, embrace as many agreeable and instructive objects, as it is possible to desire; they temper our excessive parsimony, enlighten our tender understandings, sweeten our humane inclinations, divert our laborious application, and prepare us for generous and magnanimous actions. The arts and sciences combine to render them perfect, and they materially assist in improving the arts and sciences; they procure, even for the lower order, the blessings of ease and diversion, and prevent the evils of toil and labour; they encourage hospitals which (to the honour of modern nations be it related) they not only supply with medicines for the relief of the sick, but also with sick for the consumption of the medicines, which are the two indispensable requisites to their prosperity; they mortify the body with fatigue and patience under inconvenience, and fortify the mind by the most dreadful and tragic scenes.

'Who, accustomed in cold blood to see a man suspended on the horns of a bull, his entrails falling through an immense wound, and his blood overflowing the whole place; a wounded horse that has thrown his rider, writhing and struggling in the agonies of death; a troop of affrighted bull-fighters, flying from an enraged animal, pierced with darts; the tumultuous shouting of an innumerable multitude, mingled with the harsh grating sounds of warlike instruments, augmenting the confusion;—who, I say, after this, would be moved at a battle or a defeat?—who will not conceive sublime ideas of our nobles, eager to patronise these barbarous spectacles; to honor the bull-fighters; to reward desperation and madness; and to vie with each other, in protecting the most villanous characters in the republic?—who would not be delighted with the numerous assemblage of both sexes, crowded together, without reserve; tavern-keepers and grandees; barbers and dukes; courtizans and matrons; laymen and clergy—where luxury, profligacy, shamelessness, libertinism, stupidity, and, in short, every vice which disgraces human nature, hold their court? There the licentious fop inflames the incautious damsel, by indecent words and gestures; there the base husband places his wife by the side of her gallant; there the cowardly bully musters up all his insolence; there the smutty blacksmith utters words even more indecent than himself, and the impudent fishwoman makes a boast of her effrontery; there the pressure, noise, heat and dust, joined with the aromatic sweets of tobacco, wine and garlic, are sufficient to cause suffocation.

'Who will not acknowledge the innumerable benefits of these feasts? Were it not for them, the tailor, ironmonger, and shoemaker, would pass their Mondays in the vulgar labour of their trades; mothers would not have a plea for leaving their houses and children to the neglect of some hireling; in it they would lose a most barbarous market of modesty; physicians, a most fruitful seminary for diseases; husbands, a scene of their own iniquity and dishonour; wives, an opportunity of improving

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improving themselves in prodigality and extravagance; ecclesiastics, an excuse for spending among sinners the price of their sins; philosophers, a most perfect compendium of human weakness; magistrates, the sure means of destroying all idea of civil liberty; tradesmen, the consolation of beholding the death of animals which, if living, would find them constant employment; and the whole kingdom, the advantage of seeing the most fruitful lands (which should be exclusively appropriated to diversion and amusement) laid out in pasture.

After running over, in the same strain, the instruction which all ranks and descriptions of people receive at a bull-feast, he exclaims—

‘O magnificent feasts! O useful feasts! O delectable feasts! O pious feasts! O feasts which are the most perfect crown of our wisdom! Strangers abominate you, because they know you not; but Spaniards prize you, for they alone can appreciate your value!

‘If Rome lived contented with “bread and arms”—Madrid feels quite satisfied with “bread and bulls!”

‘O happy Spaniards! who, content with your own estate, envy not that of others, who, accustomed to govern nobody, obey all! Pursue these enlightened maxims—despise (as you have hitherto done) the idle babbling of envious strangers—abhor their turbulent maxims—condemn their free opinions—prohibit all their books, which have not passed the “holy table”—and sleep in peace, lulled by the hisses that deride you!’

ART. X. *A Letter on the Conduct and Situation of Denmark, from a Dane to an Englishman; written 30th May, 1813.*
London: Richardson. pp. 48.

THE pamphlet before us may appear almost too slight for notice; but such publications, like small shot, sweep away numbers who are not assailable by more powerful ordnance; and the press can furnish nothing so worthless on political subjects as not to attract some degree of attention. Who the author is we pretend not to know, but we shrewdly suspect, in spite of his expressions of goodwill towards England, (in which he apparently resides at this moment,) that his feelings on that subject are in unison with the bulk of his countrymen; and though, as a foreigner, we may pardon the obscurities of his style, and the insincerity of his professions, as a Dane we should counsel him not again to take up his pen in defence of his country.

The most respectable adherents to the ancient order of things in France were compelled, during the horrors of the Revolution, to seek refuge in Great Britain. They were received on their arrival, and have been since maintained, with a degree of attention and kindness worthy of that generous spirit so characteristic of the English nation. This race has, however, nearly disappeared; old

age has taken off many, others have fallen victims to sorrow and disappointment. Their quiet demeanour and general respectability of conduct, materially contributed to wear out the prejudice against foreigners, formerly so prevalent amongst us; and that benevolent feeling which was excited by the distresses of the French emigrants has been extended to the natives of other countries who, from various causes, have of late made England their asylum. We trust that we shall not be considered as wanting in Christian charity if we venture to hint that this protection should not be granted without considerable caution. There are many who fatten on our bounty, who scruple not to employ the opportunities which they enjoy for the purpose of injuring their benefactors.

We are indebted to the work on the Continental System which was published in Sweden at the beginning of this year, for the composition before us. Some unpalatable truths which the Swedish pamphlet contained, have called up this literary champion in behalf of his countrymen; and we confess that until we had perused his impotent apology for their conduct, we had not given ourselves the trouble of reflecting how contemptible it has invariably been during the whole of this, and the preceding war.

‘For whom,’ the Danish writer asks, ‘is the history of a country more particularly written, but for its princes?’—We admit that they, of all people, ought to profit by its perusal; but we would counsel him also to direct the attention of his sovereign to the fate of other nations as well as his own. Had the king of Denmark done this, or had he not, as is more probable, allowed his better judgment to be led away by the counsel of insidious and corrupt advisers, it is scarcely possible that he could have been for so long a period blind to the examples of danger before his eyes. What has been the fate of the various states who professed their intention of remaining neuter at the opening of the revolutionary war? How did Spain profit by her entire submission to the mandates of Buonaparte? What regard was shewn to Prussia whom he compelled to become neuter, or to the other princes of Germany whom he successively overpowered? Where, in fine, has he respected in any one instance, the neutrality of a country when it suited his purposes to violate it?

An enlightened minister of Denmark would have used this language to his sovereign; he would have told him further that it would be too late to prepare for war, when ‘the French frontier bordered his own.’ He would have pointed out to him that so far from the ‘duties of a king being confined to his own country,’ so far from its being ‘incumbent on the sovereign of a small nation to avoid all other wars but those of immediate defence,’ there are duties which he is called upon to perform as part of the commonwealth

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of Europe. We say nothing of the motives which may reasonably urge a sovereign to venture somewhat for the glory of his country. 'The oldest unsubdued crown on earth' ought not to disappear, as anticipated by our author, without some struggle for independence and renown. Had every politician reasoned like the Dane, 'the continual wars against France would indeed have been productive of the still greater warlike establishments of that empire,'—and 'the French emperor would clearly, in spite of every coalition, have broken through every barrier which might have been opposed to him:'—We are told too that 'Denmark, by her geographical position, lies out of the great road of the continental nations who come to the conflict;' if England had been guided by similar maxims, she, too, lying still more out of 'this great road,' might have been contented to witness their successive subjugation by the power of France. The truth is, that by an adherence to this cautious policy, Denmark has shared the fate of every power which has carried the system of neutrality beyond its proper extent. She is entitled to no confidence from any belligerent, for she has granted none to any of them; to no protection, for she has afforded no assistance to the cause of Europe; to no respect, for her policy has been contemptible and selfish in the extreme: and instead of acquiring by repose that vigour which may fit her for future contests, she will find, when too late, that the limbs become rigid by long cessation from exercise, and the nerves relaxed by listless inactivity.

But it may be contended that every state is the best judge of its own resources, and that those of Denmark must not be estimated on the scale of those which Great Britain has at command. Granting, to a certain extent, the truth of these positions, we have still grievous cause of complaint against our 'brothers' the Danes. The very essence of the character of a neutral is to shew no leaning to either belligerent; but their neutrality has been of so perverse a nature, that whilst they appeared dead to all feeling, and palsied on the side which was exposed to aggression and insult from France, they have been tremblingly alive to those measures of retaliation against the common enemy which we have been compelled to adopt. A very little attention to those cases in which Denmark has of late years exhibited any signs of vitality, will be sufficient to prove the truth of our assertions.

The first offensive measure taken against this country by Denmark, was the occupation of Hamburg by 15,000 men, under Prince Charles of Hesse, in 1801. This was of course for the purpose of excluding our vessels from the ports of the Elbe. Her unusual activity on this occasion, and the large share which she bore in the war with the northern powers, which was terminated by the decisive battle of Copenhagen, it is needless to remark; that

confederacy, as our author allows, 'was dissolved by England with that energy which fixes great events;' and Denmark again relapsed into her former supineness.

From this she was roused in 1803, by the advance of the French after the occupation of Hanover: but was the energy she displayed on this occasion at all correspondent to the danger with which she was threatened? No: 'it did not become Denmark alone to call France to account for the infraction of treaties;' and with strict adherence to these ideas of propriety, not a man was added to the boasted cordon of troops in Holstein till the army of England and Sweden were in force in Hanover; and though not a murmur escaped the all-enduring Danes at the closure by the French of the Elbe and Weser, their complaints were loud and frequent of the injustice of the blockade which we were in consequence compelled to establish on those rivers.

'When Prussia, in 1806, suddenly entered upon a war with France, could Denmark,' it is demanded, 'with her force have prevented the fate of Prussia on the fields of Jena?' We do not pretend to say that she could; but if all the powers of Europe had reasoned in a similar manner, what resistance would France have experienced to her designs of universal monarchy! and no one, we should hope, but a Dane whose scale of excellence is not elevated to the highest standard, would be weak enough to produce as an instance of the tutelary aid of the Genius who presides over Denmark, that 'he prevented a war with France, though Danish blood was shed on the frontier, at the storming of Lubeck by the French!' The affair here alluded to, took place whilst the enemies of the gallant Blücher were in pursuit of the small force which he had preserved with so much skill and intrepidity from the wreck of the Prussian army. The Danish General Ewald was taken prisoner and treated with every indignity by his *friends* the French; the neutral territory violated, and several Danish soldiers killed in the skirmish; yet the Crown Prince of Denmark contented himself with a remonstrance to which no attention was ever paid, and shortly after withdrew those troops from the frontiers of Holstein which he had kept there without intermission, whilst the forces of the allies were stationed in that quarter.

We shall refrain from entering at length into the merits of the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807. The subject has undergone much discussion, and many strong assertions respecting it have been hazarded on both sides. Those who will take the trouble of perusing the parliamentary debates of that day cannot fail of being convinced that the measure was not one of mere expediency but of absolute necessity; and we are not presumptuous enough to suppose, that any arguments we have to offer could have weight either

either with our Danish 'brethren' abroad, or with those politicians at home, who profess to consider any course more justifiable than that which has been pursued by the government of their country.

We must, however, indulge in a few remarks on this transaction, which our readers will perceive are forced upon us by the perusal of the Danish letter. The grand object of dispute, the fleet at Copenhagen, is never once mentioned in this composition. Every document, however, at all relative to this subject which has since come to our knowledge, has tended to prove that it was destined (as originally asserted by those who advised its seizure) to co-operate with France in her design against this country; and of such being the general opinion in Denmark our government was early apprized by a British naval officer, who was accidentally obliged to remain in the capital during the greater part of the winter of 1806. But it seems that we did not announce our intentions with that form and solemnity which the occasion required, and the old accusation is again brought forward, that the Danish troops were stationed in Holstein, by desire of England, in order that her designs upon Copenhagen might be more easily accomplished. Whilst the Crown Prince, 'good easy man,' was 'watching, like a skilful general, the army which he had assembled on the frontiers,' and 'giving *indubitable* proofs of his determination to suffer any thing rather than yield to France; who was the first to attack him in the rear?' "Oh my prophetic soul, my uncle!"—"the king of a nation which has been praised for the faith of her treaties." 'Let one of your friends ask Lord Howick, in parliament,' continues the eloquent Dane, 'if this is not true? It ought to have been recorded for his successors in the papers of the Department for Foreign Affairs.'

Now, without asking Lord Howick, or referring to the Foreign Office, we will venture to pronounce this assertion to be false. Preceding events had sufficiently shewn that a Danish army, even when assembled, will submit to any thing rather than come to blows with the common enemy, and the Crown Prince had recently given a pretty clear proof that fighting was not his object, by retiring before a handful of French troops without firing a shot. It cannot therefore be considered surprizing that ministers should begin to despair of any exertion on the part of Denmark, and that they should feel themselves called upon to remonstrate, as they then did, on so hopeless a mode of enforcing neutrality.—It is this remonstrance which has given colour to the accusation against us to which we have alluded. We were anxious to rouse the Danes to a sense of their danger, and to induce the Crown Prince to reflect on what he owed to his country; and with a due regard to the safety of his kingdom, we at the same time sent over a special minister to propose to him measures for rescuing the fleet at

Copenhagen from the hands of France, and to give it protection in a British port till the danger was over; and to be convinced that this proposal was not made by England from motives of private advantage, we have only to call to mind the conduct of Russia under similar circumstances: she too in her turn was menaced with invasion by France, and with the loss of her fleet, should the enemy succeed in his designs upon St. Petersburg; and it was then that this power, who, we were told, had for ever abandoned all trust in English faith, made us the voluntary offer of placing her navy under our protection, and without hesitation adopted that very measure which this country has with so much injustice been blamed for proposing to Denmark.

Though we have already seen with what confidence public documents are referred to in the letter under review, there are some very material ones which the writer does not appear to have consulted, or he would probably have shewn more caution in the assertions he has hazarded. He might have discovered that the account of the nocturnal meetings between Bernadotte and the Crown Prince of Denmark, so far from 'being a fable no where believed but in England,' was universally credited throughout the whole of the continent; and that the offer of Norway to Sweden, to which he alludes, did not proceed from this country, but from France, who was quite prepared to make any sacrifice at the expense of her devoted adherent, which would serve to separate Sweden from the cause of the allies.

The king of Sweden lost no time in acquainting the Crown Prince of Denmark of the treacherous proposal made to him by France, and accompanied this communication with the offer of sending 20,000 Swedish troops to co-operate with the Danes in the defence of Holstein. These succours were refused, in direct opposition to the advice of our ministers; and it is worthy of remark, that in making known to this government the king of Sweden's offer, the Danish ministers entirely concealed from it the arrangement which France had proposed respecting Norway. So much for the frankness of dealing manifested by Denmark towards England! so much for the determination of the Crown Prince and his army to die in the breach, should their country be attacked! Had such been their real intention no offer could have been more acceptable than that made by Sweden, and none, on the other hand, certainly could be more embarrassing to a general who had resolved upon the line of conduct which was afterwards pursued.

But, says our opponent, 'had England no guarantee in our interest, in our insular situation, and in the steadfastness of the king's character, that, at the worst for Denmark, France could only obtain a temporary possession of the Cimbrian peninsula?' Now

It

it is fruitless to expect that nations, any more than individuals, will always be alive to their true interest; and steadiness of character may as often be manifested on the wrong side as the right. That Bernadotte was preparing to attack the Danish continental possessions was quite evident, though it was at the time denied; and when we take into consideration the difficulty of guarding the passage of the Belt, and the *proress* already shewn by the Danish troops in the outset, it seems very improbable, that even if they had decided upon retiring to Zealand, they would have been able to prevent the French from following them there.

We now come to the period of the Austrian war of 1809, and to the blackest spot in the escutcheon of Denmark—we allude to the junction of the Danish troops with the pursuers of Schill; and we cannot repress our feelings of indignation at the baseness with which the memory of that gallant soldier is here attacked, as it has already been in other publications from the same quarter.

Would to God that more Germans *had* possessed 'those extravagant ideas of life and duties' of which Schill is here accused! We should not now, for the first time, have had to hail that general spirit of opposition to the tyranny of France, which has manifested itself with such glorious effect throughout the greater part of the continent. But Schill was abandoned by Germany, was condemned by his king, and being unable to rouse his countrymen to equal his views, could not escape the fate that was prepared for him; 'and it was then, and not till then, that Danish valour was successfully tried against him.' Oh inglorious success! disgraceful activity! Denmark only departs from her cold-blooded and selfish policy to assist in the murder of a hero and a patriot, and in the extinction of the rising flame of liberty which flashed throughout Germany! Never was a transaction, which required every art to hide its atrocity, so lamentably defended. Such excuses as a misconception of the king's orders, or even the king's ignorance of the orders issued to his own generals, will not save those who planned the destruction of Schill from eternal reprobation, however we may be disposed to respect the feelings of the Danish soldiers, who are said to have executed the unworthy task imposed upon them with considerable reluctance.

There is another occurrence, for which the writer, with a greater display of penetration than ordinary, thinks it *possible* that Denmark may be blamed, though only by those short-sighted mortals who 'view human affairs on a contracted scale;' and this also comes under the class of untoward events which 'sometimes fall out without the knowledge of the king.' Our readers will not, perhaps, anticipate that this relates to the base attempt on the part of the Danes to prevent the embarkation of the brave Duke of Brunswick after the failure of the Austrian coalition in 1809.

Fortunately,

Fortunately, as is well known, this magnanimous scheme was executed by them with their accustomed success; but we will venture to assert, although it is doubted by our author, that the 'noble warrior,' as he is styled, would have thought quite as highly of the generosity and courage of the Danish people, if they had not attempted in so dastardly a manner to defeat the design which he so ably carried into execution.

The sudden deposition of Louis Buonaparte for his unwillingness to inflict upon his subjects all the miseries of the continental system, seems to have rendered his Danish Majesty more alive than he appears on some other occasions to what was passing in his dominions. We do not find, however, that any remonstrance was made by Denmark on the oppressive nature of the Berlin and Milan decrees, though the retaliatory measures, which we were obliged to enforce, were declared to be in the highest degree arbitrary and unjust. Our author is more than commonly obscure on this subject; but he honestly confesses, that though the British merchandize, in the Danish ports, was seized with all due form and ceremony, his countrymen 'were too poor to sacrifice to the flames what otherwise could be made useful.' The fact, we doubt not is, that the same system of collusion was practised here, which was carried on, under similar circumstances, in other countries. The French general of the district, and the merchant to whom the English goods were consigned, came to an understanding in regard to dividing the spoil; and a small bale only taken out from each package, was committed to the flames, to answer the number of those which were returned as burnt.—Although the writer has not condescended to inform us of the peculiar advantages derived by Denmark from her system of policy, yet those who are unacquainted with the internal state of that country might not unreasonably imagine that her finances at least are flourishing, and her resources free from those difficulties which a series of wars too often entails:—but national credit in Denmark is on a par with national honor, and the government has now resorted to the desperate expedient of employing the funds of the private bank of Holstein, (the only one that traded upon sure foundations,) to supply the deficiency in the public exchequer.

Though we are not at all disposed to deny the complete insignificance into which Denmark has sunk, by the system to which she professes to adhere; we cannot allow her to plume herself upon the circumstance, that, in consequence of her refusal to join her forces to those of France in the last campaign, 'not one Dane was found amongst the many nations that penetrated to the heart of the Russian empire.' The part allotted to her troops was that of occupying the duchy of Oldenburgh, when the French corps should

be withdrawn, and for that purpose 15,000 men were secretly placed under the orders of St. Cyr; and it is perfectly well known, that, at the very time when Buonaparte was marching in full force upon Smolensko, the reply made by Denmark to Russia in regard to her intentions, was that 'she was determined to stand or fall with France.'

Our author finds some degree of difficulty in excusing so overt an act of hostility against this country as the manning four ships of the line at Flushing with Danish sailors from Copenhagen, which he confesses was done in the course of last year. If we may believe him, however, this measure entirely originated in Buonaparte's *kind* consideration for Danish feelings, and these ships were entrusted to the spirit of *revenge* of Danish seamen!—We are willing to give Denmark full credit for the pacific disposition she has lately shewn; but it is material to remark, at what period these symptoms of returning affection were first manifested: it was not until the complete destruction of the French army had rendered an important change in the affairs of Europe more than probable, and until it became advisable to attempt a reconciliation with the rising powers.

As to Norway, it is not surprising that the Crown Prince of Sweden, whilst occupied in Germany with the greater part of his army, should be desirous of securing his western frontiers from any sudden attack on the part of so wavering and uncertain an ally as Denmark; nor was any rule of good faith or political morality violated by our agreement to support him in the demand of that district of Norway, through which his country had been formerly invaded. It will not be denied, we presume, that (Denmark being at war with this country) we were at liberty to co-operate with Sweden, or any other power, in the conquest of Norway; and, supposing that conquest achieved, we were equally at liberty to transfer our share of the right of a conqueror to our co-belligerent, to leave Norway to be garrisoned exclusively by Swedish troops, and to promise our *good offices at a peace*, to secure it permanently to Swedish dominion.

The paramount necessity of opposing an accumulation of force to the grand enemy of Europe, rendering it desirable that Sweden should not divert any part of her means towards Norway in the first instance, there could be no impropriety in our agreeing, by treaty, to give, at a subsequent period *of the war*, that aid to Sweden in its subjugation which we might have given blamelessly at the moment when the treaty was made. And if we had even bound ourselves not to make peace until that subjugation should have been effected, there would not be anything in such a stipulation of which Denmark could complain as unjust or immoral.

* The policy or impolicy of such a pledge on the part of this country

country to an indefinite prolongation of the war, and the justness or extravagance of the price thus paid for the services of Sweden to the confederacy, would be matters for the consideration of this country only, and with which Denmark could have nothing to do. But we cannot forbear, in passing, to express the satisfaction which we derived from those explanations of the treaty, by which the public apprehension with respect to a 'guarantee' of Norway to Sweden was done away. A 'guarantee' is an engagement never to be lightly undertaken by a power who holds engagements once contracted as binding upon its good faith. It is one which we should almost incline to say (if there were any such thing as a general rule in politics) can never be prudently applied except to legitimate and existing rights and possessions; and which we might almost venture to say, generally, never has been applied avowedly, absolutely, and unconditionally to conquests to be made.

If we were gratified at the disclaimer of such an interpretation of the Swedish treaty, when the war was as far as ever from a termination, we think it doubly important now, with a view to the possibility of a negociation for a general peace. To have entered into this with the obligation to demand, as a *sine qua non* condition of peace, the dismemberment of an unconquered kingdom, would be to place ourselves in a situation of which it is easy to imagine what advantage the enemy would have been able to take.

Our author, indeed, affects to imagine that the dismemberment of Denmark, is an object which Great Britain and her allies are desirous of effecting; and he kindly condescends to warn us against the danger to which Scotland may be exposed, if Norway should become a province of Sweden, and the alliance between the latter kingdom and France, which, in his opinion, is only at present interrupted, should be again renewed. We thank him for his caution, but disclaim the design imputed to us: it is the anxious wish of England, as it is her interest, that Denmark should rouse herself from the state of degradation into which she has fallen by a servile submission to the will of Buonaparte, and again assert her rank in the scale of nations. But Sweden, her ancient rival, has established by a different line of conduct claims of no common description to the confidence of this country. Buonaparte himself has been forced to confess, in the bitterness of disappointment, that her conduct, and the system which she has adopted, have hurt him more than all the four coalitions together. When therefore we express our satisfaction at the denial of the supposed guarantee, and disclaim the imputed design of dismemberment, it must not be conceived that we think Norway, if it can be legitimately obtained either by arms, or by cession, or exchange in negociation, too great a reward for Sweden; or that we should not gladly see the Swedish monarchy

narchy raised to a scale of power commensurate with the rank which the gallantry of its army, and the fidelity and firmness of its councils so fully entitle it to enjoy. Neither Norway, nor acquisitions more valuable than Norway, would overpay the sacrifices which Sweden has made, and the services which she has rendered.

When we are accused of a deliberate project of starving Norway into submission, it is but justice to ourselves to state, that the odium of prolonging the sufferings of its brave inhabitants does not by any means rest with this country. The court of Copenhagen was repeatedly informed, that, if it would withdraw the Danish privateers from the ports of that country, or order them to discontinue their depredations, the vessels loaded with grain for Norway should be allowed to proceed unmolested to their destination; it is not to us therefore, but to their humane rulers, that the Norwegians are indebted for all the miseries they have suffered, for it was hardly to be expected, that whilst our Baltic fleet was increased to an unusual size in order to afford protection to our convoys in that sea, the commerce of our enemies should be allowed to pass free under Danish licenses, whilst that of England and her allies was exposed to continual vexation.

It is an ungrateful task, but as the Danish writer in the conclusion of his letter sums up the evidence in favour of his country, by enumerating the faults which, in his opinion, have been committed by other countries, and which Denmark has avoided by her pacific system of policy, we must summarily notice his series of omissions.

‘We never invaded,’ says this learned advocate, ‘like the Phocians, the sacred ground of the temple of Delphi; we never, like the Austrians, the Prussians, or the Russians, have fought against the system of the equilibrium of European society.—Notwithstanding every irritation, the Danish lion never hurt the Continent till now, when he is threatened to be robbed of his young.’ True; never, during the almost uninterrupted period of twenty years war, have the Danes manifested a sense of the miseries of Europe. Never, like the powers so invidiously enumerated, have the Danes maintained a doubtful struggle for their independence, in opposition to that system which their fears alone have prevented them from supporting; a system which, so far from having for its object ‘the maintenance of the equilibrium of European society,’ has been directed against the peace of Europe and the liberties of mankind. The oracular voice of ‘the temple of Delphi’ need not be invoked to predict their fate.—To triumph, or to fall with glory in a glorious cause belongs to the high minded and the brave; but whilst the eagles of Austria and Prussia, and Russia, have been fearlessly displayed in array against France, the ‘Danish lion’ has calmly submitted to cower in his den.

ART.

ART. XI. *A Tour through Italy, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments, particularly as they are objects of Classical Interest and Elucidation.* By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. 2 vols. 4to. London: Mawman. 1813.

AT a time when almost every person who undertakes a journey into foreign parts, thinks it necessary, upon his return, to communicate to the public the difficulties which he has encountered, as well as the impatience with which he has borne them, it is gratifying to us to meet with a traveller, who has directed his attention to subjects more important than dirty inns, sandy roads, and surly postilions. Mr. Eustace had higher objects in view, when he visited a country more calculated than any other, except, perhaps, that of Epaminondas and Pericles, to awaken enthusiasm in a classical mind. Cold indeed must be the heart, and dull the understanding that can contemplate unmoved the 'Eternal City,' which, in the opinion of Mr. Eustace, 'has been, in the hands of Providence, the instrument of communicating to Europe, and to a considerable portion of the globe, the three greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible—civilization, science, and religion.' How far the world has been indebted to the Cæsars or the Popes, we shall have occasion hereafter to inquire; but we readily admit, that while gazing upon the remains of those magnificent edifices, which still adorn the Roman Forum, it requires no extraordinary stretch of imagination, to marshal before us in patriotic array, those venerable magistrates, who, tranquilly seated in their curule chairs, defied the fury of Brennus, and his barbarian hordes; or to hear Cicero declaiming with honest indignation against the vices and insolence of Anthony. Ascending the stairs that lead to the Capitol, the enlightened traveller appears to be treading on sacred ground. All the heroes who illustrated the annals of the republic, rise in succession before him, distinguished by those rude and manly virtues, which he has been taught at an early period of life to regard with a veneration approaching to idolatry. Yet these exalted feelings will gradually subside, when he reflects that the glory with which they are surrounded, was purchased by the misery and degradation of millions.

True, however, to those impressions of classical taste which he imbibed in youth, Mr. Eustace contemplates the Roman character with enthusiastic delight. This indeed we incline to regard as a pardonable error, and one to which possibly we might never have adverted, had we not felt that, in the actual situation of human affairs, it is our duty to call the attention of our readers to a question of the deepest interest to the comfort and prosperity of mankind, viz. the different aspects which war assumes, when carried on from the

the desolating lust of dominion, or waged in defence of national independence.

Twenty successive years of devastation and slaughter may have led many, who are now acting a distinguished part upon the busy theatre of public affairs, to regard a state of national hostility as the natural condition of man: an opinion the most dangerous that can possibly be entertained, because it tends no less to the subversion of moral order, than to weaken our belief in the benevolence and justice of Providence. Admitting these principles to be founded in reason, no atrocity, which unsatiable ambition can inspire, will want a ready excuse. The unprincipled destruction of Helvetic freedom may then find an apology in the advantage to be derived from the occupation of a strong military position; and even the infamous invasion of Spain be no longer regarded with abhorrence.

But it is time to turn to the publication before us,—we are informed in the preface that Mr. Eustace is a member of the Church of Rome; and it is with pleasure we find him expressing himself upon this occasion with moderation and candour.

‘Religion, politics, and literature, are the three great objects that employ every mind raised by education above the level of the labourer, or the mechanic; upon them every thinking man must have a decided opinion, and that opinion must occasionally influence his conduct, conversation, and writings. Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic religion, the author affects not to conceal, because he is not ashamed of, its influence. However unpopular it may be, he is convinced that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies. He acknowledges that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time nor experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened the impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet with this affectionate attachment to the ancient Faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy, as well as his own, depend upon sincerity and charity, he leaves them and himself to the disposal of the common Father of all, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, reconciliation and union are the objects of his earnest wishes, of his most fervent prayers; they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of peace and reconciliation.’—xl, xli.

Sentiments like these are very creditable to any man, whatever be his country, or his creed. That Mr. Eustace's political principles are equally liberal, may be inferred from the following passage:

‘The constitution of England actually comprises the excellencies of all the ancient commonwealths, together with the advantages of the best forms

forms of monarchy; though liable, as all human institutions are, to abuse or decay, yet, like the works of Providence, it contains within itself the means of correction, and the seeds of renovation. Such a system was considered as one of unattainable perfection by Cicero, and by Tacitus pronounced, a vision fair but transient. A scheme of policy that enchanted the sages of antiquity, may surely content the patriot and philosopher of modern days, and the only wish of both must be, that in spite of courtly encroachment and of popular frenzy, it may last for ever.—xii, xiii.

Mr. Eustace proceeds to inform the reader that the journey was undertaken with Mr. Roche, 'a young gentleman of fortune, who spared no expense to render it instructive.' At Vienna they met Mr. Cust, now Lord Brownlow, and Mr. Rushbroke, and 'finding that their views and tastes coincided, agreed to make the tour of Italy together.'

In a preliminary discourse our author enumerates with considerable detail, the different species of information which he deems it essential for a traveller to acquire, before he visits 'the classic regions of Italy.' That such preparation might tend to increase both his improvement and gratification, we are by no means disposed to deny, the only misfortune is, that it cannot be obtained without a greater sacrifice of time than even men of the most cultivated intellect, or extensive fortune, have either leisure, or inclination to bestow. A familiar acquaintance with the ancient Latin poets and historians will of course have been acquired in schools and universities; but without possessing the language of the nation which he visits, or being versed in its political annals, a man, as Lord Bacon very wisely observes, 'goeth to school and not to travel.' The knowledge of medals is far less important, and if it is to be procured at the expense of more useful studies, we think it may safely be omitted. A person of taste may also pass through Italy with tolerable advantage, though he never read Aldrich, Scamozzi, or Palladio. Taste and observation will equally suffice to appreciate the genius of Raffaele and Praxiteles without submitting to the nausea of an anatomical school. We perfectly agree however with Mr. Eustace that the seductions of music are sufficiently captivating not to require preparatory lessons, because an excessive attachment to this attractive art, 'often leads to low and dishonourable connections.' The studies of an Englishman ought to be of a more masculine character; he has other and nobler roads to distinction. The nature of the government under which he lives, will, we trust, ever continue to afford to ambition the most glorious objects of pursuit.

From the general tenor of the preliminary discourse, we were induced to expect that Mr. Eustace would have directed his attention,

attention, more minutely than he appears to have done, to the political institutions of Italy; that her different governments would have been brought under review, and their various merits and errors discussed. We flattered ourselves also that we should have met with an ingenious sketch of the present state of society in that country, with respect to morals, science, and the arts. But in following his steps from Verona to Naples, we were cruelly disappointed at finding these subjects in general either discussed with too much precipitation, or viewed through the medium of prejudice. The architectural proportions of temples and churches, the attractions of romantic scenery, and the frequent adaptation of classical passages, have almost exclusively engrossed his attention; and he expatiates more willingly upon the pomp, the processions, and the pageantries of popery, than on the consequences produced by the abolition of sanctuaries, or the suppression of monasteries.

The following passage affords an useful lesson for every traveller.

‘ Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and present to the eye of a candid observer, each in its turn, much to be imitated, and something to be avoided. These qualities of the mind, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in southern countries, and in these countries perhaps the traveller may stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been called) of some luxurious capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one, as he advances, the virtues of his education, and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence, and perhaps his health at Naples; when he has resigned his faith, and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments which he may have acquired in his journey.’—Pre. Dis. 59. 60.

After passing a few days in the capital of Bavaria, and admiring the affability and condescension of the elector, and visiting the salt mines, in the vicinity of Salzburg, our travellers proceeded to Inspruck. We select the following passage, because it affords a favourable specimen of the descriptive powers of our author.

‘ We were now at the very foot of the Alps, and entered their defiles at a place called Unkin, about one mile from Reichenhall. The road first sweeps along the base of a noble eminence, covered with firs; a church spire rises on the side of the hill, and on the summit of the same hill stands a castle in ruins. Proceeding onward, we came to the foot of the precipice, which, with its castle, overhangs the road,

in tremendous majesty. We then enter a dell, a sudden turn of which presents, on one side, a vast mountain clad with firs, while on the other, the precipice, girded with a zone of forest trees, increases in height and grandeur, and, surmounted with the old ramparts walls, looks like the battlemented dwelling of a race of giants. In front an immense mass, covered with a hundred woods, and half wrapped in fogs and clouds, obstructs the view, and forms an awful foreground to the picture. Still continuing to ascend, we wind along the dell, with a torrent murmuring by the road side, and all around, in various shapeless forms, (we profess not exactly to understand how a form can be *shapeless*,) 'increasing in height, shaginess, and horror.

'The scene was here truly tremendous. The defile is very narrow, leaving space only for the road and torrent. The mountains rise on each side so nearly perpendicular, that the vast forests growing on their sides, cast a dismal shade over the road, and loaded as they were with snow, seemed ready to fall, and bury the traveller as he passed below. Now and then a chasm broke the uniformity of this gloomy scenery, and presented an object less dark, but equally terrific, a torrent arrested in its fall by the frost, hanging from the brow of a crag in solid masses, and terminating in immense pointed icicles. The least of these icicles, if detached from the sheet above, would have crushed the whole party; and when contemplated thus suspended over our heads, *jam jam lapsura, cadentique assimilis*, could not fail to excite some emotions of terror.'—p. 9, 10.

Pursuing the magnificent road made by Joseph II, over the Rhetian Alps, our travellers arrived, without any accident, at Trent, so celebrated for the council held within its walls, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Had Mr. Eustace attended to the narrative given of its proceedings by Sarpi, one of the shrewdest of modern historians, he would not have beheld the labours of that famous assembly in so favourable a light. Without fear of incurring the reproach of temerity, we do not hesitate to declare, that an assembly which is represented as 'combining the benevolence, the sanctity, and the moderation of Pole and Sadoleti, Contarini and Seripando,' affords to the eye of the philosophic inquirer, a scene of duplicity, craft, and intrigue, which has seldom been equalled, but never surpassed, even in the tortuous politics of the Vatican.

It would be a work of time to point out all the abuses of the Venetian government, we must therefore content ourselves with observing, that its impolitic behaviour towards the dependent states of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, particularly the invidious distinctions which aristocratic pride had so absurdly created between the senatorial families and the opulent nobility of the *terra firma*, had excited a general spirit of disaffection, and paved the way for the reception of those revolutionary doctrines which prepared the triumphs of Buonaparte. Men of haughty and pas-

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sonate tempers, when oppressed and degraded, are tempted to look forward with anxious expectation, to any change which promises to raise them to a level with those to whose authority they submit with reluctance, without allowing themselves seriously to consider the consequences likely to ensue. Is Mr. Eustace sure that 'the superiority of countrymen' is always endured with resignation, or that tyranny appears under a mitigated form, when exercised by men, who, excepting the accidental distinctions of birth, excel those who are exposed to their insolence and caprice, neither in wisdom, virtue, nor riches? For our own part, we confess, that among the various systems of civil polity with which we are acquainted, none appears to us so liable to abuses of every description, as an oligarchy, to which the Venetian constitution was rapidly approaching, by the gradual extinction of the patrician families; who, though daily diminishing, were unwilling to admit the wealthy inhabitants of the Lombard provinces, to the envied dignity of senators.

The unprincipled cession of Venice to the Emperor of Austria, cannot be mentioned without shame and indignation, because it imparted the sanction of an illustrious name to the jacobinical project of universal confiscation, and connected those who had proclaimed themselves the champions of religion and civilized society, with the atheistical subverters of thrones and altars, with ruffians, robbers and assassins. This contamination, however, has since been effaced, and the sword of Austria is now gloriously employed in setting bounds to the lawless ambition of a tyrant, and vindicating the rights of humanity.

The approach to Venice is thus described :

'About five o'clock we arrived at Fusina, on the shore of the Lagune, opposite Venice. This city instantly fixed our attention. It was then faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and rising from the waters, with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned with its spires and pinnacles, presented the appearance of a vast city, rising out of the very bosom of the ocean.'—p. 66.

We sincerely wish that Mr. Eustace had been more liberal in his remarks upon the government of a country, once so famous for political sagacity, and a little less so in his description of its churches; because, though we do not feel much interested in learning that the spot is unknown where the body of St. Mark is deposited, we should be happy to hear that the morals of the Venetians have been improved by adversity; that justice is administered with stricter impartiality, and that the permission to violate the laws with impunity, is no longer regarded as a fiscal expedient. Without attempting to determine the public feeling with respect

to the two nations by whom the Venetians were alternately flattered and betrayed, we will content ourselves with observing, that there is an ease and vivacity in their character, that is more likely to mix with the levity of the French, than with the distant formality of the Austrians. Had 'the same spirit and wisdom which directed its councils during the famous league of Cambray, influenced the decisions of the republic in 1797, it might still have stood; and in defiance of the power and the treachery of France, preserved, if not its territories, at least its honour and independence.'

National honour can be forfeited only by national meanness and degeneracy. The Venetian power was undoubtedly inadequate to a contest with the gigantic resources of France, and could not have preserved the country between the Adda and the Lagune, without the assistance of Austria. But the state of degradation to which she is fallen, is entirely the result of her own pusillanimity. A people corrupted by effeminate pleasures, and long accustomed to the quirks and shifts of a temporising policy, were incapable of manly exertion.

There are few subjects respecting which prejudice operates with greater effect, than in the opinions entertained with regard to the conduct of the ancient Romans and that of the modern French. No language is strong enough to express the admiration with which authors contemplate the domineering ambition of the former, while no invectives appear sufficiently opprobrious to convey their abhorrence of the atrocities committed by the latter, in the course of their sanguinary career: yet, if we divest ourselves of all national antipathies, and throw aside those impressions which a classical education excited at an age when every impression is strongest, we must be compelled to acknowledge, that the tyranny of both is stamped with the same features of deformity, and that the same unbounded and unprincipled lust of dominion, rendered both the disturbers of human repose. By the pride and avidity of the descendants of Romulus, Greece was stript of her pictures and statues; by the vanity and avidity of the directorial government and their jacobin general, Italy was robbed of those identical statues, and of paintings more exquisitely beautiful even than those of Zeuxis or Apelles. If to plunder the vanquished of every thing that can contribute to the comfort, the instruction, or the ornament of society, be an object of merited censure, and that it is we are firmly convinced, both nations are equally culpable, are equally tyrants and robbers.

Upon his return from Venice, Mr. Eustace paid a visit to the tomb of Petrarch, who is buried at Arquato, a small village near Padua, beautifully situated at the foot of the Euganean mountains. After every tribute that admiration can bestow upon the genius of the

the poet, our author undertakes, with classical enthusiasm, to rescue his character, as well as that of Laura, from the aspersions of Gibbon and other sceptical writers, who doubt whether, in the genial climate of Italy, such an obstinate resistance as that of Laura, is entitled to credit, especially as the lady was assailed by a lover of Petrarch's consideration and accomplishments.

In his way to Mantua, our traveller enjoyed the beauties of the Lago di Garda, better known to the admirers of classical poetry by the appellation of Benacus. Sirmio, which forms its principal promontory, was the favourite residence of Catullus. The beautiful scenery is thus described, with no less precision than spirit.

‘The borders of the lake, towards the south, though rather flat, yet rise sufficiently to display to advantage, the towns, villages, and seats, with the olives, corn fields, and vineyards, that adorn them; and when lighted up with a bright sun-shine, present a very exhilarating prospect. The shores, as they advance northwards, assume a bolder aspect, and exhibit all the varieties of Alpine scenery. Rocky promontories, precipices, lofty hills, and towering mountains, in all their grotesque, broken, and shapeless appearances, rise in succession one above another, while the declining sun, playing upon the snow that capped their summits, tinged them with various hues, and at length spread over them a thin veil of purple.’—p. 92.

A circuitous route from Mantua, through Cremona, Placentia, Parma, and Modena, conducted our traveller to Bologna, and in his way thither, he recalls to the reader's recollection many beautiful passages from the poets of ancient and modern times, as well as various circumstances of historical interest. Mr. Eustace, however, appears to be better acquainted with the situation of Italy when under the dominion of the Romans, than with its actual constitution. More minute inquiry respecting the government of Bologna when subjected to the authority of the Popes, would have convinced him that its inhabitants retained ‘not the essential forms, but merely the shadow and semblance of a republic;’ and that both the name and authority of the pontiff, were frequently employed for other purposes besides those ‘of repressing the ambition of powerful and factious citizens, or of awing the hostility of their neighbours, the Dukes of Modena, and of their rivals, the Venetians.’

‘This guarded and conditional dependence,’ he adds, ‘produced at Bologna all the advantages that accompany liberty, industry, commerce, plenty, population, knowledge, and refinement. The French in their late invasion, found, but did not leave, the Bolognese in possession of these blessings.’—p. 134.

Notwithstanding it is correctly true that few cities in Italy, or indeed

deed any where else, were so remarkable for plenty, population, and knowledge, yet these blessings were not the happy results of a wise and provident government, but proceeded entirely from local advantages, which a bad one was unable to destroy. The long administration of Pius VI, was an era of corruption, peculation, and favoritism: and we could, from our own knowledge, produce more than one instance, to shew, in the fullest manner, that if the Bolognese, when they voluntarily submitted to Nicolas III, and John XXII, 'reserved to themselves the management of their finances, and the administration of their laws,' these boasted privileges were so entirely lost, that although 'LIBERTAS blazed in golden letters in the centre of the national standard,' this was, in fact, the only place in which it could be said to exist.

Proceeding towards Rome by the shores of the Adriatic, Mr. Eustace employs two pages for the purpose of inquiring whether the Pisatello, the Rugone, or the Borco, (three rills which unite before they fall into the sea,) is best entitled to the classical appellation of the Rubicon; but after all his researches, he appears to us to have left the question nearly as doubtful as he found it. Delighted, however, with the idea of having ascertained a fact of so much importance to the world, he thus continues, in a declamatory strain of exultation:

'This, then, was the celebrated spot where Cæsar stood, and absorbed in thought, suspended for a moment, his own fortune, the fate of Rome, and the destinies of mankind; here appeared the warlike phantom commissioned by the furies to steel the bosom of the relenting chief, and hurry him on to the work of destruction; and here too arose the genius of Rome, the awful form of the mighty parent, to restrain the fury of her rebel son, and arrest the blow levelled at justice and liberty. Here Cæsar passed, and cast the die that decided the fate not of Rome only, of her consuls, her senates, and her armies, but of nations and empires, kingdoms and republics, that then slept in embryo, in the bosom of futurity.'—p. 148.

Eager as we feel to reach the 'eternal city,' we cannot pass Loretto unnoticed, because we are surprised to find an author, who treats the legendary tale of the travelling cottage with proper contempt, giving credit to a story, scarcely less extraordinary and incredible.

'The infidels' (says Mr. Eustace, alluding to the Turks) 'once made a bold attempt to assault the sanctuary of Loretto; but like the Gauls under Brennus, presuming to attack the temple of Delphi, were repulsed by tremendous storms, and struck with supernatural blindness. Loretto in fact in later times, as Delphi in days of old, was surrounded with an invisible rampart, which no mortal arm could force, and no malignant demon ever ventured to assail, repressed by superior power.'—p. 165.

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After perusing this passage, it is natural to inquire what became of this invisible rampart, when the treasures of Loretto were seized by the daring hands of its late invaders. For we cannot suppose Mr. Eustace to be among the number of those, who so lately persuaded themselves that the despotic ruler of France was invested by Providence with supernatural power for the accomplishment of some mysterious purpose. Fortunately for the happiness of mankind the charm is at length dissolved; not that which protected the temple of Loretto, but which so fatally fascinated Europe, by inspiring a belief that the armies of France were invincible. That gigantic power now totters to its foundations, and we look forward, with well founded confidence, to the emancipation of nations. Yes, we shall live to see, what so lately appeared a political chimera, the balance of power once more established among the different people of Europe.

'The mistress of the world,' says Mr. Eustace with less truth than enthusiasm, as he approaches Rome, 'claims our respect and affection, on grounds which the christian and philosopher must admit with grateful acknowledgements. Besides her ancient origin and venerable fame, besides her mighty achievements and vast empire, her heroes and her saints, the majesty of her language, and the charms of her literature, *Habe ante oculos hanc esse terram quæ nobis miscrit jura, quæ leges dederit.*'

'The system of Roman government seems to have been peculiarly adapted to the attainment of this great end, and the extension of its empire ordained by heaven for its full accomplishment. The despotism of the eastern monarchies kept all prostrate on the ground in abject slavery; the narrow policy of the Grecian republics confined the blessings of liberty within their own precincts; Rome, with more enlarged and more generous sentiments, considering the conquered countries as so many nurseries of citizens, gradually extended her rights and privileges to their capitals, enrolled their natives in her legions, and admitted their nobles into her senate. Thus her subjects, as they improved in civilization, advanced also in honours, and approached every day nearer to the manners and the virtues of their masters, till every province became another Italy, every city another Rome.'—195.

'Rome, in thus civilizing and polishing mankind, had prepared them for the reception of that divine religion, which alone can give to human nature its full and adequate perfection; and she completed her godlike work, when the world, influenced by her instructions and example, became christian. Thus she became the metropolis of the world, by a new and more venerable title, and assumed in a more august and sacred sense, the appellation of the "Holy City," the "Light of Nations," the "Parent of Mankind." Afterwards, when in the course of two succeeding ages, she was stript of her imperial honours, and beheld the provinces invaded and all the glorious scene of cultivation, peace, and improvements, ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians, she again

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renewed her benevolent exertions, and sent out, not consuls and armies to conquer, but apostles and teachers to reclaim the savage tribes which had wasted her empire. By them she bore the light of heaven into the dark recesses of idolatry, and displaying in this better cause all the magnanimity, wisdom, and perseverance, which marked her former career, she triumphed, and in spite of ignorance and barbarism, again spread christianity over the west.—197.

It would be extremely difficult to find in any author, possessing the candour and information of Mr. Eustace, opinions less supported by facts. Instead of admitting that mankind are indebted to Rome for civilization, science, and religion, we are rather inclined to doubt, whether either of those blessings has been derived from the capital of the Cæsars and the Popes, in a pure and unadulterated form. To examine this question at large would require more time than we can at present afford, but it strikes us as one of too general importance not to warrant a few remarks.

Had Mr. Eustace restricted his praises to the policy of Rome, instead of extending them to her justice and magnanimity, we should have readily admitted the claim. For supposing the object of a nation to be universal dominion, no constitution was ever so well calculated for the execution of that ambitious design, as that of the Roman republic. It is hardly possible to contemplate, without the profoundest admiration, the address of the patricians in extending and confirming their own authority, without exciting too much the jealousy of the plebeians; neither are the patience and moderation with which the latter submitted to the dominion of superior wisdom, less entitled to praise. Though accustomed from their cradles to military spectacles, and the use of arms, they never employed them during several centuries against their domestic enemies, even in the wildest moments of faction. The form of government, originally intended for a poor and insignificant state, expanded its views and institutions, in proportion as it embraced a wider field of operation, and aspired to the dominion of the world. Triumphantly marching from conquest to conquest, the victors imparted to the vanquished nations some portion at least of the sciences, the arts, and the comforts of civilized life; because it is impossible for barbarians long to mix with a polished people, without acquiring some degree of improvement. We are very far, however, from thinking that humanity had any share in dictating the policy of Rome, or in teaching her to regard the people, whom she subjugated, as entitled to mercy and protection. No, it was not as nurseries for citizens, but for soldiers, for the tools and instruments of more extensive conquests, that she imparted to them the blessings of civilization. War appears to have been, from the very foundation of the republic, the favourite occupation of the Roman people,

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ple, and when they had no longer external enemies to contend with, they turned their victorious swords against each other. After the sanguinary struggle between Sylla and Marius, no real liberty existed at Rome; the subsequent contests were only conflicts for power between generals too ambitious to acknowledge an equal; till every vestige of freedom was ultimately extinguished by the fortune and subtlety of Octavius, a man endowed with every quality that could best enable him to overturn the liberties of his country, while he preserved the shadow of a commonwealth; and who was lucky enough to acquire the reputation of prudence and generosity, when seated on a throne, to which he had raised himself by treachery, dissimulation, and murder.

The policy of Rome, under her pontifical sovereigns, is no less an object of wonder; not indeed in the light in which Mr. Eustace considers it, but as an ingenious system of methodised intrigue, tending by slow, but certain, means, to the establishment of unbounded authority. Mild and pliant, haughty and domineering, exactly as the interest of the moment required; the supposed successors of St. Peter contrived to govern an ignorant world, with authority more absolute than ever had been exercised by the proudest and most despotic of the emperors. Fortunately however for the happiness of mankind, the era of ecclesiastical tyranny is past, and can never be restored, unless it were possible to efface from the human mind, all the ideas and impressions with which three centuries of philosophical inquiry, and widely diffused science, have enriched it. The pretensions of the popes were almost invariably regulated with the nicest discrimination according to the attainments of the age in which they flourished. When universal darkness prevailed, they arrogated to themselves, under pretence of representing the divinity on earth, an uncontrollable supremacy over all potentates, powers, and principalities. But no sooner had reviving reason instructed mankind to assert their natural rights, than it became necessary for the possessors of the triple crown to lower their claims, and gradually to descend to the common standard of humanity. The *mezzo termine*, that favourite policy of the Italians, was thenceforth adopted in their behaviour towards independent nations, and they prudently allowed their pretended prerogatives to lie dormant, when they felt it impossible to assert them with success. Hence originated all the immunities of the Gallic church, and hence too the timid forbearance of Pius VI toward the same people, during the period of their apostacy from morality and religion. That the thunder of the Vatican should have been withheld from a government which impiously proclaimed the dreadful doctrine of atheism, and attempted to eradicate every moral feeling from the breasts of a degenerate people, is an event so extraordinary, that
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some centuries hence, doubts may probably occur, respecting the veracity of the historian who records it.

With more zeal than discretion, Mr. Eustace undertakes to defend the morals of the Roman clergy, boldly asserting that there is no city in Europe, more remarkable than the capital of the christian world for decency and decorum. Supposing decency to consist in external ceremony, he is justified in making the observation; but we should be sadly disappointed if we expected to find, even among the highest dignitaries of the catholic church, that deportment which an Englishman has ever been accustomed to consider as essential to the character of a minister of the gospel.

No sooner had Mr. Eustace alighted in the *Piazza de Spagna*, than he hastened to St. Peter's, traversed its superb court, contemplated in silence its obelisks, its fountains, and its colonnades, walked up its lengthening nave, and, before its altar, offered up his grateful acknowledgments in the noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honour of the Creator!

'Next morning,' he continues, 'we renewed our visit, and examined it more in detail; the preceding day it had been veiled by the dimness of evening, it was now lighted up by the splendor of the morning sun. The rich marbles that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the panels of its vaults, the mosaics that rise one above another in brilliant succession up its dome, shone forth in all their varied colours. Its nave, its aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator wheresoever he turned, with a long succession of splendid objects, and beautiful arrangement; in short the whole of this most majestic fabric, opened itself at once to the sight, and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur.'—202-3.

Reverting to this stupendous fabric in a subsequent chapter, he says,

'the work was carried on with feebleness and uncertainty during more than half a century, till Julius II ascended the pontifical throne, and resumed the great undertaking with that spirit and decision, which distinguished all the measures of his active pontificate. Great princes generally find, or create, the talents requisite for their purpose, and Julius discovered in Bramante an architect capable of comprehending and executing his grandest conceptions. A plan was presented and approved. The walls of the ancient Basilica were taken down, and on the 18th of April, 1508, the foundation-stone of one of the vast pillars that support the dome was laid by Julius with all the pomp and ceremony that became such an interesting occurrence. From that period the work, though carried on with ardour and perseverance, yet continued during the space of one hundred years to occupy the attention, and absorb the income of eighteen successive pontiffs.'—'On the whole, it would not be exaggeration to assert, that nearly three hundred

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years elapsed, and five and thirty pontiffs reigned from the period of the commencement to that of the termination of this stupendous fabric. The most celebrated architects of modern times had an opportunity of displaying their talents, and immortalizing their names in the prosecution of the work; and Bramante, Raffiello, San Gallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Carlo Maderno and Bernini, not to speak of others of less reputation, laboured successively in its promotion, or consummation. To calculate the expense with any great precision would be difficult, but from the best information that has been collected on the subject, we may venture to state, that however enormous the sum may appear, the expediture must have amounted to at least twelve millions sterling; and when we consider that the marbles, bronzes, and other valuable materials employed in its decoration, are not only not plentiful, but scarcely known out of Rome, we may add, that it would require three times as much to raise a similar edifice in any other capital.—343-5.

Mr. Eustace proceeds to compare St. Peter's, with all the celebrated temples of ancient, or modern times. St. Paul's, St. Genevieve, and Santa Sophia, pass successively under examination. The temples of Jerusalem, of Diana at Ephesus, and of Jupiter Capitolinus, become next the objects of his research, and the result of his inquiry leads him to conclude, that

'every edifice, whether in existence, or on record only, falls far short, in some respect or other, of the Basilica Vaticana, the grand temple of the Christian Church, to render which as worthy as possible of its high destination, human ingenuity seems to have strained its powers, and art to have exhausted all its stores.'—368-9.

Making all due allowance for the enthusiasm, with which a clergyman of the Church of Rome may be supposed to contemplate the spot where the papal worship triumphs in all its splendour, we are still of opinion, that the admiration of Mr. Eustace surpasses the limits of sound discretion, almost as much as it violates the true principles of taste. He has, however, in enumerating the various beauties of this magnificent edifice, had the good sense to omit one striking property, which has been frequently blazoned forth by the ignorance of professional antiquaries as a proof of superior excellence, but which we cannot but consider in a very opposite light. We have often heard it alleged as a mark of the justness of the proportions, and of the admirable symmetry, which prevails in every part of the Basilica Vaticana, that it seems considerably smaller than it is in reality. Our dull apprehension, we candidly confess, has never been able to discover the merit which arises from diminishing effect; on the contrary, we are disposed to think that the perfection of art consists in giving ideal grandeur and elevation, of which latter excellence we have a striking instance in the Pantheon. It is not from the exactness and nicety of its proportions, that the magnitude of an edifice of such gigantic dimen-

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sions is apparently lessened to the sight ; but it is the incumbrance of its enormous pilasters, the profusion, and sometimes the bad taste of its decorations, that destroy the simplicity of the original design. Every pontiff, who filled the chair of St. Peter, from the commencement of the work to its completion, was anxious to signalize his name as a coadjutor in the glorious undertaking ; and this he believed would be most surely effected by some striking deviation from the plan of Bramante. The vanity of the architects aspired to similar distinctions. The inevitable consequence of these frequent innovations, was want of unity, and increase of expense. Even Pius VI had the presumption to imagine that, by disfiguring the front with two pitiful turrets, which rise at the extremities like asses ears, and by overloading the vault with a profusion of gold, he was entitled to rank among the benefactors of Christendom, and to blazon his folly to after-generations in a pompous Latin inscription. Yet with all its defects we agree with Mr. Eustace, that the Basilica Vaticana is unquestionably the most magnificent temple in which Christian worship was ever performed.

In the following sentiment we also heartily concur :

‘ Alas ! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the historian, the artist, and the antiquary, all depend on the arbitrary will of a sovereign, and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew, or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected for the reception of an upstart family ? The Colyseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques ? The temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles, torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepit uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew is natural, and that an oriental despot should undervalue the master-pieces of Grecian art is to be expected, though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are to be deeply lamented ; but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter, and instrument of these destructions, is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations ; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius, and the title-deeds of their fame ; the present, of the strongest inducement to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate ; the future of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation.’—269-70.

We have known many of our countrymen, as eager as Mr. Eustace, to hail the imaginary portrait of the ‘ illustrious Roman, who opposed the ambition of Cæsar ;’ and return home in full persuasion, that the colossal

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colossal statue which ornaments the Palazzo Spada, is in reality the figure of Pompey. If Mr. Eustace, however, had consulted Pliny, or Winckelmann, and we rather wonder he should have neglected to do so, he would have discovered that during the era of republican glory, there is no example whatever of a Roman senator represented under an heroic character,—that is, without drapery. The head is unquestionably the head of Pompey, but it is of so different a colour from the body, that it is hardly possible to believe both were formed out of the same block. Neither is it easier to explain why a republican general should have a globe in his hand, which, if it has any meaning at all, must signify that, in his own estimation at least, he held the world at his disposal. Such an allegory might flatter the puerile vanity of Nero or Caligula, but is totally inconsistent with the popular character which Pompey always affected.

The following passage is so remarkable for good sense and piety, that it would be highly unjust to omit it.

‘The famous “last Judgment” of M. Angelo occupies one end, (of the Cappella Sistina.) Its beauties and defects are well known, and may be comprised in one short observation, that its merit consists more in separate figures, than in the arrangement or effect of the whole. The upper part glows with brightness, angels and glory; on the right ascend the elect; on the left, the wicked blasted with lightning, tumble in confused groups into the flaming abyss. The judge stands in the upper part, supported on the clouds, and arrayed in the splendor of heaven. He is in the act of uttering the dreadful sentence, *Go, ye accursed, into everlasting fire!* His arms are uplifted, his countenance burns with indignation, and his eyes flash lightning. Such is the Messiah in Milton, when he puts forth his terrors, and hurls his bolts against the rebel angels; and so is he described by an eloquent French orator, when he exercises his judgment on sinners at the last tremendous day. Similar representations either in prose or verse, in language or in painting, are sublime and affecting, but I know not whether they be suitable to the calm, the tranquil, the majestic character of the awful person who is to judge the world in *truth and justice*. Nothing in fact is so difficult as to portray the features, attitudes, and gestures of the Word incarnate. He was not without feeling, but he was above passion. Joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, could reach his soul, for *he was man*; but they could not cloud its serenity, or shake its fortitude, for *he was God*. Benevolence brought him from heaven, it was therefore his prevailing sentiment and may be supposed to influence his countenance, and shed over his features a perpetual expression of benignity. To obey, or to suspend the laws of nature, was to him equally easy; a miracle cost him no effort, and created in him no surprise. To submit or to command, to suffer or to triumph, to live or to die, were alike welcome in their turns, as the result of reason and obedience. To do the will of his Father was the object of his mission, and every step that led to its accomplishment, whether

whether easy or arduous, was to him the same. What poet shall dare to describe such a character? What painter presume to trace its divine semblance? No wonder then that the greatest masters should have failed in the bold attempt; and that even M. Angelo, by transferring, like Homer, the passions of the man to the divinity, should have degraded the awful object, and presented to the spectators the form, not of a God, but of an irritated and vindictive monarch.'—286-7.

After noticing the failure of M. Angelo, Mr. Eustace examines the success of his illustrious rival. 'In the thirteen arcades that compose the wing of the gallery, is represented the history of the Old, and part of the New Testament, beginning with the Creation, and concluding with the Last Supper.' The first compartment represents the Eternal Father, with arms and feet expanded, darting into chaos, and reducing its distracted elements into order, merely by his motion. The figure of the Eternal may be poetical and sublime, even as the Jupiter of Homer, but (*si verbo audacia detur*) it excites no admiration, and deserves little praise. In fact, if it be difficult to represent the Son of God, who became man, and dwelt among us, without impairing the dignity of his person, and degrading his majestic form, what means can the painter employ, what art can he call into play, to portray with becoming magnificence the Eternal himself, the grand archetype of perfection, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, whom no mortal hath seen or can see!

'It is true the prophet Daniel has introduced the Almighty in a visible form, and, under the emphatical appellation of the "Ancient of Days," ventured, with the guidance of the heavenly spirit, to trace a mysterious and obscure sketch of the Eternal. In this description one only circumstance, connected with the person of the divinity, is mentioned. The prophet seems to refrain with reverential awe from such a subject, and expatiating on the garments, the throne, and the ministering spirits, leaves the *indescribable form* to the imagination, or rather to the religious terror of the reader. Painters and poets would do well to imitate this holy discretion, and to refrain from all attempts to embody the eternal mind, which by confining the omnipotent energies of pure spirit within a human form, disfigure the original of all that is lovely in the heavens and on earth, by marking it with the perishable features of human decrepitude. Besides in the picture now before us, it is not the *word* of the Creator that composes the disorder of chaos. No, his hands and feet are employed to separate the warring elements, and confine them within their respective boundaries. This is an idea bordering upon the burlesque, and perfectly unworthy the lofty conception of Raffaello. How different the sentiment conveyed in the sublime language of the Scriptures! No effort, no action even, was requisite. He said, "Let light be, and light was." "He spake, and they were made, he commanded, and they were created."—290.

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We have been tempted to devote so much of our time to the foregoing observations, that it is out of our power to accompany Mr. Eustace in his visits to the principal churches and fountains, or in his classical excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome; every step of which presents some object of interest to the poet, the antiquary, or the historian. During a short tour to Albano, Frescate, and Tivoli, he has ample scope for displaying erudition, and he accordingly illustrates the scenery by quotations from the Latin poets. This indeed appears to us the most striking feature in a work, which, though by no means exempt from religious, or political, prejudices, and which sometimes presents the most contradictory opinions, abounds in judicious and elegant remarks, and raises the character of its author very far above the level of ordinary tourists. Though intimately acquainted with the beauties of the ancient writers, Mr. Eustace's judgment respecting buildings is not equally correct, as may be inferred from his supposing, that a sepulchral edifice, standing near the southern gate of Albano, 'may possibly cover the remains of Cn. Pompeius.' The building alluded to, is usually called the tomb of the Horatii and the Curiatii, a conjecture far more consistent with the rules of probability, than that which is hazarded by Mr. Eustace, because the style of architecture clearly demonstrates that it was erected some centuries before the fall of the republic, and very probably before its foundation.

The 'rival of Cæsar' appears to be a mighty favourite with our author, who never omits an opportunity of extolling his genius, and lamenting the fate of the Roman world in losing so patriotic a leader. Without attempting to investigate a question, which it would be impossible to discuss satisfactorily, we shall content ourselves with observing, that in our estimation, no character in history has been more over-rated than that of this celebrated personage. The circumstances of the times raised Pompey to an eminence for which nature never designed him. Cicero, who was perfectly acquainted with his character, seems never to have placed any great degree of confidence either in his talents, or his virtues, though, with a laudable policy, he carefully concealed his real sentiments from all except his most intimate friends; and the opinion of Cicero appears almost decisive upon a subject, where every political feeling would naturally bias his judgment in favour of the man, whom circumstances rendered the head and hope of the party. Neither can we discover any satisfactory reason for thinking, that, if the senatorial faction had prevailed, their triumph would have been attended with happier consequences, or exercised with greater lenity and moderation. On the contrary, we are persuaded that the turbulence and corruption of the degenerate Romans required a curb more rigorous, than could be expected from the precarious

precarious ascendancy of rival demagogues ; and that if a master was to be chosen for the world, the genius of Julius Cæsar pointed him out as the fittest person to be invested with that lofty commission.

From Rome Mr. Eustace proceeds to Naples, and having taken a view of the Pomptine marshes, deservedly commends the perseverance of Pius VI in draining them. The eulogium, however, terminates with the following remark, which tends much to diminish his merit :

‘ The principal fault at present is said to be in the distribution of the land drained, the greater part of which, having been purchased by the Camera Apostolica, was given to the Duke of Braschi. The Roman noblemen have never been remarkable for their attention to agriculture, and the duke, content probably with the present profit, is not likely to lay out much in repairs, particularly in times so distressing as the present. Had the land been divided into lesser portions, and given to industrious families, it might have been cultivated better, and the drains cleansed and preserved with more attention. The government indeed ought to have charged itself with that concern, but in governments, where the people have no influence, public interests are seldom attended to with zeal, constancy, and effect.’—966.

It would not be easy for the severest censurer of the papal government to display its defects in more striking colours. Of all forms of civil polity, an elective monarchy is unquestionably the most dangerous and disastrous. But all the evils attending it, are necessarily augmented in a ten-fold degree, when the sovereign must be taken from a body of men, many of whom were born in inferior stations, passed the active years of life in the closest retirement, and whose studies and pursuits have been directed to objects totally unconnected with the duties of government. That persons of this description, at any age, but particularly when their vigor and understanding are impaired by time, should be called upon to preside over the Christian republic, as the organs and viceregents of heaven, and entrusted with authority which, for a long period of years, was without limit or control, is perhaps the most humiliating instance of the folly of man, to be met with in history. Continually reminded by disease and infirmity, that a sceptre, not always accorded to merit, must soon escape from his hand, the decrepid pontiff very naturally makes the best of his time for the aggrandisement of his nephews or his illegitimate children. Hence arise all the complicated evils of the papacy ; monopolies, speculation, and nepotism, evils which cannot be remedied while the successor of St. Peter remains a temporal sovereign.

Upon his arrival at Naples, Mr. Eustace describes the impression produced by the magnificent prospect which he contemplated from his window, with adequate spirit.

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' Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me, when I awoke : in front, the bay of Naples spread its azure surface, smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided, in different directions, over its shining bosom ; on the right, the town extended along the semicircular shore, and Posilippo rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines, scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till sloping as it advanced, the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay, and skirts the sea, the *Castel del Uovo*, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment, while beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the Cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in front, rose the island of Caprea, with its white cliffs and ridgy summits, placed as a barrier to check the tempest, and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition, which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration, that border on enthusiasm. Nor are the charms of recollection, that are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature, here wanting, to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements or the stage of grand and unusual incidents ; but they have been the residence of the great and the wise, they have aided the meditations of the sage, and awakened the raptures of the poet ; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight, the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birthplace of Tasso.—p. 485-6.

The praises bestowed by Mr. Eustace on the Italian hospitals, are justly due to such noble institutions. The regulations observed with respect to the reception of foundlings, are far better calculated to prevent the horrid crime of infanticide, than those practised in our own country ; and we sincerely wish that the governors of the Foundling Hospital would condescend to borrow a few useful hints from a people who are supposed to have carried their charitable establishments to the highest degree of perfection.

No spot in Italy furnishes a larger scope for poetical illustration than the vicinity of Naples : every step we tread is on classic ground. The Campi Phlegreæ, the bay of Puteoli, the promontory of Misenum, and the retreat of Baia, call up recollections which every mind, awake to the effusions of poetry, must cherish with the most lively enthusiasm. No wonder then, that the classical taste of Mr. Eustace should display itself with peculiar advantage. While wandering with delight through the Elysian fields, he introduces quotations from the different authors who have immorta-

lized the spot, with uncommon felicity. The admiration excited by a visit to Baia, gives rise to the following passage.

'What spot in the universe, Rome alone excepted, ever united so much power, so much genius, so much greatness! Baia indeed, at that time, was the resort, or rather the very temple of wisdom and the muses, whither the masters of the world retired, not to dissolve their energies in effeminacy, but to unbend their minds in literary inquiries and refined conversation. Luxury appeared without doubt, but in her most appropriate form and character, as the handmaid of taste. It seasoned the repasts, where Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Lucullus, Varro and Hortensius, enjoyed the feast of reason. Shortly after this era of greatness and glory, the sun of liberty set for ever on the Roman world; but it cast a parting beam, which still continued to brighten the hemisphere. Augustus himself felt its influence;' (no man, we are persuaded, ever felt it less;) 'he had been educated in the principles, and inured to the manly and independent manners of a free Roman; he observed the forms and retained the simplicity of ancient times, and gloried in the plainness and even in the appellation of a citizen; he may therefore be considered as a republican prince!'—p. 566.

A republican prince! yes, of the school of Buonaparte! What a perversion of ideas have we here! For what act is he entitled to this exaggerated praise, which would have sounded ridiculous even from the lips of Mæcenas?—for destroying the liberties of his country?—for consenting to the murder of Cicero, the friend and benefactor of his youth?—for transmitting his authority to Tiberius, in hopes that the crimes and vices of that execrable monster, might serve as a shade to his own? No, a more odious character than that of Octavius, can scarcely be found in the whole scope of history, or one more justly entitled to the detestation of all who reverence genius and liberty.

We sincerely believe that 'those generous passions which long made Italy so great and so illustrious, that armed every hand for the glory of Rome, still burn with vigor, even in the breasts of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them forth into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.' But these energies will never be awakened, unless the Italians are assured that the ancient governments shall not be restored. Rather than submit to the degradation of being again parcelled out under a variety of masters, they will prefer, we fear, the continuance of their present servitude, in the hope that it may at some future period, lead to a more auspicious order of things.

After describing Naples and its beautiful environs, Mr. Eustace proceeds, in the second volume, to draw a picture of the Neapolitan court; when, to our unspeakable astonishment, we find him selecting the intellectual mediocrity of its uneducated sovereign, as the model for a royal understanding. This wonderful choice in-

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duces us to suspect, that his ideas of monarchy have been derived from Esop's fables, from which he has learnt that king Log is the best and safest of masters. This opinion, too, acquires additional strength from the warmth with which he praises the Italian aristocracies, his admiration of which can be drawn from no other source.

The following remarks succeed each other in quick succession:

'The Neapolitans are by no means an ill-natured or discontented race, and till the late French invasion, they seem to have been strangers to discontent and faction; nor, indeed, was there much room for either.'—vol. ii. p. 37.

'The kingdom of Naples has for ages laboured under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of vice-geral administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population, while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country, with a view, not to its own interest, but to the interests of a foreign court, in its very nature proud, suspicious, and vindictive.'—*ibid*.

'In a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions, and customs, taken from the codes, decrees, and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled and invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must naturally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller.'—*ibid*.

Were we called upon to point out a form of government which furnished the most abundant cause for popular complaint, it would be precisely such an one as has just been described, as affording 'little room for faction and discontent.' Mr. Eustace, however, has assumed as an established principle, that nothing hostile to the French can possibly be wrong; nor any thing accomplished by their intervention, conducive to the happiness of mankind. Now, in spite of our contempt for the philosophy and the republicanism of the GREAT NATION, and all our abhorrence for the character of its despot, we cannot but flatter ourselves that some eventual benefit may possibly arise out of the confusion and chaos of the revolution itself; not one iota of which, however, is ascribable to the wisdom or the benevolence of those diabolical agents by whose instrumentality it was produced. No trifling advantage is likely to result from the suppression of the mendicant orders and the destruction of the feudal system, the former of which were no less hostile to population, than the latter was to agricultural improvement.

Mr. Eustace undertakes an arduous task, to rescue the Italian nobility from the charge of incontinence. Though Berlin or
Petersburgh

Petersburgh may be equally vicious, and Paris, even under its ancient government, stood pre-eminent in every enormity, yet this has as little connection with the morals of the Italians, as with the institution of Lycurgus. Libertinism appears in Italy under its grossest form, unaccompanied by any of those delicate refinements which, decked with the fashionable appellation of gallantry, in some degree serve to conceal the deformity of the vice. We cannot blame the zeal with which our author struggles to discover a cause for the national failing, unconnected with the national religion, though his effort is far from successful. Had the evil complained of been exclusively confined to the monarchical states, we might have admitted, that in case a loftier object had been presented to ambition in the pursuit of worldly distinctions, the higher classes 'would not have slumbered in lethargic indolence, nor passed all their time in gaming and intrigue.' But as the same depravity existed in an equal degree at Genoa and Venice, when the administration of affairs was exclusively vested in the hands of the patricians, and talents were rewarded with power, it becomes necessary to recur to some other solution; and we are persuaded that the mischief in great measure arises from the scandalous facility in granting absolution. Persons living in open adultery rarely experienced the smallest difficulty in obtaining remission for their past offences, provided they devoted a week or two, during Lent, to domestic seclusion; and having thus easily wiped away all former scores, and received the sacrament at Easter, they returned again to the seductions of pleasure, with as much eagerness as before. Powerful, however, as the check of religion must ever prove, it requires the concurrence of public opinion, in order to produce its full effect. So long as women of abandoned characters shall be excluded from reputable society, England will continue the most moral of nations; but if ever that wholesome restraint shall be removed, 'and the titled prostitute be treated with the same distinction as the most virtuous and exemplary matron,' London will inevitably become as licentious as Paris, notwithstanding every divine should preach like an Andrews, and every moralist write like a Johnson.

That the voluptuous disposition of the Italians is not entirely the effect of climate, may be fairly inferred from the general character of the peasantry. A long residence in that delightful country, enables us to confirm from personal observation, the commendations bestowed upon this laborious class by Mr. Eustace; and we sincerely believe that full as large a proportion of honesty, sobriety, and industry, may be found in the cottages of Italy, as in those of the same order of men in any country in Europe.

A second visit to Rome served only to increase our traveller's admiration

admiration of its gloomy pomp and solemn magnificence, which he infinitely prefers to the bustle and gaiety of Naples. The substitution of cold and ostentatious ceremony, in the place of convivial intercourse, is very far, however, from striking us, either as a proof of wisdom, or a symptom of happiness.

We cannot discuss, with Mr. Eustace, the propriety of deriving the arts and sciences of the Romans from the ancient Etrurians, 'a singular people, who flourished in riches, power, and science, long before the Greeks had emerged from barbarism.' Of the architectural school established by Numa, and probably directed by Etrurian professors, we are not disposed to entertain a very favourable opinion; but should rather suppose that, during the reign of the second of the Roman monarchs, the best architects knew less of their profession than a common English carpenter, and that the royal palace itself was much inferior in internal arrangement, and probably not greatly superior in external decoration, to many farm-houses in this country. Mr. Eustace seems to have taken his ideas of Roman architecture from the scenery introduced in 'the Roman Father,' at Covent Garden Theatre.

It is rather singular to find Mr. Eustace extolling the Romans for a system of policy, exactly similar to that which excites his abhorrence, when practised by the French; and it is still more amusing to discover that the arguments employed by him in defence of the former, are copied, almost verbatim, from the bulletins of Buonaparte.

'The Punic wars originated from sound policy, which pointed out the necessity of keeping so powerful a rival at distance from the coasts of Italy, and were, at the same time, the unavoidable effect of two states, whose interests and views were so opposite, coming in contact.'

'The insidious policy of Macedon next engaged the attention of Rome, and the punishment she inflicted upon its temporising despots, cannot but deserve our applause.'—p. 152.

Is there a single crime of which ambition is capable, that may not be justified upon similar principles? The eulogy concludes in the following words:

'Such were the Romans; born as it were to empire, they had nationally the same elevation and dignity of sentiment, as the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are observed to possess individually.'—p. 160.

Having established this principle, which we should be delighted to find more correctly true, he proceeds to illustrate it in the following manner.

'The difference between monarchy and republicanism is, that the former, while it naturally excites and cherishes a spirit of intrigue, dissipation, and treachery, proscribes the open and generous feelings of

conscious worth, independence, and honest pride, and thus gives vice a decided advantage over virtue.'—p. 199.

This would not be likely to happen, were 'the heirs of kingdoms always remarkable for elevation of sentiment.' It is, indeed, most extraordinary to find such opposite opinions delivered with an appearance of oracular authority by the same author. Arrangement and consistency, however, are, unluckily, qualities in which Mr. Eustace is extremely deficient; and he is also far more distinguished for the brilliancy of poetical painting, than for close argumentative reasoning, as the reader must long ago have discovered.

After leaving Rome he visits Florence, and the beautiful hills that surround it. His observations respecting the happiness, which this city formerly enjoyed under the paternal administration of the Medici, are sufficiently just, as is the contempt with which he treats the vanity of Alexander, for preferring the empty title of duke to a dominion founded on the esteem and veneration of his fellow citizens.

The size and splendor of the city of Milan, once the capital of Austrian Lombardy, are more likely to be known to the generality of our readers, than the virtues of Cardinal Borromeo, who, after enjoying in this world the love and admiration of all who knew him, was raised to the dignity of a saint.

'If ever a human being,' says Mr. Eustace, 'deserved such honours from his fellow creatures, it was St. Charles Borromeo. Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, taste, and accomplishments, qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind, even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining age, shone in him, even when a youth, without impairing that humility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness, and holiness, which constituted his real merit, and formed his most honourable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services, which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humble duties, which though, perhaps, more meritorious are less obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent, and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But to reform a clergy and people, depraved, and almost barbarised, by ages of war, invasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence, and general misery; to extend his influence to every part of an immense diocese, including some of the wildest regions of the Alps, to visit every village in person, and inspect and correct every disorder, are works of little pomp and great difficulty. This laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of Milan, the most extensive,

extensive, perhaps, in Italy, as it contains, at least, eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity. Many of his excellent institutions still remain, and among others that of Sunday schools.'

Few of our readers are probably aware that these admirable establishments are borrowed from a Roman Catholic bishop, and what is more from a saint.

'His immense charities exceeded the magnificence of sovereigns. In every city, in which he at any time resided, he left some monuments of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college. . . . He bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor. . . . The funds which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archiepiscopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes to indulge, was devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches, the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in his domestic expenditure.'—pp. 347—351.

We are sorry to see Mr. Eustace so much influenced by prejudice, as decidedly to declare that the academy of Turin was in every respect preferable, for the purposes of education, to Geneva, 'where the British youth of rank were often sent to learn French and scepticism from the disciples of Rousseau, and familiarity, insolence, and sickly sentimentality from the vulgar circles of its citizens.'—p. 405. The only excuse that can palliate an accusation so destitute of foundation, is to suppose that Mr. Eustace has taken up his opinion from the report of some bigoted friar, and that he never had an opportunity of personally judging how little that amiable and enlightened people resemble the portrait which he has inadvertently drawn. No city in Europe, of equal extent, possessed so much information as Geneva, and in none was knowledge so generally diffused. The celebrity of Bonnet and De Saussure, of Mallet and Pictet, is not circumscribed, like that of the Neapolitan literati, to the walls of their native city, but has spread to every country where letters are cultivated, and talents esteemed. Neither do we know any town, where, previously to the French Revolution, a young Englishman, if properly recommended, was likely to meet with better society and more rational conversation, or where he would have been less exposed to the seductions of pleasure.

The work concludes with a Dissertation and Appendix, comprising together about two hundred pages, and containing much interesting matter. We could wish, however, that, in his remarks upon the language, literature, and character, of the Italians, Mr. Eustace had treated those important subjects with greater impartiality;

tiality; because he frequently displays the zeal of an advocate, when he ought to have shewn the candor of a judge. Indeed so extravagant is his admiration of the Italian language, and his hatred of the French, that not satisfied with rendering the former the common medium of communication between nation and nation, he wishes, with something like the ferocity of Omar, to interdict the study of Pascal and Fenelon, of Corneille and Molière, because they wrote in a dialect, which has too often been used as a vehicle for scepticism and disaffection.

We might pardon an Italian for preferring the harmonious tameness of Tasso to the majestic sublimity of Milton, but are rather surprised to see from the pen of an Englishman, that the former, 'in the estimation of all candid critics, has an undoubted right to sit next in honour, and in fame, to his countryman Virgil.'—p. 481. We rather suspect that Mr. Eustace has formed his opinion of the merits of the Italian authors from the exaggerated praises of Abate Andres. For our parts, we willingly rest in the decision of Johnson, 'if the *Paradise Lost* be not the greatest of epic poems, it is only because it was not the first.'

Mr. Eustace appears to think theological composition the only branch of literature in which the French have excelled. Now without stopping to remark that this is a most singular pre-eminence for a nation of atheists, as he delights to term them, we must express our astonishment that he should have forgotten the variety and merit of their memoirs, as well as the excellence of their comic writers; for we can hardly imagine that he seriously intends to place the vulgar buffoonery of Goldoni upon a level with the wit and discriminating genius of Molière.

The reader may possibly experience some little difficulty in discovering the resemblance of the following portrait, at which we believe the vainest Italian would startle.

'What then is the real character of the modern Italians? It will not, methinks, be difficult to ascertain it, when we consider the part that the modern Italians have acted in story, and compare it with the part which their ancestors performed. The latter were a bold and free people. Their love of liberty shewed itself in the various commonwealths that rose in every part of Ausonia, and at length it settled and blazed for ages in the Roman republic. The former have given the same proofs of the same spirit. They have covered the face of the same country with free states, and at length beheld with a mixture of joy and jealousy, the grand republic of Venice, the daughter, and almost rival of Rome, stand forward the bulwark, and glory of Italy. The ancient Romans by their arms, founded the most flourishing, the most extensive, and the most splendid empire, that ages ever witnessed in their flight. The modern Italians, by their wisdom, have acquired a more permanent, and, perhaps, more glorious dominion over the

opinions

opinions of mankind, and still govern the world by their religion, their taste, by their arts and their sciences.' (This we confess is to us an unexpected discovery, and somewhat miraculous for a people to effect, 'the treasures of whose literature are unknown.') 'To the ancient Italians we owe the plainest, the noblest, and most majestic language ever spoken; to the moderns, we are indebted for the softest and sweetest dialect, which human lips ever uttered. The ancient Romans raised the Pantheon, the modern erected the Vatican. The former boast of the age of Augustus, the latter glory in that of Leo.—The former have given us a Virgil, the latter a Tasso.—In which of these respects are the modern Italians unworthy of their ancestors?' We could almost answer, **IN ALL.** What follows is yet more extravagant, but we must hasten to a conclusion.

The Appendix abounds with judicious remarks, many of which we do not recollect to have met with before, respecting the nature of the papal government, the political functions and domestic habits of the sovereign pontiff, together with the duties and privileges of the cardinals.

It is hardly possible for any one to peruse this part of the work, without commiserating the condition of the unfortunate personage, who purchases greatness by the sacrifice of every thing that can alleviate the infirmities of age, or solace the ennui of retirement. In the silence and seclusion of a Carthusian convent, the monks enjoyed at least the comfort of a solitary walk; amid woods and mountains they were permitted to contemplate the beauties of nature, and to admire the bounty of Providence; but even this is a happiness from which the man, who presumptuously styles himself the viceroy of heaven, is precluded by the forms of etiquette. Around his person is drawn a magic circle, which he is not permitted to pass. These surely are conditions upon which one might imagine that ambition itself would hesitate to purchase even unbounded authority.

The account given of the forms observed during a conclave, and of the ceremonies practised at the inauguration of a pope, are curious and interesting. We believe the character drawn of the reigning pontiff to be perfectly correct. His virtues were calculated for a less turbulent era.

Mr. Eustace concludes with enumerating the many benefits said to have been conferred upon the world by the successors of St. Peter.

'From this period (the ninth century) the Roman pontiffs assumed the character of the apostles and legislators, the umpires and judges, the fathers and instructors of Europe; and at the same time acted the most brilliant part, and rendered some of the most essential services to mankind on record in human history. Had their conduct invariably corresponded with the sanctity of their profession, and had their views
always

always been as pure and disinterested as their duty required, they must have been divested of all the weaknesses of human nature, and have arrived at a degree of perfection, which does not seem to be attainable in this state of existence. But notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned from time to time by the ambition and profligacy of some worthless popes; the grand work was pursued with spirit; the barbarian tribes were converted; Europe was again civilized, preserved first from anarchy, and then from Turkish invasion, and finally raised to that degree of refinement, which places it at present above the most renowned nations of antiquity. Thus, while the evils occasioned by the vices of the pontiffs were incidental and temporary, the influence of their virtues was constant, and the services which they rendered were permanent, and may probably last as long as the species itself. . . . To them we owe the revival of arts, of architecture, of painting, and of sculpture, and the preservation and restoration of the literature of Greece and Rome. One raised the dome of the Vatican; another gave his name to the calendar, which he reformed; a third rivalled Augustus, and may glory in the second classic era, the era of Leo. These services will be long felt and remembered, while the wars of Julius II, and the cruelties of Alexander VI, will ere long be consigned to oblivion. In fact, many of my readers may be inclined, with a late eloquent writer, (Châteaubriand,) to discover something sublime in the establishment of a common father in the very centre of Christendom, within the precincts of the Eternal City, once the seat of empire, now the metropolis of christianity; to annex to that venerable name sovereignty and princely power, and to entrust him with the high commission of advising and rebuking monarchs; of repressing the ardour and intemperance of rival nations; of raising the pacific crossier between the swords of warring sovereigns, and checking alike the fury of the barbarian, and the vengeance of the despot.'—pp. 648—650.

This is, indeed, a magnificent idea! but, unfortunately, it is about as difficult to realise as the visions of Plato, or of Sir Thomas More.

ART. XII. *Mithridates, oder Allgemeine Sprachenkunde. Mithridates, or a General History of Languages, with the Lord's Prayer as a Specimen, in nearly five hundred Languages and Dialects.* By J. C. Adelung, Aulic Counsellor and Professor at Dresden. 8. Berlin; Vol. I. 1806; Vol. II. continued by Professor Vater, 1809; Vol. III. Part I. 1812. Pp. 1867.

IN a universal and philosophical history of languages, the critical scholar, the metaphysician, and the historian, are equally interested. The difficulty and magnitude of the undertaking has not discouraged a variety of learned men from attempting an approximation to its execution; but the present work is, perhaps, the first that can be denominated any thing more than an approximation;

and

and even this requires to be studied with all the indulgence, to which so arduous and so important a task is justly entitled. Much indeed have the authors been indebted to a compilation but little known in this country, the *Idea dell' Universo* of Lorenzo Hervás, a Gallician Ex-jesuit, printed at Cesenna from 1778 to 1787, in twenty-one quarto volumes, the last five of which particularly relate to languages and their dialects: but it appears to be more in the preliminary and mechanical labour of accumulation, than in the ulterior and more intellectual departments of comparison and arrangement, that this work has rendered them material assistance.

The first general treatise on languages, which is now extant, bears the same title with that of Professor Adelung, the *Mithridates, de Differentiis Linguarum*, of Conrad Gesner. 8. Zurich, 1555. It contains twenty-two translations only of the Lord's Prayer as specimens: but nothing which bears the name of so industrious an author as Gesner can be wholly contemptible. In 1592, Megiser printed at Frankfort a *Specimen 40 Linguarum*: Duret soon afterwards published at Cologne his *Thrésor de l'Histoire des Langues*, of which it is enough to say, that it extends to those of animals and of angels. A great addition to the diversity of specimens was made by Müller, who published at Berlin, in 1680, under the name of Lüdeken, a collection of eighty, with their appropriate characters, and to these, thirteen were added in an *Auctarium*: the *Alphabeta* appeared after his death, which happened in 1694; and the specimens were afterwards copied by various printers in Germany and in London. The next original work was that of Chamberlayne, assisted by Wilkins, whose *Oratio Dominica* is exhibited in 152 different forms, mostly engraved in their proper characters: it was printed at Amsterdam in 1715. Some additions were made to Chamberlayne's materials in the *Orientalischer und Occidentalischer Sprachmeister*, edited by Schultz at Leipzig in 1748, containing also a hundred different alphabets. It was principally from this work that Bergmann copied his collection, published in 1789 at Ruken in Livonia. Fry, in his *Pantographia*, has neither employed the *Sprachmeister* nor Hervás. Marcel's specimens of 150 languages, printed at Paris, 1805, in compliment to Pope Pius the Seventh, are principally copied from Chamberlayne, with a very few original additions.

The *Glossarium Comparativum*, published at Petersburg in 1787, by order of the Empress Catherine, in two volumes quarto, affords us a very extensive collection of European and Asiatic words; the African and American languages were added in a second edition, which was printed in 1790, but which is very little known, and has indeed, in great measure, been suppressed. With respect to the literature of languages, the catalogue of dictionaries and

and grammars, published in 1796, by our countryman Mr. Marsden, furnishes us with ample information, much of which has been incorporated with Professor Adelung's still more extensive enumeration of critical and elementary works.

The first, and perhaps the most important consideration in a general essay on this subject, is the system according to which its different parts are to be distributed. A perfect natural order of arrangement, in treating of the peculiarities of different languages, ought to be regulated by their descent from each other and their historical relations: a perfect artificial order ought to bring together into the same classes all those genera which have any essential resemblances, that is, such as are not fortuitous, nor adoptive, nor imitative or derived from onomatopoeia. It has been observed by Linné, that the order of nature is reticulated, while that of art passes on in a single line; and still more strictly speaking, the order of nature may be compared to a solid, which has three dimensions, and which could not be adequately represented even by a map, or a reticulated structure. In fact, wherever the human mind pursues any process of nature, it must be subjected to the inconvenience of breaking off occasionally some one train of connexion, in order to pursue another; although that system must in general be the most perfect, in which this happens the least frequently: and when our ideas are once stored up in the intellectual treasury, they seem to possess the same property which belongs to their originals, allowing themselves to be traced at pleasure according to a variety of different principles of analogy and of association.

It appears to be most convenient to consider as separate languages, or as distinct species in a systematic classification, all those which require to be separately studied in order to be readily understood, and which have their distinct grammatical flexions and constructions; and to regard, as varieties only, those dialects which are confessedly local and partial diversities of a language manifestly identical. It is however absolutely impossible to fix a correct and positive criterion of the degree of variation which is to constitute in this sense a distinct language: for instance, whether Danish and Swedish are two languages or two dialects of one, and whether the modern Romaic is Greek or not, might be disputed without end, but could never be absolutely decided. In such cases we must pay some regard to common usage in our denominations; and setting out from this distinction of separate languages, we may proceed to comprehend, in the description of one family, such as have more coincidences than diversities with each other; and to refer to the same class such families as exhibit any coincidences at all, that are not fortuitous, imitative, or adoptive. In order however to

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avoid too great a number of classes, which would arise from an inadequate comparison of languages imperfectly known, it may be proper in some cases to adopt a geographical character, as sufficient to define the limits of a class, or of its subdivision into orders. We are thus obliged to employ an arrangement of a mixed nature, and this is what Professor Adelung has actually done: but in the abstract view which we shall attempt to give of the subject, we shall endeavour to follow an order somewhat less geographical than that of our author, and more dependent on the nature and connexion of the languages themselves.

If the resemblance or identity of a single word, in two languages, supposed to be exempt from the effects of all later intercourse, were to be esteemed a sufficient proof of their having been derived from a common stock, it would follow that more than half the languages of the universe would exhibit traces of such a connexion, in whatever order we might pursue the comparison. Thus we find in a very great number, and perhaps in a majority of known languages, that the sound of the vowel A, with a labial consonant, is employed for the name of Father: and if this be supposed to be something like an onomatopoeia, or an application of the first sounds which an infant naturally utters, the same reason cannot possibly be assigned for the still more general occurrence of the combination N M in the term Name, which is by no means likely to have originated from any natural association of this kind. But neither these points of resemblance, nor any other that can be assigned, are universal, for besides the numberless varieties referable more or less immediately to Abba, Father, we have at least twenty different and independent terms for the same relation in the old world; Tia, Issa, Plar, Hair, Rama, Diam, Bina, Kettem, Assainalagi, Medua, Thewes, Sünk, Njot, Anathien, Messee, Indaa, Nu, Nam, Monung, Dengabey, Ray, Tikkob, and Oa; and almost as many for Name, besides those languages in which the version of an abstract term of this kind is less likely to have been ascertained; Ming, Tren, Diant, Sheu, Hessara, Shem, Sacheli, Assia, Wasta, Ngala, Taira, Sünna, Kran, Hhili, Ding, Dbai, and Anghara. At the same time therefore that we venerate the traces of our common descent from a single pair, wherever they are still perceptible, we must not expect to find them in all existing languages without exception; and an 'Etymologicon Universale,' considered as intended to establish such a perfect community of derivation, must be regarded as a visionary undertaking. Nor must we neglect to unite, in some common arrangement of classification, those languages which have the words here specified, or any other radical words, in common, as incomparably more related

related to each other than the Chinese to the Cantabrian, or the Irish to the Hottentot.

The gradations, by which a language is likely to vary in a given time, seem to be in some measure dependent on the degree of cultivation of the language, and of the civilisation of the people employing it. From Homer to the Byzantine historians, the Greek language remained essentially the same for 2000 years: the German has varied but little in 1500; and even the English, notwithstanding its mixture with French and Latin, has altered but three radical words of the Lord's Prayer in the same period. On the other hand a few barbarians in the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus and of the Caspian sea, of modern origin, and ignorant of the art of writing, are divided into more nations speaking peculiar languages radically different from each other, than the whole of civilised Europe. In such cases little light can be thrown upon history by etymological researches, while with regard to more cultivated nations, we obtain, from the examination of their languages, historical evidence of such a nature, as it is scarcely possible for either accident or design to have falsified.

Without dwelling on the unnecessary hypotheses and the tedious details with which some parts of Professor Adelung's work are filled, and without animadverting very severely on the occasional display of an inflated insipidity of style, which too often assumes, in the writings of the modern Germans, the place of a dignified simplicity, we shall attempt to profit, as far as our limits will permit, by the solid accumulation of knowledge, which usually characterizes the productions of that laborious and accurate nation, among whom our author is well known to have stood in the first rank as a grammarian, a lexicographer, and an etymologist. We must however observe, at the commencement of our remarks, that there is some fallacy in the profession of having collected specimens of 'nearly five hundred languages and dialects,' a number which the publishers have promised to complete in the third volume; since many of them are merely different translations, or even different readings, in the same dialect: there are twelve, for instance, of the Memphitic Coptic only, sixteen of the Upper German, and upon an average scarcely less than two for each language or dialect considered as distinct; so that we must reduce the 362 already published to about 200 languages at the utmost: and if we suppose that there are as many more, of which specimens have not been obtained, and add 100 for the languages of America, we shall have about 500 for the whole number of dialects that have ever been spoken in any part of the globe; and of these somewhat more than 100 appear to constitute languages generically distinct, or exhibiting more diversity than resemblance to each other.

In

In tracing the pedigree of all these languages to their remotest origin, we arrive at Professor Adelung's investigations respecting the probable situation of the Paradise of the Scripture. This he places in Cashmir, between Persia, Tibet, and Indostan, in the most elevated region of the globe; a country remarkable for its soil, its climate, and for other natural advantages, which contributed to render its more modern inhabitants, before their conquest by the Afghans, distinguished for their beauty, their talents, and their luxury; and he considers his opinion as confirmed, by the situation allotted to the Indian Paradise, on the hill Meru, which gives rise to four great rivers, the Indus, the Ganges, the Burrampooter, and a great river of Tibet. According to this supposition, Tibet, on the east of Cashmir, must have been the habitation of Adam immediately after his fall, and the country occupied by the descendants of Cain. In Tibet, and in the countries immediately beyond it, the languages of 150 millions of people are still principally monosyllabic, and from this peculiarity, as well as from the singular simplicity of their structure, they are supposed to constitute the most ancient class of existing languages, though it must be confessed that much of our author's reasoning on this subject is extremely inconclusive. There is however a much more marked distinction between these and all other languages, that their essence consists, as we have already explained very fully on a former occasion, (Vol. V. No. X. p. 372) not in sounds, but in characters, which, instead of depicting sounds, are the immediate symbols of the objects or ideas, and are even imperfectly represented by the sounds, whatever difference of accent or tone may be exhibited by the most refined speaker. It is true that we have particular instances of a similar nature in our own language, as in the words Bear, Bare; Beer, Bier, Bere; Son, Sun: but these are rather to be considered as accidental exceptions, than as fair examples of the usual character of the language.

Another ancient and extensive class of languages, united by a greater number of resemblances than can well be altogether accidental, may be denominated the Indoeuropean, comprehending the Indian, the West Asiatic, and almost all the European languages. If we chose to assign a geographical situation to the common parent of this class, we should place it to the south and west of the supposed origin of the human race; leaving the north for our third class, which we can only define as including all the Asiatic and European languages not belonging to the two former; which may be called Atactic, or, perhaps, without much impropriety, Tataric; and which may be subdivided into five orders, Sporadic, Caucasian, Tartarian, Siberian, and Insular. The African and American

American languages will constitute a fourth and a fifth class, sufficiently distinct from all the rest, but not intended to be considered as any otherwise united than by their geographical situation. According to this arrangement, we shall exhibit, in the form of tables, first the principal families or genera, and then the species and varieties, accompanied by a specimen of each, in the versions of the words Heaven and Earth, where they can be obtained; these words being chosen, because they seem to be known in a greater number of languages than any other, except the name of Father, which appears to be objectionable, as often exhibiting a similarity rather accidental than essential.

CLASSES AND FAMILIES OF LANGUAGES.

I. MONOSYLLABIC

Chinese
Siamese
Avanese
Tibet

II. INDOEUROPEAN

Sanscrit
Median
Arabian
Greek
German
Celtic
Latin
Cantabrian
Sclavic

III. TATARIC

Sporadic

Tshudish
Hungarian
Albanian

Caucasian

Armenian
Georgian
Abassan
Circassian
Ossetish
Kistic
Chunsag
Dido
Kasi Kumück
Andi
Akusha

Tartarian

Turcotartarian
Mantshuric
Tungusic
Sagalien
Corean

Siberian

Permian
Wogulic
Ostiak
Tsheremissic
Morduin
Teptjerai
Samojedie
Camashic
Jukadshiric
Koriak
Kamtshatkan

Insular

Eastern Islands
Japanese
Formosan
Philippine
Savu
New Guinea
New Holland, E.
Van Diemen's
New Caledonian
New Zealand
Easter Island

IV. AFRICAN

V. AMERICAN.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS.

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The Hottentots have three particular clicking sounds, made by withdrawing the tongue from the teeth, the fore part, and the back part of the palate: they are denoted by t¹, t², and t³, and the first two appear to resemble the sounds sometimes used to express vexation, and to make a horse go on.

Professor Adelung has taken little or no cognisance of the characters commonly employed in writing the different languages, and we agree with him in thinking that it is not in all cases necessary to advert to them, though it would certainly have been of advantage to have paid more attention to them in some. He has reduced the words to the German orthography, except in such languages as are usually written in Roman characters; and we have adopted his mode of spelling, except that we have omitted the superfluous c in the combination sch. We shall now attempt to follow him cursorily through the historical part of his work.

The Chinese is supposed to be one of the oldest languages actually spoken at present, although the proofs of its great antiquity are more presumptive than positive: the strongest of them is perhaps the great simplicity of its structure; which, though sometimes a little inconvenient and awkward from the prolixity that it occasions, appears to be in reality more philosophical than the multifarious complications of many European languages,

which are by no means commensurate, as our author seems for a moment to imagine, to the degree of civilisation of the countries employing them. The examples of the Fins and Biscayans are sufficient to prove this; nor can we think that the structure of the Chinese language can justly be considered as the principal obstacle to the improvement of the people in literature and in arts. How far the monosyllabic languages, which are enumerated as totally distinct from each other, may be represented by, or rather may represent, a common character, Professor Adelung has not enabled us to judge with precision, although he informs us that the Chinese characters are understood by the Cochinchinese, whose language is a dialect of the Tonquinese, which to us appears to be itself intimately connected with the Chinese even in sound, though somewhat less simple in its structure. If, however, two languages had precisely the same written form, but were pronounced in a manner totally different, they might still happen to require translation, at least where foreign terms were introduced, and might so far be properly called distinct. Thus the characters, by which the Chinese would represent the name *Christus*, or *Cardinalis*, and which they would read *Ki lu su tu su*, or *Kia ul fi na li su*, being differently read by the Cochinchinese, would require to have another set of characters substituted for them, in order to produce combinations equally ingenious and satisfactory. The Chinese are said to have been in the ninth century a race of people resembling the Arabs: their physiognomy was contaminated in the thirteenth and fourteenth by a mixture with their conquerors the Mongols; but their language remained unaltered. The dialects of Cambodia and Laos have, however, received some mixture of Malayan from their neighbours. We must refer those who are desirous of further information on these subjects to a most interesting essay of Dr. Leyden, in the tenth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*.

The language of *Siam* resembles the Chinese in its simplicity and metaphorical structure, though less decidedly monosyllabic: but this is a distinction on which our author seems to place somewhat too much reliance: in the early ages, when all languages were written without division into words, such a distinction must have been still less marked than it now appears to be.

The *Avanese*, or *Burmanish*, has borrowed some polysyllabic words from the *Bali*, or old *Sanscrit*. The *Peguan* can scarcely be said to differ from it even as a dialect.

The language of *Tibet* has some words in common with the Chinese, but is less simple. It is at least as ancient as the religion of the country, which is coeval with Christianity.

The *Indoeuropean* languages we have referred to a single class, because every one of them has too great a number of coincidences with

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with some of the others, to be considered as merely accidental, and many of them in terms relating to objects of such a nature, that they must necessarily have been rather original than adoptive. The *Sanscrit*, which is confessedly the parent language of India, may easily be shown to be intimately connected with the Greek, the Latin, and the German, although it is a great exaggeration to assert any thing like its identity with either of these languages. Thus we find, within the compass of the Lord's Prayer, *Pida*, *Pitir* among the Sanscrit terms for Father, Gr. *Pater*; *Nama* or *Namadheya* for Name, Gr. *Onoma*, *Onomata*; *Radshiam*, kingdom, Lat. *Regnum*, from *Rego*; *Manasam*, will, like the Gr. *Menüo* and the Lat. *Mens*; *Stira*, Earth, Gr. *Era*, Lat. *Terra*; and *Danim*, *Dewanagara Dia*, Day, Lat. *Dies*. There are also some singular resemblances of declension and conjugation between the Sanscrit and the Greek, as *Dodami*, *Dodasti*, *Dodati*, in old Greek *Didomi*, *Didosi*, *Didoti*. In a tablet dated 25 B. C. we find *Kritico* for a judge, Gr. *Krites*, *Kriticos*. A copious enumeration of such points of coincidence our author has exhibited in the form of an alphabetical table. Sir William Jones and many others have attributed to some of the works, which are still extant in Sanscrit, an antiquity of four or five thousand years, but Adelung denies the validity of any of the arguments which have been adduced in favour of a date at all approaching to this. The Sanscrit, even in its earliest state, can scarcely have been altogether uniform throughout all the countries in which it was spoken, and it has degenerated by degrees into a great diversity of modern dialects. Beyond the Ganges, it is called *Bali*: in Siam, it is still the language of elegant literature; and it is often employed throughout India, with some difference of construction, under the name of *Dewanagara*.

The dialects, derived from the Sanscrit, and spoken in different parts of the continent of India, and some of the islands, have a very decided resemblance to the original, but many of them have been distinguished by the publication of separate grammars and dictionaries, and they certainly differ as much from each other as Spanish and Portuguese. The Moors, or Moorish, sometimes called Mongol Indostanish, consists, like most of the rest, of Sanscrit, mixed with Persian and Arabic. The language of Multan has about one tenth of Persian: in that of Malabar there are in existence two copper tablets of the eighth or ninth century. The Maleiam is spoken about Cochin in Travancore: the Tamul in the Carnatic, from Cape Comorin to Paleacate: the Telug or Warug about Cuddalore and Madras: the Cingalese, which is a mixture of several of the continental dialects, in great part of Ceylon; the proper names in this island mentioned by Ptolemy are derived from the Sanscrit. The Gipsies were certainly expelled from some part of India by the
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cruelties of Timur Leng about 1400, and probably they were part of the Zingans, in the neighbourhood of Multan, on the Indus, their language having a great number of coincidences with that of Multan: they have also adopted many European, and especially Sclavonian words. When they first appeared in Europe they amounted to about half a million; at present they are less numerous.

The connexion of the *Median* family with the Sanscrit on one side, and with the Greek and German on the other, is sufficiently proved by the words Abitap, Zend. Sun, Sansc. Abitaba; Dar, Ter, Pers. Door, Sanscr. Dura, Tuwara, Gr. Thiira, Germ. Thür, Thor; Dip, Pers. land, or island, Sanscr. Dihp; Dochtar, Pers. Daughter, Gr. Thügater, Germ. Tochter; Jaré, Zend. Year, Sanscr. Jahrau, Germ. Jahr; and Ishk, Zend. love, Sanscr. Itsha. According to Dr. Leyden these languages are evidently derivatives of the Sanscrit. In ancient Media, Zendish was the language of the northern, and Pehlvi, or Parthian, of the southern parts: but the Zendish was more appropriated to religious purposes, and the Pehlvi had in a great measure superseded it for common use at a very early period; under the Sassanides again, from the third to the seventh century, the use of the Pehlvi was discouraged, and the Parsi, or old Persian, substituted for it. The Zendavesta of Zoroaster, which is still extant in Zendish, is supposed to have been written 520 years B. C. and Adelung follows Anquetil in asserting its authenticity, against the opinion of Jones and Richardson. The Georgian and Armenian languages, which are now spoken in the same countries, have very little resemblance to the Zendish. The Pehlvi seems to be intermediate between Zendish and Parsi; it has some affinity to the Chaldee, but is not a dialect of it: some say that it is still spoken in the remote parts of the country, about Shirwan. The Parsi is dated from the time of the Sassanides, and was current among the Persians when they were conquered by the Arabs in the seventh century: it is the language of the Shah Nameh of Firdusi, written in the tenth century, and of the Ayeen Akbery, in 1600. The modern Persian became a cultivated language about the year 1000, having received a considerable mixture of Arabic and Turkish.

The Goths are said to have inhabited for some centuries the countries about the Black Sea, and may originally have bordered on Persia: from this circumstance, and probably also from the effects of a later irruption of the Goths into Persia, which is recorded in history, it happens that many Persian words are also found in German. Professor Adelung has examined more than two hundred cases of such resemblances, and has found only one sixth part of them in Anquetil's dictionaries of the more ancient dialects. We need not remind our readers of the ingenious essay lately

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lately published by a countryman of our own on the similarity of the Persian and English languages.

The Kurds speak a corrupt Persian: they are probably derived from the Carduchi of the Greeks, on the Gordiaean hills. They spread into Persia about the year 1000, and are now situated on the borders of the Persian and Turkish dominions. The language of the Afghans, about Candahar, is so mixed, that it is difficult to say whether it is most immediately derived from the Persian or the Sanscrit: about one fourth of the words are Persian, and among the rest there are some Tartarian, as well as Sanscrit. The people are said to have come from the north about 2000 years ago.

The *Arabian* family is called by our author Semitic, from Shem the son of Noah, as having been principally spoken by his descendants. Though not intimately connected with the European languages, it is well known to have afforded some few words to the Greek and Latin: and it has also some terms in common with the Sanscrit, though apparently fewer than either the Greek or the German. Thus we have Bar, Chald. city, Sanscr. Bara, Buri, Germ. Burg; Ben, Hebr. son, Sanscr. Bun, child; Esh, Hebr. Eshta, Chald. fire, Sanscr. Aster; and Ish, Hebr. man, Sanscr. Isha, man or lord.

The northern nations of this family have sometimes been comprehended under the name Aramaic, in contradistinction to the middle, or Canaanitish, and the southern, or Arabic. The eastern Aramaic, or old Chaldee, is very little known: it was the language of a people situated in the north of Mesopotamia, which is now the south of Armenia: a part of them extended themselves further to the south, and became Babylonians; of whose dialect some traces are said still to exist about Mosul and Diarbeker. The old Assyrians, between the Tigris and Media, were a colony of the Babylonians, and spoke a language unintelligible to the Jews. (2 Kings, 18.) The western Aramaic has become known since the Christian era as the Syriac, in which there is an ancient and valuable translation of the New Testament. It is still spoken about Edessa and Harran. The Palmyrene was one of its dialects.

The language of the Canaanites is said by St. Jerom to have been intermediate between the Hebrew and the Egyptian: the people are supposed to have come originally from the Persian gulf; the Philistines, who are found among them, to have emigrated from the Delta to Cyprus, to have been thence expelled by the Phenicians, and to have adopted the language of the Canaanites, among whom they settled. The book of Job is considered as affording some idea of the dialect of Edom, as it contains many Arabisms, and other peculiarities. The Phenician is only known from a few coins and inscriptions found in Cyprus and in Malta: of
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its descendant the Punic or Carthaginian a specimen is preserved in the speech of Hanno in Plautus, as happily arranged by Bochart: our author is indeed disposed to doubt if this speech has any meaning at all; but his objection respecting the want of a proper name seems to have arisen from a mistake. The last six lines of the text are probably either a repetition of the same speech in the old Libyan, or a jargon intended to imitate it.

The Hebrews originated among the Chaldeans; Terah, the father of Abraham, having been a native of Ur, or Edessa, beyond the Euphrates; they adopted the language of the Canaanites, among whom they led a nomadic life, till their residence in Egypt, which must probably have had some effect in modifying their language. It appears however to have varied but little afterwards in a period of 1000 years, from Moses to Malachi: and this circumstance Adelung considers as so uncommon, that he is disposed to believe that the writings of Moses must have been modernised at least as late as the time of Samuel. The old Hebrew became extinct as a living language about 500 B. C.; 1000 years afterwards the Masoretic points were added to assist in its pronunciation, and this was done in some measure upon the model of the Syrochaldaic, which at that time was still spoken. The Chaldee had superseded the Hebrew at the time of the captivity, and was gradually converted into the Syrochaldaic, which is called Hebrew in the New Testament. The Targums and the Talmud of Babylon are in the older Chaldee, and a translation of the New Testament has been discovered in the Syrochaldaic.

The Rabbinic dialect was principally formed in the middle ages, among the Spanish Jews, who were chiefly descended from the inhabitants of Jerusalem; while those of Germany and Poland were generally Galileans, and spoke a ruder dialect of the Hebrew.

The Samaritan somewhat resembles the Chaldee; it was formed among the Phenicians and others who occupied the habitations of the ten tribes, when they were carried into captivity by Salmanassar and Esarhaddon. Our author has neglected to insert any specimen of this language, although he was well aware of the existence of the Samaritan version of the Pentateuch.

The Arabians have been a distinct, and in great measure an independent nation for more than 3000 years. Some of them were descended from Shem; others, as the Cushites, Canaanites, and Amalekites, from Ham. Their language, as it is found in the Koran, contains some mixture of Indian, Persian, and Abyssinian words: its grammar was little cultivated until a century or two after the time of Mahomet. It is certainly copious, but its copiousness has been ridiculously exaggerated. The best Arabic is spoken by the upper classes in Yemen; in Mecca it is more mixed; in Syria, corrupt.

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rapt: There are dialects, which require the assistance of an interpreter, in order to be understood: at the same time it has been maintained by Aryda, a learned Arab of Syria, in contradiction to Niebuhr, that the Arabic of the Koran is still employed in conversation among the best educated of the people, as well as in correct writing. The Arabs living in houses are called Moors: and those of Africa are the best known under this name. The Mapuls, or Mapulets of Malabar and Coromandel are a numerous colony of Arabs, who have been settled there above 1000 years.

The Ethiopians are derived from the Cushite Arabs: in the time of Nimrod they conquered Babylon; before that of Moses they emigrated into Africa, and settled in and about Tigri: in Isaiah's time they seem to have extended to Fez; and at present they occupy Tigri, Amhara, and some neighbouring countries. They became Christians in 326, but retained the initiatory ceremony of the Jews and Mussulmen. The true Ethiopic is called Geez, or Axumitic, in contradistinction to the Amharic, by which it was superseded as the language of common life in Amhara about the fourteenth century, although it still remains in use in some parts of Tigri; while in others, as in Hauasa, a different dialect is spoken. It was first particularly made known in Europe by Ludolf.

The Maltese is immediately derived from the modern Arabic, without any intervention of the Punic. The island, having been successively subject to the Phaeacians, Phenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans and Goths, was subdued by the Arabians in the ninth century; in the eleventh the Normans conquered it, and it remained united with Sicily, until it became in some measure independent under the knights of St. John.

The Greek has no very intimate or general connexion with any of the older languages, although there are a number of particular instances of its resemblance to the Sanscrit, some of which have been already mentioned: it has also many German and Celtic words, some Slavonian, and, as it is said, a few Finnish. It can only have been immediately derived from the language of the neighbouring Thracians and Pelasgians, who seem to have come originally from the middle of Asia through the countries north of the Black Sea, and to have occupied part of Asia minor as well as Greece and Thrace: they appear to have retained their ancient dialect to a late period in Phrygia: thus Plato observes in Cratylus, that the terms denoting fire and water are not derived from any other Greek words, but are Phrygian primitives; and it is barely possible that even the modern Albanian Buk, bread, may be derived from the Phrygian Bekos. The whole of the Thracian states were greatly deranged by the expedition of the Celts in 278 B. C. which terminated in their settling the colony of Galatia. The Dacians,

Dacians, or Getae, who principally occupied Bulgaria, extended themselves further northwards, and afterwards constituted the Roman provinces of Moesia and Dacia, which were conquered by the Goths in the third century. The Macedonians, in the time of Alexander, spoke a language which was unintelligible to the Greeks: even the Pelasgi, in Epirus and Thessaly, long retained a dialect different from that of their neighbours, and in Arcadia still longer. The Hellenes, who emigrated from Asia minor, were not sufficiently numerous to affect the language materially, although it assumed their name. The Graeci in Italy were Pelasgians, whom Dionysius of Halicarnassus includes in the denomination Hellenic: their language must have been Aeolodoric, and in this form the Latin received its mixture of Greek: the Lacedaemonians also retained it till a late period, writing, for instance, instead of Pais, Poir, as in Latin Puer. The Aeolic appears once to have extended over Attica, and to have left some Aeolisms in the old Attic dialect. Of this we have an instance in the termination of the third person plural, *διδόασιν* sometimes being used instead of *διδούσιν*; for which the authority of the Herculanian manuscript published by Sir William Drummond must be admitted as unquestionable; nor can we imagine for a moment that so eminently judicious and candid a critic as the late Mr. Porson, if he had happily survived, would have hesitated to relinquish his opinion on this subject, when he found it combated by evidence so singularly authentic. The Attic dialect was the principal basis of the Common language of Greece at a later period, which must have been the most cultivated under the protection of the court of Alexandria. By degrees it degenerated into the modern Romaic, with a mixture of Turkish and Italian, and perhaps of some other neighbouring languages.

The German family is sufficiently connected with a variety of others, belonging to the Indoeuropean class, to be admitted into it upon a very short investigation. Its resemblances to the Greek, within the compass of the Lord's Prayer, besides Father and Name, are Wille, Wollen, Gr. Boule, perhaps Praat, Brot, bread, like Artos, and Freyen or Lösen, like Rhüein and Lüsein. The Germans were known as early as the time of Pytheas, that is 320 B. C. as consisting of the Jutes in Denmark, the Teutones on the coast to the east of them, the Ostiaecans next, and lastly the Cossini, Cotini, or Goths. With respect to language, our author imagines that there must have been almost an original difference between the high and low German, the eastern nations or Suevi employing the former, and the western or Cimbri, the latter: the Suevi he supposes to have been driven at an early period into the south of Germany by the Sclavonians; and some of the Goths appear

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appear to have extended as far as the Crimea. The Bible of Ulphila, in the Gothic of 360, is the oldest specimen of the German language: it exhibits a considerable mixture of Sclavonian and Finnish: the translation is slavishly literal.

The modern German, founded on the higher dialect of Saxony, was fixed and made general by Luther. The alternate incroachments and conquests of the Franks, the Alemanni, and the Saxons, are pursued by Professor Adelung with tedious minuteness, and he attempts to trace a multiplicity of shades of dialect and pronunciation in different parts of Germany, which are not of the slightest interest beyond the immediate neighbourhoods to which they relate. He informs us that there are still some German colonies, which retain their language, in the territories of Vicenza and Verona; that the German Jews have a peculiar jargon, borrowed from the Polish Jews, which they write in the Hebrew characters; and that another similar mixture of dialects is spoken by the Røthwelsh, a vagabond people in the south of Germany, who have sometimes been confounded with the Gipsies.

The Low Saxon, or Platt Deutsch, is spoken about Halberstadt, and further north, in the countries between the Elbe and the Weser; it seems to be intimately connected with the Frieslandish and Danish, as well as with the English. The Frieslanders originally extended from the Rhine to the Ems, and the Cauchi thence to the Elbe: they retain a dialect materially varying from those of their neighbours. The Brokmic laws of the thirteenth century do not appear precisely to resemble the German of the same date: thus we find in them Redieva, a judge, or Reeve, instead of Richter; Kenne, kin; Sida, side, as in Swedish, for Seite. The Batavian Frieslandish approaches much to the English; there are several sub-dialects, as those of Molkwer, and Hindelop. Some of the ~~Qaschish~~ Frieslanders remain in the territory of Bremen: the North Frieslanders occupy Heligoland, Husum, and Amröm.

The Dutch language is a mixture of Frieslandish, Low Saxon, and German, with a little French: it appears from Kolyn's Chronicle to have been distinctly formed as early as 1156.

The Scandinavian branch of the Germanic family is characterized by the want of gutturals and aspirates, which renders its pronunciation softer and less harsh; and by some peculiarities of construction, for instance by the place of the article, which follows its noun, both in Danish and Swedish, instead of preceding it, as in most other languages. The name of Denmark is first found in the ninth century: until the sixth the people were called Jutes. Norway in the ninth century was termed Nordmanland. A corrupt Norwegian is still, or was lately, spoken in some of the Orkneys,

Orkneys, which were long subject to Norway and Denmark. In the eastern parts of Iceland the language is much like the Norwegian; but on the coast it is mixed with Danish: the oldest specimen of Icelandic is the *Jus Ecclesiasticum* of 1123. The term Runic relates to the rectilinear characters cut in wood, which were sometimes used by the Scandinavian nations. The Swedes are derived from a mixture of Scandinavians with Goths from upper Germany; but their language does not exhibit any dialectic differences corresponding to a difference of extraction.

The Saxons are mentioned by Ptolemy as a small nation in Holstein; whence, in conjunction with the Frieslanders, and the Angles of South Jutland, they conquered England about the year 450. The Saxons settled principally south of the Thames, the Angles north. At the union of the Heptarchy, the Saxon dialect prevailed, and the English, which nearly resembled the Danish of that time, was less in use: but new swarms of Danes having inundated the north of England in 787, the Danish dialect was introduced by Canute and his followers; and it is in this period that our earliest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon are dated. The Saxon dialect again obtained the ascendancy under Edward the Confessor; and although some French was introduced by this prince, and still more by William the Conqueror, into the higher circles of society, the courts of law, and the schools, the use of the French language never became general among the lower classes, and the Saxon recovered much of its currency in the thirteenth century, when the cities and corporate towns rose into importance under Edward the first; in the fourteenth century it was permanently established, with the modifications which it had received from the French; and it may be considered as truly English from this period, or even somewhat earlier, at least if Pope Adrian's rhymes are the genuine production of 1156. It is still more German than French; in the Lord's Prayer there are only three words of Latin origin, *Trespass*, *Temptation*, and *Deliver*. Professor Adelung's remarks, on the simplicity of the English language, are much more judicious than the generality of his observations, on the inferiority of its perfection, derived from a complicated structure, in other instances.

'The language,' he observes, p. 319, 'only received its final cultivation at the time of the reformation, and of the civil disturbances which followed that event: nor did it acquire its last polish till after the revolution, when the authors, who employed it, elevated it to the high degree of excellence, of which, from its great copiousness, and the remarkable simplicity of its construction, it was peculiarly capable. It is the most simple of all the European languages; the terminations of its substantives being only changed in the genitive and in the plural, and the alterations of the roots of the verbs not exceeding six or seven. This simplicity depends in some measure on a philosophical accuracy, which

which is carried systematically through the whole language, so that the adjectives, participles, and article, are indeclinable, being in their nature destitute of any idea of gender, case, or number; and the form of generic distinction is confined to objects which are naturally entitled to it. The pronunciation, on the other hand, is extremely intricate, and foreign proper names, in particular, are much mutilated whenever they are adopted by the English.

The Celtic family is a very extensive and very interesting subdivision of the Indoeuropean class. Our author observes that 'the six original European languages, the Iberian, Celtic, Germanic, Thracian, Sclavonian, and Finnish, were just as distinct at the beginning of their history as they now are:' but this assertion seems to require some little modification; for although it may be very proper to consider the Celtic and Germanic as families clearly distinct, with respect to any period with which we are historically acquainted, it does still appear, upon a comparison of the Gothic of Ulphila with the more modern languages, that the Germanic of that day did approach somewhat more nearly to the Celtic than any of its modern descendants now do. Thus the *Atta* and *Himina* of Ulphila, seem to have more resemblance to the Irish *At'air* and *Neamh*, than the modern *Vater* and *Himmel*; and *Vair*, for the Cimbric *Fear*, a man, is not found at present in German, though its traces may still be observed in the *Firio barno* of the Franks in 1020. It would undoubtedly be possible to produce a multitude of similar instances from others of the languages in question, but the evidence appears to be the strongest with respect to these two: and although we are far from wishing to revive the exploded doctrine of the identity of the old Celtic and Germanic, yet we cannot help thinking that they are much more intimately connected than our author is willing to allow. The resemblances of the Celtic to the Latin are too numerous to require particular notice, the immediate and extensive connexion between these languages being universally admitted; but if any evidence were desired on this subject, it might be obtained in abundance by a reference to Court de Gebelin's *Monde primitif*. With respect to the Greek, the terms *Hael*, sun, *Dur*, water, *Deru*, oak, *Garan*, crane, *Crunn*, ice, are among the Celtic words of the most indisputable originality, and their resemblance to *Helios*, *Hüdor*, *Drüs*, *Geranos*, and *Krüoen* is undeniable; we find also in Cimbric *Bas*, low, connected with *Bathüs*, *Bara*, bread, perhaps with *Bora*, food, *Deyrnas*, kingdom, with *Türannis*, *Dyn*, give, with *Doreue*, and *Gogoriant*, glory, perhaps with *Gauz*, gold. With the German it is easy to find a number of very near approaches to identity, even in the Celtic which can be proved to be prior to the date of any known or supposed mixture,

mixture, as in *Ap, Affe, Ape; Barra, Barre; Bleun, Blume; Bolgan, Balge; Brig, Berg; Brogil, Brühl; Carra, Karre; Doga, Teich; Galb, Kalb; Garan, Kranich; Gnabat, Knabe; Lancea, Lanze; Marc, Mähre; Marga, Märgel; Redya, Reiten; Rit or Rat, Rad; and Ur, Auer;* terms employed either accurately or very nearly in the same significations; nor is it possible that so numerous a series of coincidences can in either case be supposed to be wholly accidental.

The Celts may be imagined to have emigrated from Asia after the Iberians or Cantabrians, and before the Thracians or Pelasgians, settling principally in Gaul, and spreading partly into Italy under the name of Ausonians and Umbrians. In 570 B. C. they undertook expeditions of conquest, but they were subdued by the Romans. Their language was current in Gaul till the sixth or seventh century, when it was superseded by the rustic Roman, which by degrees became French: in Ireland and Scotland it has been preserved in tolerable purity; in Wales and Brittany it has been more mixed. Britain must have been peopled from Gaul at least 500 years B. C. The true ancient Britons are the Highlanders of Scotland, having been driven northwards by the Cimbri, and still calling their language Gaelic: the Irish are probably derived from these Highlanders; they were originally called Scots or Scuits, that is, fugitives, from the circumstance of their expulsion; so that what is said of the Scots before the tenth century, for instance by Porphyry in the third, must be understood of the Irish. Gildas, in 564, sometimes calls them Scotch and sometimes Irish. After the retreat of the Romans from Britain, a part of them re-entered Scotland, about the year 503, and changed its name from Caledonia to Scotia minor. In 432, St. Patrick laid the foundation of the civilisation of Ireland, and in the seventh century, several Irish priests undertook missions to the continent. At the beginning of this century, some Scandinavian freebooters had visited Ireland, and in 885 they formed large colonies, which were firmly established in this country and in the Scottish Islands, bringing with them many Gothic words which became afterwards mixed with the Celtic, and which seem to constitute one fifth part of the modern Irish and Gaelic, 140 such being found under the first six letters of the alphabet only. Some of these Normans remained distinct from the Irish till the year 1102. The oldest authentic specimens of the Irish language are of the ninth century. The Gaelic of the Isle of Man is mixed with Norwegian, English, and Welsh. A Gaelic colony at Walden in Essex, has been placed by Chamberlayne in Italy, as Waldensic.

The Cimbric or Celtogermanic language was remarked by Cæsar as differing from the Gallic, although the distinction has not

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not always been sufficiently observed. The Cimbrians seem to have existed as a nation 5 or 600 years B. C.; the Gauls called them Belgæ; they invaded Britain a little before Cæsar's time, and drove the ancient inhabitants into the Highlands and into Ireland. Having called the Saxons to their assistance against the Scots and Picts in the fifth century, they were driven by their new allies into Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Their language is remarkable for the frequent changes of the initial letters of its radical words in the formation of cases and numbers; thus from Den, a man, in Britannish, is derived the plural Tud; from Vreg, a woman, Groages. Almost half of the Welsh language is German, and of the remainder perhaps as much Latin as Celtic: of the Britannish, about half is Latin or French. It seems to be uncertain whether the Armoricans were originally Belgæ or Gauls; but their country was named Britannia minor from the emigration of British in 449, who are mentioned as speaking the same language with them, and who mixed with them, and in a few years became so numerous as to be able to send an army of 12,000 men to the assistance of the emperor Anthemius.

It appears from the account which has been given of the different branches of the Celtic, that they contain from one-fifth to a half of pure German: a mixture which Professor Adelung considers as secondary, and accidental. It seems to us, however, to be very questionable whether the coincidences are not too uniformly found in the same words, to be attributable to adoptions so remote in time and place, as must be admitted upon this supposition, especially when we recollect how little historical evidence there is of any influence whatever of Scandinavian incursions on the main land of Scotland (II. 98): and where it happens that no term is to be found in Irish, in Gaelic, or in Welsh, that differs from the word employed in German, we cannot help being inclined to believe that the original Celtic word must, in such cases, have been the same with the German. We have, for instance, Ap, Apa, Ir. Ap, W. Afte, Ape, German; Abal, Afal, Apfel; Angar, Aneang, Enge; Bacail, Bach, Backen; Barrad, Barr, Barre; Beoir, Bir, Bier; Binil, Bwiall, Beil; Bocan, Bwch, Bock; Brathair, Brawd, Bruder; Bul, Bwla, Bulle; and perhaps many other similar coincidences might be found, even without going further in the alphabet.

An Essay on the poems of Ossian, first published in the German Mercury for 1806, forms a very interesting appendix to the history of the Celtic languages. Professor Adelung takes up the question where it was left by the Highland Society, in their Report published in 1805; and allowing, with them, that some manuscripts of poems attributed to Ossian are in existence, and that some of these poems are very beautiful in the original, although none of

them agree exactly with Macpherson's translation, he proceeds to inquire into the only question of the least interest to an antiquarian or a literary historian, whether any of these poems are the productions of the third century, or of a period at all approaching to it; and this question he very satisfactorily decides in the negative.

It is quite certain that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence as early as the beginning of the 16th century; Malcolm, Fordun, and Elphinston searched in vain for any of the 14th or 15th; but some of the 15th appear to have been since found. Irish manuscripts of the 9th century, as our author elsewhere observes, exist in different parts of the continent. Mr. Mackenzie attempts to show, that a manuscript, which bears the signature of a certain Fitfit, must have been written as early as the eighth, because the writer dates it from the monastery of his Papa or Pope, a term supposed to have been disused, in this sense, after the recognition of the Pope in Ireland in the 8th century: but this argument is only so far conclusive, as we suppose the scribe to have been incapable of being influenced by servility or caprice. If, however, the poems attributed to Ossian were really ancient, their language could not but be antiquated: there is an Irish *Leavre Lecan*, at Paris, written in the 13th century, and scarcely intelligible to an Irish scholar of the present day; the oldest Gaelic manuscripts have also peculiar expressions no longer in use; while the works, supposed to be the productions of a period so much more remote, are found to be in excellent modern Gaelic, impressed with all the marks of the language of Christianity, and of that of the Norwegian invaders, whether these conquerors may be supposed to have influenced the Gaelic language immediately in Scotland, or by the intervention of Ireland.

'The Celts' (II. 131) 'were a wild and barbarous people, especially in the parts most remote from the continent (Mela). The Irish, according to Strabo, were cannibals; and St. Jerom, who lived in the 4th century, assures us that he had seen in his youth the Attacotti, a Caledonian race in Gaul, devour the softest parts of the body as great delicacies. That there were bears in the north of Scotland, we find from Martial; *Nuda Caledonio sic pectora praeibit urso*. The Caledonians had light and reddish hair, which induced Tacitus to consider them as Germans. They went completely naked, and tattooed and painted their bodies later than any of their neighbours. They wore rings on their arms, and round their bodies (Dio, Herodian). A plurality of wives and husbands was allowed in the interior of Britain, consequently also in Scotland (Caesar); so that the children were considered as belonging to the whole clan; and this custom was retained longer in Scotland than in England (Dio). They were ignorant of corn, and lived on barks, roots, and game. They had neither helmets nor coats of mail: their arms were a dart, a small shield, and a broad sword (Herodian, Dio,

Dio,

Dio, Tacitus). They fought in chariots, Esseda (Dio). Their vessels, Currucae, were of wicker work, or of light wood, and covered with hides; they had a single small mast, and were calculated for rowing as well as for sailing (Journ. des Sav. 1764).

The Caledonians of Macpherson's Ossian, on the other hand, who is supposed to have lived about the middle of the period of the Roman power in Britain, were nothing less than predatory barbarians; they were perfect heroes, models of generous deliverers of the oppressed, and much more liberal, modest, and goodnatured than the personages introduced by Homer. They scorned to attack their enemies in their sleep, and were inspired by sentiments of the most sublime courage: two or three of them were in the habit of encountering whole armies, and they were always ready to meet death, provided that it were on the bed of honour; while other uncultivated nations, and even the Highlanders themselves, at a later period, are known to carry on war only by surprise, to make a great show of courage, but to betake themselves to flight where they find resistance. The Caledonians hunted wild boars, stags, and roebucks, but no bears, which must therefore have been exterminated long before the time of Ossian. Black hair and blue eyes were admired, red hair disliked; of tattooing and painting their skins we have no traces; rosy cheeks, white arms, and white bosoms continually occur, even in speaking of men. They had clothes, beds, and splendid robes: they dwelt in castles, towns, and palaces with pinnacles and towers, and roofs of a hundred oaks of the mountains; they ate in spacious halls, illuminated with wax lights; and they drank out of shells. Chimnies too were in use among them, though these are known to be the invention of much later times. They had helmets of steel and polished armour: their swords were pointed, and they often used them for thrusting. Instead of darts they had long spears, they carried daggers, and fought with bows and arrows: they had no chariots for fighting; their king only displayed a splendid equipage. Fingal's carriage hung on leathern braces, like a Parisian phaeton; the sides were of polished ivory, the bits of brilliant steel, the reins adorned with gems. Of love they had the most refined and the noblest sentiments; marriage was universally introduced, and each had a single wife, whom he most tenderly loved. The ships and fleets were splendidly fitted out with lofty masts, like those of the 18th century. We have no traces of Druids, or of any peculiar religion, but the general notions of ghosts and departed souls, which certainly have afforded materials for the most beautiful images and comparisons: these, however, are mixed with imitations of Homeric and even of scriptural beauties. In short the Caledonians of Macpherson are not comparable even to the Highlanders of the middle and later ages; but they are some of the most accomplished knights of the 16th century, from the richest and most flourishing states of Europe.

In fact the poet Ossian seems to be an imaginary personage, created by Macpherson, on the slight foundation of the existence of a warrior Oisín, the son of Fion, who is mentioned in some Irish poems. He has endeavoured to assign a date to this Ossian from the miscellaneous

pieces which he has chosen to attribute to him; in the poem *Comala*, Fingal fights with Caracul, the son of the ruler of the world; and in the war with Caros, Oscar, Ossian's son, is engaged: these are supposed to be Aurelius Antonius Caracalla, the son of the Emperor Severus, who made war against the Caledonians in 211, and Carausius, who elevated himself to the imperial dignity in 287, and went into Britain, where he restored the wall of Agricola. But there is no difficulty in supposing a poet of any age to have had a general idea of these facts, and to have interwoven with them the history of Ossian and his family, as well as many other fictitious embellishments. Upon equally valid grounds we might demonstrate that Ossian lived in the ninth and in the fifth century. In Fingal king Swaran invades Ireland from Lochlin, that is, Denmark or Norway; and in the poems discovered by Dr. Young, (Ir. Trans.) Ossian disputes with St. Patrick respecting the truth of the Christian religion. Now Patrick came to Ireland in the year 435; and the irruptions of the Normans into Ireland began, according to historical evidence, in the end of the *eighth* century. If, therefore, all these poems are to be literally credited, it follows that Ossian and Fingal, who are so materially concerned in all of them, must have lived to be about 600 years old.

The *Latin* language is placed at the head of a family, rather with regard to its numerous descendants, than to its origin, being too evidently derived from the Celtic mixed with Greek, to require particular comparison. Its character as a derivative language may be observed in the adoption of insulated terms, independently of the simpler words from which they are deduced: thus we have *Ventus*, wind, without any Latin etymology; in the German, on the contrary, we have *Wehe*, blow, whence *Wehend*, and *Wind*; in *Cimbric* *Gwynt* or *Vent*.

The first inhabitants of Italy appear to have been Illyrians or Thracians, Cantabrians, Celts, Pelasgians, and Etrurians. The Etrurians and Umbrians were originally a branch of the Celts from Rhoetia, as is shewn by the similarity of the names of places, as well as by the remains of Etruscan art found in that part of the Tyrol: they are supposed to have entered Italy through Trent about the year 1000 B. C. and to have afterwards improved their taste and workmanship under the auspices of Demaratus of Corinth, who settled in Etruria in 660 B. C.: but on the subject of the Etrurians we are to expect further information in an appendix. Rome, from its situation, would naturally receive much of the languages of these various nations, and much of the Greek from the colonies in the south of Italy. In the time of Cicero, the *Salian* songs, supposed to be about 500 years old, were no longer intelligible even to those who sang them. We find in an inscription perhaps still more ancient, and approaching to the time of Romulus, *Lases* for *Lares*, and for *Flores*, *Pleores*, which is somewhat

what nearer to the Celtic *Bleun*; in the time of *Numa*, for *Hominem liberum*, we have *Hemonem locbesom*: we find also a *D* added to the oblique cases, as *Capited*, for *Capite*, which, as well as the termination *AI* in the genitive, *aulai*, *peunai*, is taken immediately from the Celtic, and is even found in the modern Gaelic.

The Latin remained but a few centuries in perfection; in the middle ages, a number of barbarous words were added to it, principally of Celtic origin, which are found in the glossaries of *Dufresne* and *Charpentier*. At the end of the 7th century it began to acquire the character of Italian, as, *Campo divisum est*; and in the 8th century, in Spain, we find *Veudant sine pecho*, *de nostras terras*. The formation of the Italian language may be said to have been completed by *Dante* in the beginning of the 14th century; and it was still further polished by the classical authors who immediately succeeded him. It contains many German words, derived from the different nations who occupied in succession the northern parts of Italy, and some Arabic, Norman, and Spanish, left by occasional visitors in the south. It is spoken by the common people in very different degrees of purity. Among the northern dialects, that of *Friuli* is mixed with French, and with some *Sclavonian*. The *Sicilians*, having been conquered in succession by the *Greeks*, *Carthaginians*, *Romans*, *Byzantines*, *Arabs*, *Normans*, *Germans*, *French*, and *Spaniards*, have retained something of the language of each. *Sardinia* has given shelter to *Iberians*, *Libyans*, *Tyrrhenes*, *Greeks*, *Carthaginians*, *Romans*, *Vandals*, *Byzantines*, *Goths*, *Lombards*, *Franks*, *Arabs*, *Pisans* and *Arragonians*: and the proper *Sardinian* language is a mixture of Latin with Greek, French, German, and Castilian. *Corsica* has also been occupied by a similar diversity of nations; its peculiar idiom is little known; but the dialect of the upper classes is said to approach nearly to the *Tuscan*.

Spain, after its complete subjugation by the *Romans*, enjoyed some centuries of tranquillity. The *Vandals* and *Alans* prevailed but for a short time: the *Suevi* on the north coast somewhat longer: and from these nations the rustic Roman, which had become general in Spain, received some German words; it derived however much more from the Arabic, during the domination of the *Moors*, which lasted from the beginning of the 8th century to the end of the 15th; and at one time during this period the Arabic was almost universally employed, except in the churches. The Spanish language advanced the most rapidly towards perfection during the height of the national prosperity which immediately followed the conquest of America: it was afterwards neglected, and again more particularly cultivated by the academy of *Madrid* in the 18th century.

The Portuguese is supposed to have received a mixture of French from the followers of Count Heury of Burgundy, under whom Portugal first formed a separate state in 1109: but the language is very different from that of the confines of France and Spain; and the nasal vowels of the Portuguese are not precisely the same with those of the French. Many Latin words are retained in the Portuguese, which are not found in any other modern language: the words are generally contracted by the omission of some of the radical letters of the originals.

The Rhoetians, in the country of the Grisons, were subdued by the Romans in the time of Augustus. They became part of the Alemannish kingdom, under Theodobert, in 539: their union with Swisserland took place in the beginning of the 14th century. Half of the Grisons speak the Romanish language, immediately derived from the rustic Roman, with some German; which has been particularly made known by Mr. Planta's account of it in the *Philosophical Transactions*: one third speak German, mixed with some Romanish words; and the rest a bad Italian.

France, in the time of the Romans, was occupied by the Gauls, together with the Aquitanians, who were probably Cantabrians, and the Cimbrians or Belgians. From the rustic Roman, mixed with the languages of these nations, the Romance was gradually formed. In the 5th century the Franks took possession of the north-eastern part of the country: they retained their language for some centuries, but by degrees it became mixed with the Romance and formed French, one-fifth of which at least is of German origin: and yet Menage ventured to write on French etymology without understanding any German. Our author however is not very happy in some of the instances of such derivations which he adduces; and it is remarkable that a great number of the German words found in French appear to have passed through the medium of the Italian. In the south of France the language remained more exempt from the influence of the German, under the name of the Provençal; and the troubadours contributed, especially from the 11th to the 13th century, to give it refinement and currency: but in later times the langue d'oui has prevailed over the langue d'oc, which is spoken by a few of the lowest class only.

The last and least genuine of the descendants of the Latin is the Wallachian, about one-half of which is German, Sclavonian, and Turkish. The original Thracians of the country must have been in great measure superseded by the successive settlements of various nations: in the third century some of the Goths and Vandals, in the 4th the Jazyges, after Attila's death in the 5th some Huns and Alans, about the end of the 7th the Bulgarians, and afterwards the Petschenegers and Hungarians established themselves in it:

and

and in the 13th century Wallachia became an independent state. The Latin part of this language has much of the Italian form, and had even assumed it as early as the 5th century : it must have been derived from Roman colonies, and more lately perhaps from the missionaries sent into the country by Pope Gregory XI. The Dacian or Hungarian dialect prevails on the north of the Danube, the Thracian or Cutzowallachian on the south : the latter is more mixed with Greek and Albanian. There is also a small Wallachian colony in Transylvania.

The *Cantabrian* or *Biscayan* has many words in common with the Latin, whether originally or by adoption, and was probably in some measure connected with the Celtic dialects, which were the immediate predecessors of the Latin, though still much more distinct from them than the Latin itself. The Cantabrian *Aita*, father, has some resemblance to the Irish *At' air*; *Seru* is not wholly unlike *Coelum*; *Errenjaa*, *Regnum*; and *Borondatia*, *Voluntas*: the coincidence of *Gun*, day, with the Tartarian, is perhaps more accidental. This language is spoken in the angles of France and Spain adjoining to the northern extremity of the Pyrenees: a spot which it is impossible to mention at this period without pride and pleasure. The same people were called Cantabrians in the north, and Iberians in the south, and extended between the Pyrenees and the Rhone as Ligurians, or inhabitants of the coast. They have adopted a few German words, perhaps from the empire of the west Goths: and they have furnished the modern Spanish with more than a hundred original words of their own. The construction of the language is extremely intricate: its verbs have eleven moods, among which are a consuetudinary, a voluntary, a compulsory, and a penitudinary: Larramendi's grammar, published at Salamanca in 1729, is called *El imposible vencido*.

The connexion of the Slavonian, and Lithuanian, which we have comprehended in the title of the *Slavic* family, with the other languages of the Indoeuropean class, is sufficiently established, without exceeding the limits of the Lord's Prayer, by the resemblance of *Nebi* or *Nebesi* to the Cimbric *Nefoedd* and the Greek *Nephos*, and of *Wolja* and *Chljeb* to the Gothic *Wilja* and *Hlaif*. The Slavonians are the descendants of the ancient Sarmatians, who were situated north of the Black Sea and of the Danube: they were conquered by the Goths, and then driven by the Tartars and Huns into the north-east of Germany, and the neighbouring countries. Procopius calls them *Spori*, and divides them into the *Sclavi* and the *Antes*, perhaps the same as the *Wends*. They formed at an early period two principal states, Great Russia, about Novogorod, and Little Russia on the Dnieper, its capital being Kiew. The Russi were a Scandinavian branch under Rurik, to whom

whom the Sclavonians of the former state submitted in 862, whence they were called Russians; and Rurik's successor Oleg conquered Kiew. After several vicissitudes, the Russians were liberated by Iwan Wasiliewitch at the end of the 15th century; and this period was the beginning of their greatness. Their language has some mixture of Greek, Finnish, Swedish, Tartar, and Mongol. The ecclesiastical dialect was uniformly retained in all literary works in the former part of the last century, but now the language of conversation is generally adopted in writing. This language is more immediately derived from that of Great Russia; that of the church, which is called the Slawenish, rather from Little Russia, and especially from the dialect of Servia.

In 640, the Sclavonians took possession of Illyria, which before that time had been over-run by a variety of other nations, and they still retain it, under the names of Servians, Croatsians, and southern Wends. The Servians are supposed to have come from Great Servia, now east Gallicia, on the upper Vistula; the Croatsians, from Great Chrobatia, probably on the Carpathian mountains. Cyril first adapted the Greek alphabet to the Sclavonian language in Paunonia: his letters were afterwards a little altered, and attributed to St. Jerom, in order to reconcile the people to their use; and in this form they are termed the Glagolitic characters. The Servian dialect is intermediate between the Russian and the Croatian. The Bulgarians speak a corrupt Sclavonian, which Boscovich, from Ragusa, could scarcely understand. The Uskoks are a wild race of the Bulgarians, extending into Carniola, and speaking a mixed language. The dialect of Sclavonia and Dalmatia is nearly the same as that of Servia and Bosnia: the churches use the ecclesiastical language of Russia. In Ragusa the orthography approaches in some measure to the Italian. The Servian is also imperfectly spoken by a small colony in Transylvania.

The southern Wends were first distinguished in 630, and were probably so named, like the Veneti, from being settled on the shores of the Adriatic, the word Wend or Wand meaning sea. They are now mixed with Germans in Carniola, Carinthia, and lower Stiria. In Hungary there is a small colony who call themselves Slowens, and speak the Wendish dialect of the Sclavonian.

The western Sclavonians, or the proper Sclavi, use the Roman characters; but Adelung has altered the orthography of his specimens, in order to accommodate them to the German mode of pronunciation. The Poles probably came with the Russians from the Danube into the countries abandoned by the Goths: the name implies inhabitants of plains. Their language was partly superseded by the Latin in the 10th century, when they received the rites of the Latin church: but it has in later times been more cultivated.

The

The Kassubians, in Pomerania, speak a Polish mixed with a little German. In Silesia, the names of places in the plains are Slavonian; in the hills, more lately occupied, German: but German has been the language of Breslau ever since the year 1300.

The Bohemians emigrated, with the Moravians and Slovaks, into their present habitations, about the middle of the 6th century, after the destruction of the kingdom of Thuringia by the Franks and Saxons. There is a Bohemian hymn of the date 990, and a chronicle in rhyme of 1310. One-third of the Bohemians are of German origin, and speak a corrupt German.

The Serbs or Wends came about the same time into the countries between the Saal and the Oder, from the neighbourhood of the Volga or the Crim: a few of them are still left in Lusatia, under the name of Wends or Slavonians, and some in Misnia. In Pomerania the Wendish became extinct about 1400; but the Polabes in Lüneburg, on the Leyne, kept up till lately a language consisting of a mixture of Wendish and German.

Of the Lithuanian or Lettish language, two-thirds are Slavonian, the rest is principally German. When the Goths had removed from the Baltic towards the Black Sea, their neighbours the Aestii remained for some hundred years independent, till in the sixth century the Slavonians incorporated themselves with them, and formed the Lettish people and language. The old Prussian was spoken at the time of the reformation, in Samland and its neighbourhood, but it is now lost: it contained more German than the other Lithuanian dialects. The Prussian Lithuanian is spoken from the Iuster to Memel, especially in Insterburg. The Polish Lithuanian, in Samogitia, has a little mixture of Polish. The proper Lettish is current in Lettland and Courland; it is purest about Mittau and Riga; the old Courlanders having been Fins, this dialect has received a little Finnish from them. The account of the Lithuanian languages concludes with some remarks by Mr. Hennig, which are very ingenious and interesting.

The Tshudish or Finnish, the Hungarian and the Albanian languages have some traits of resemblance to each other: they are placed as forming the Sporadic or Scattered order of the great Tataric or Atactic class, being in some measure geographically detached from the rest; and they stand next to the Indoeuropean, as exhibiting an occasional resemblance to some of the languages contained in it, though not enough to make it certain that the connexion is essential or original: thus the Finnish is said to have some coincidences with the Greek, the Hungarian with the Finnish, and the Albanian with all its neighbours.

The term *Tshudish* is employed as comprehending the Fins, Laplanders, Esthonians, and Livonians; a race of people of unknown

known origin, but certainly having no connexion with the Huns or Mongols. Their languages are remarkable for the great complexity of their structure: their nouns for example having from ten to fifteen cases, among which are reckoned, in the Finnish, a nuncupative, a conditional accusative, a factitive, a mediative, a descriptive, a penetrative, a locative, a privative, and a negative. The Esthonian has less direct variety of termination, but several intricate combinations. There is also a great multiplicity of dialects, partly from a mixture of Scandinavian, and partly from other causes: in Lapland almost every church has a peculiar version of the service. The Finnish is intermediate between the Laplandish and the Esthonian. The Esthonians are the Aestii of the Romans, the name implying Easterly, and being appropriate to the country, and not to the people. The principal dialects of their language are those of Reval and of Dorpat; it is also probably spoken by the Krewins in Courland. The Livonian is much mixed with other languages, and has been almost superseded by the Lettish.

The *Hungarians* inhabited in the fourth century the country of the Bashkirs, between the Tobol, the Volga, and the Jaik, perhaps as colonists, since their name signifies strangers: their language was spoken in this neighbourhood as late as the thirteenth century: in the sixth they were conquered by some of their Turkish neighbours; in the end of the ninth they were forced by the Petschenegs, a Tartarian nation, to remove nearer to the Carpathian mountains. They were then engaged in the German wars, and their country having been occupied during their absence by the Bulgarians, they took possession of the Bulgarian kingdom on the Theiss, as well as of Pannonia. Their language is somewhat like the Finnish, but the people are very different in appearance; which might indeed be the effect of a difference of climate; but in fact the language appears to be still more like the Sclavonian, with a mixture of a multitude of others; it has some words from various Tartarian dialects, German, French, Latin, Armenian, Hebrew, Persian and Arabic: but it has no traces of the Mongol, nor is it possible that the people can be descendants of the Huns, whose character and cast of features can never be eradicated. The word Coach, so general in Europe, is originally Hungarian, having been derived from the town of Kots, where coaches are said to have been invented. The Szecklers, in Transylvania, speak a language like the Hungarian: it is uncertain whether they are a Hungarian colony, or remains of the Petschenegs: but, however this may be, there is little doubt that the Hungarians are principally of Tartarian extraction, though much mixed with other nations.

The *Albanians* speak a language of which a considerable portion is Greek, Latin, German, Sclavonian or Turkish: but the rest

seems to be perfectly distinct from any other. They are probably connected with the Albanians between Mount Caucasus and the river Cyrus, who are supposed to be derived from the Alani: some of them seem to have entered Bulgaria as late as 1308. In 1461 many of them fled from the Turks to Italy and Sicily, where they still exist near Reggio and Messina. The Clementines are an Albanian colony who followed the Austrian army in 1737; such of them as escaped from the pursuit of the Turks established themselves in Symnia.

The languages referred to the Caucasian order have little more in common, than their geographical situation in the immediate neighbourhood of the Caucasian mountains. Except the Armenian and Georgian, they are scarcely ever employed in writing; and principally, perhaps, from this cause, they exhibit as great a diversity in the space of a few square miles, as those of many other nations do in as many thousands. Our information respecting them is principally derived from Gildenstedt, and the vocabulary of Petersburg. The interesting abstract of Mr. Ellis has been translated into French and enlarged (Par. 1797), but the additions relate merely to ancient geography and history. It is only conjectured that most of these nations are derived from the miscellaneous fragments of expeditions of various nations, left behind in their passage through the country at different periods.

The connexion of the *Armenian* with the Sanscrit and the Persian is just enough to make it equally possible, that the coincidences may have been derived from a common parent, or that one language may have simply borrowed detached words from the other. Nothing is known of the history of the Armenian before the time of Miesrob, who translated the Bible into it in 405: the historian Moses of Chorene was his pupil. The language flourished till the year 800, and is still preserved in tolerable purity in the cloisters; the common people speak a dialect more corrupt and mixed.

The *Georgians* are supposed to have derived their name from the river Cyrus or Gur, and to have formerly extended to Colchis, under the denomination of Iberians. Moses of Chorene in the fifth century mentions the Georgian translation of the Bible. The old language is still preserved in the churches, and the common dialect of the country is derived from it, together with the Kartvelish, Imirettish, Mingrelish and Suanetish, which are varieties of that dialect: the Tushetish is mixed with Kistic. The Georgians have thirty-seven letters, and among them a variety of aspirates and sibilants.

The *Abassic* nations seem to be old inhabitants of the Caucasian country: the *Circassians* are situated to the east of them, on the promontory of north Caucasus: the *Osetes* on the left of the Terek,

Terek, north of the mountains. The *Kistic*, spoken by the Ingushian, and their neighbours, at the head of the Terek, is connected with the Tushetan Georgian. The *Lesgims*, east of Caucasus, on the Caspian sea, have a number of distinct dialects, or rather languages; thus the *Chunsag*, the *Dido*, the *Kasi Kumück*, the *Andi*, and the *Akusha*, have little or no connection with each other, except that the *Dido* somewhat resembles the *Chunsag*, from the which *Anzug* and the *Dshar* differ very little. The *Kasi Kumück* seems to have adopted some words of the Armenian, and the *Andi* and *Akusha* of the Georgian. The dialect of *Kubesh* resembles that of *Akusha*, and retains no traces of a supposed European origin.

The languages of the central and elevated parts of Asia are comprehended in the order Tartarian: they extend from the Caspian sea to the mouth of the Amur, through countries which have been in former ages the constant scenes of emigration and barbarism. The *Turcotartarians* are supposed to correspond to the scriptural appellation *Magog*, and to the *Scythians* of the Greeks. The *Turks* of *Turkestan* seem to have been the *Massagetæ* and *Chorasmi* of the ancients; their country extended north of Persia and Tibet from the Caspian to the Altaic mountains. In the twelfth century they were brilliant and victorious, at present a few of the people only are left in the neighbourhood of the *Mongols*, and their language is unknown: the *Turcomans* scattered in Persia and Arabia, are derived from the same race. The *Osmans*, now commonly called *Turks*, separated from *Turkestan* in 545, and conquered Persia: they were denominated *Osmans* from one of their leaders in the fourteenth century; their language has been much mixed with Arabic and Persian. This language, with the neighbouring dialects, we have ventured to distinguish by the term *Caspian*, having already applied the word *Tartarian* to the whole order: several of these dialects exhibit a mixture of words from the language of the *Mongols*, which, as well as the *Calmuck*, has a sufficient connexion with them to be arranged as belonging to the same *Turcotartarian* family: it would, perhaps, be equally correct to consider some of them rather as distinct languages than as dialects of a single one: but it is not easy to discriminate those which are entitled to this rank. The *Bucharians* are situated between the *Oxus* and *Iaxartes*: they still retain some traces of a superior degree of civilisation, by which they were once distinguished: their language is little known. The *Tartars* were described by the terms *Scythians*, *Bulgarians*, *Avari*, and other appellations, before they were conquered and united by *Genghizkhan* the *Mongol*: in the year 1552, they became subject to the *Russians*. The most westerly are the *Nogaie*, or *Nagaie*, and *Crimean Tartars*: their language

guage is much like the Turkish, but mixed with some Mongol. Those of Cumania in Hungary have now forgotten their original language, and speak the Hungarian; the last person who understood the Cumanian having died in 1770: they entered Hungary in 1086, and became Christians in 1410. The Tartarian, or rather Caspian, is spoken in great purity at Kusan: a dialect somewhat different in Orenburg; and another by the Kirgishes, who occupy part of the ancient Turkestan. Among the Siberian Tartars, the remains of the kingdom of Turan, some are Mahometans; others, as the Turalinnic villagers, have been made Christians: at least, the Archbishop Philophei performed the ceremony of baptizing them, by ordering his dragoons to drive them in a body into the river: the inhabitants of the banks of the Tara, a branch of the Irtysh, are said to be derived from the Bucharians. The Tshulymic Tartars enjoy the same advantage as the Turalinnic, and are considered as Christians by the Russians. The Teleutes, in Sonjor, are heathens, nearly like the Shamanites of India. The Jakuts extend along the Lena to the sea: their language contains some Mantshuric and some Tungusic: that of the Tshuwashes, on the Volga, is said to have been once distinct from the Tartarian, but is at present much mixed with it.

The Mongols are marked by their features as a race very different from the other Tartars: the character of their countenance seems to be easily propagated, and never completely effaced: they appear to have been originally situated about the Altaic mountains. The description of the Huns, found in Ammian, Procopius, and others, agrees exactly with the present Mongols, whom the Chinese still call Hiong nu; and more particularly with the Calmucks: the names of the Huns are also found to be explicable from the Mongol language. In the first century they were driven westwards by the Chinese: under Attila they penetrated into the middle of Europe: and they were little less successful at subsequent periods under Genghizkhan and Timur Leng. When they were expelled from China, after having held it in subjection for more than a century, they carried back no civilisation with them; nor was either of the languages permanently affected by this temporary mixture of the nations, although the physiognomy of the Chinese bears ample testimony of its having once existed. The construction of their language seems to be very indirect and figurative. The Calmuck dialect is somewhat mixed with Tartarian. The Tagurians, or Daurians, between the lake Baikal and the Mongol hills, are said to be of Mantshuric origin: but their language evidently resembles the Calmuck.

The Mantshurians are sometimes improperly called eastern Mongols; they are subjects of the empire of China. Their language

guage is rude, and not much like the Chinese, though evidently derived from the monosyllabic class: it has some words in common with the European languages; as Kiri, patient, Kirre, Germ. Cicur, Lat. tame; Furu, Furor; Lapta, rags, Lappen, Germ.; Sengui, Sanguis; Ania, Annus: but these resemblances are scarcely sufficient to justify us in forming any conclusion from them.

The *Tungusians*, in the east of Siberia, subject to the Chinese, speak a peculiar language mixed with some Mongol. Whether that of the island of *Sagalien*, opposite to the mouth of the Amur, is a dialect of the Mantshuric, or a language totally distinct from it, appears to be not sufficiently ascertained. The *Corean* has been supposed to be a mixture of Mantshuric and Chinese; the Coreans do not understand either of those languages when they are spoken, but this fact is perfectly compatible with the supposition.

The languages belonging to the Siberian order occupy the whole of the north of Asia, between the mountainous Tartarian territory and the frozen sea. At the commencement of this order we find a variety of inconsiderable nations in the neighbourhood of the confines of Europe and Asia, which have their distinct languages, probably formed in times comparatively modern, out of the fragments of others. They have almost all of them some Finnish words, but none a sufficient number to justify us in considering them as dialects of the Finnish language, although the people were very probably connected with the Fins, as neighbours, in the middle ages, on the banks of the Dwina and elsewhere. The *Sirjanes*, in the government of Archangel, speak the same language with the *Permians*, who are partly in the same government, and partly in that of Kasan: the *Wotiaks*, on the *Wiatka*, also in Kasan, have a dialect which seems to be intermediate between the *Permian* and the *Tsheremissic*. The *Woguls*, situated on the *Kama* and *Irish*, have borrowed much from the language of the *Ostiaks*; they have also some Hungarian words. The *Tsheremisses*, on the *Volga* in Kasan, have a little mixture of *Turcotartarian*. The *Morduins*, on the *Oka* and *Volga*, have about one eighth of their language Finnish, and also some *Turcotartarian* words. The *Teptjerai* are people paying no taxes, who originated from the relics of the *Tartarokasanic* kingdom in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the connexion of these languages with each other, and with the Finnish, would justify us in considering them as belonging at least to one family; but the specimens are too scanty to enable us to arrange them in a manner perfectly satisfactory.

The *Samojedic* nations are situated north of the Tartars, by whom they may possibly have been driven into their present habitations. In the specimen of the *Turucanish* language, our author has evidently mistranslated *Csonaar*, 'Heaven,' instead of *In*. The

Camashes

Camashes are on the right of the *Jenisei*: they are Shamanites or Buddhists: their language seems to be a mixture of several others. The *Koibals* have been baptized; their dialect has borrowed some *Turcotartarian* words. The *Motors* are situated on the *Tuba*. The *Jukadshirs* are few in number; they are between the *Jakuti* and the *Tshutshi*: they have some *Jakutish* words; and, it may be added, some *Tsheremissic*. The *Koriaks* and the *Tshutshi* occupy the north easternmost point of *Siberia*: the *Kamtshatkans* are immediately next to them on the south.

The insular order of the *Tataric* or *Atactic* class of languages must be understood as comprehending all the *Asiatic* islands east of *Borneo*. The language of the *Kurilees* is different from that of the neighbouring *Eastern islands*, as well as from the *Japanese*: but in some of them *Japanese* is spoken. The *Japanese* derive themselves from the *Chinese*; but their language contradicts this opinion: they have evident traces of *Mongol* extraction or relationship. *Formosa* was conquered by the *Dutch* in 1620, but in 1661 it was taken from them by a *Chinese* pirate: the next year some books were printed in the *Formosan* language in *Holland*, the capture of the island not being yet known: in 1682, it was given up to the *Chinese* government. The *Tagalish* and *Bissayish*, which are the principal dialects of the *Philippines*, and of the neighbouring islands, are supposed to have been originally derived from the *Malayan*: but their resemblance to it is in great measure lost. Some single words, as *Matta*, the eye, and *Matte*, death, are found in almost all the islands of the *Pacific ocean*; the languages of which, notwithstanding their immense distances, seem to differ less than those of the inhabitants of some very small continental tracts: they might perhaps be distinguished into a few well defined families, if our knowledge of them were more complete. The resemblance of *Matte* to the *Arabian Mot* and the *Latin Mactare* is probably accidental.

The number of the *African* languages is supposed to amount to 100 or 150, and as many as 70 or 80 of them have been distinguished with tolerable accuracy. The population of *Africa* seems to have been derived from *Arabia*, and, as our author thinks, rather from the southern than the northern parts: a great number of its present inhabitants are *negros*, but these cannot be distinguished from the rest by any absolute criterion. The account given by *Ptolemy* of the interior part of the country appears to be wonderfully accurate and extensive; although some of his measures seem to be erroneous, and not sufficiently reconcileable with the truth, even by adopting *Major Rennell's* hypotheses respecting them. It is however remarkable that *Ptolemy* followed *Hipparchus* in extending the eastern coast of *Africa* to the *Ganges*, although more

correct ideas of its form had been entertained at Alexandria before his time.

The Copts and Egyptians demand the priority in treating of the inhabitants of Africa, from their early connexion with ancient history. It is observable that the mummies of the Egyptians have the countenances of nègros; at present the people of middle Africa in general are more or less like negros, but they are somewhat less dark, and their noses and lips are less peculiar. The Egyptians are supposed by some to have received their civilisation from Ethiopia: in later times they were much mixed with their neighbours and their conquerors. The Saracens called them Copts. The Coptic language contains much Greek: the rest is probably old Egyptian, which must be considered as a distinct language, notwithstanding some resemblances to the Hebrew and Arabic, and to the languages of Tigri, Amhara, and the Berbers: with the Sanscrit it is little or not at all connected; and the majority of its simplest roots are peculiar to itself. In some of the numerals it agrees with the Hebrew: the word *Chmom*, heat, resembles the Hebrew and Syriac *Chmam*; *Chim* or *Chem* is, to be hot, and this seems to afford a satisfactory etymology of the term *Chemia*, implying the Hermetic science, brought from Egypt, as a magic art, in the time of Diocletian. The Coptic language has been extinct about two centuries: the northern or Memphitic dialect is the most known: there is also a Sahidic translation of the Bible, supposed by Woide to be more modern, by others to be more ancient than the Memphitic; and a fragment has been found, in a Borgian manuscript, of a translation into a Thebaic dialect, different from either of the former, but most resembling the Sahidic. It may be hoped that some light will be thrown on the old Coptic, by the attempts of future investigators to decypher the inscriptions of Rosetta, more completely than Mr. Akerblad has done. The bandages of the mummies, copied by Denon, present us with another interesting field of inquiry: but the characters which they exhibit are totally different from those of Rosetta: they appear to exceed thirty in number, besides some occasional variations in their repetition, perhaps intended to denote vowels, as in the Ethiopic.

The north of Africa is occupied by inhabitants not much differing in appearance from the Arabs: its three principal divisions are the coast, the country of wild beasts, and the desert. The later Arabs have expelled the earlier Africans from the first division, and partly from the second: the Berbers occupy the third; inhabiting principally the Oases or islands, scattered through the desert, from mount Atlas to Egypt, and speaking, as Hornemann first ascertained, the same language throughout this vast extent. They were first well described by Leo Africanus: they are probably the
remains

remains of the Mauritanians, Numidians, Gaetulians and Garamantians: there is no foundation whatever for the opinion of some modern authors of celebrity, that their language is derived from the Punic: we even find from Sallust that the Numidian language differed from the Carthaginian, and from Valerius Maximus that it was written in a peculiar character. The language of the Canaries considerably resembles the Berber: thus milk is Acho in Berber, Aho in the Canaries. These islands were discovered in 1330, and afterwards conquered with some difficulty by the Spaniards: the inhabitants were a fine race of men, and lived in comfort and tranquillity; and they still preserve some traces of their original character and condition.

Professor Vater has entered into a minute account of the language of Amhara, the Camara of Agatharchides; he considers it as totally independent of the Geez or Ethiopic, with the exception of some adopted words, which require peculiar characters: but we cannot help preferring the arrangement of Adelung, who makes the Amharic a dialect of the Ethiopic, for to us the two languages appear to be almost identical. The Amharic has a very few resemblances to the Sanscrit, for instance, Tshegure, hair, in Sanscrit Tshicura. Macrizi tells us that there are in the whole fifty Abyssinian dialects, so that there may still be a variety of original languages among them. Dr. Seetzen has given us much information respecting some of these dialects, in the eastern part of the country; in particular the languages of Hauasa in Tigri, Argubba, and the islands Massua and Suaken: the Hauasan we have classed as a dialect of the Amharic. The Agows and the Gafats are situated in the neighbourhood of the Nile: the Falashas are Jewish, and scattered through the country, especially in Dembea. The Mek, or king of Dungola, is dependent on the king of Sennaar: the Barabras, at the confluence of the Tacazze and the Nile, are also subjects of the Mek of Dungola.

The inhabitants of the country between the desert Zaara and the Niger have a great resemblance to negroes, but are somewhat different from them. In the east are those of Sudan, or Afuu, and Begirma: in the west the Fulahs: the Phellatas are a branch of these, extending considerably to the north east, with a mixture of negroes.

Of the languages of the negroes, strictly so called, many interesting specimens have been collected by the zeal of the Evangelical missionaries in the Caribbee islands, and published by Oldendorp in his account of the mission: but we have not sufficient materials, to enable us to trace any extensive connexions or dependences among their multifarious dialects.

There are some points of coincidence between the language of Madagascar and those of the Malays, the Philippine islanders, the

Beetjuana Caffres, and the Corana Hottentots: there are also a few words borrowed from the modern Arabic, not, as Court de Gebelin would persuade us, from the Phenician; nor can any other of the affinities be very distinctly established.

The Caffres have little of the negro character, except the black colour, and less of this, as they become more remote from the equator. The researches of Lichtenstein, to whom our author very indulgently gives great credit for his persevering industry, are said to have shown the identity of the people occupying the whole of Africa north of the Hottentots, as far as Benguela and Quiloa, all of whom are considered as belonging to the Caffres.

The Hottentots, with their neighbours the Bosjemans, speak different dialects of the same singular language in different parts of their country. The Dammaras, who are classed by Lichtenstein among the Hottentots, were considered by Barrow, apparently on better evidence, as Caffres: of their particular dialect nothing appears to be known.

The account of the language of the Hottentots concludes the first part of the third volume of this elaborate work. The publishers and the editor have informed their readers that two additional parts were very soon to appear: the one containing an account of the languages of America; the other some additions to the whole work, principally from the papers of Professor Adelung, together with an essay on the Cantabrian language, by the active and ingenious Baron Humboldt. The most valuable of the materials relating to the American languages have also been obtained from Baron Humboldt: and Professor Vater has prepared them for publication, in a much more instructive form, than that in which they were put into his hands. In this, as well as in the execution of other parts of his task, we cannot but approve his diligence, though we do not profess to feel so lively an interest, respecting languages uncultivated by literature, and unimproved by civilisation, as respecting those, of which the analogies are applicable to the verification of history, and the illustration of the progress of the human mind towards perfection.

. We have no means of communication with *Cincinnatus*.

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